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Spring, 1968

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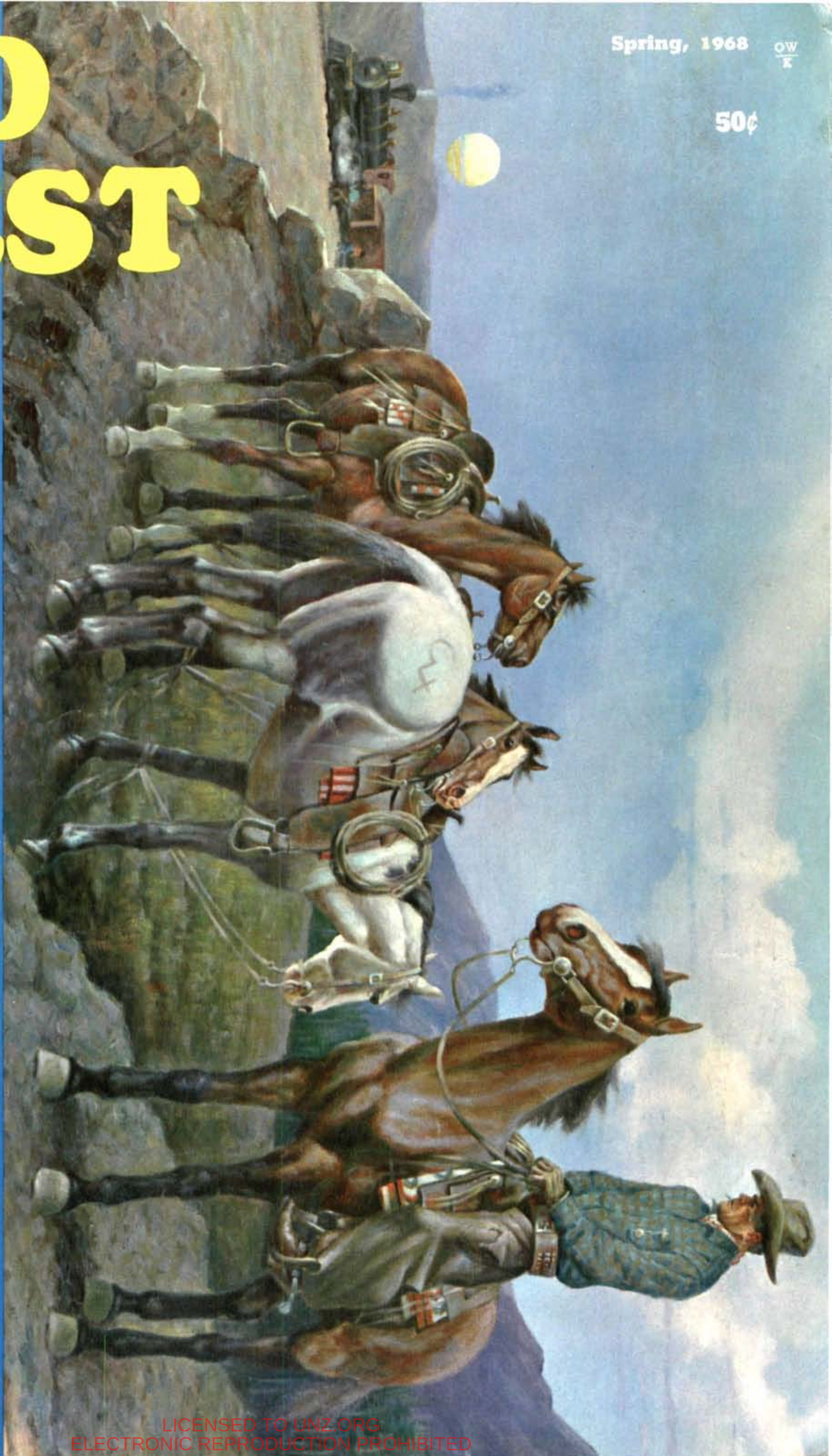

THEY CALLED HIM COYOTE

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GOODHEARTED AND UNLUCKY

By WALT COBURN

●

BLUE RICHES

By MAURICE KILDARE

●

NOAH H. ROSE

FRONTIER CAMERAMAN

●

QUANTRILL

COLLECTS COMPOUND
INTEREST FOR HIS
WOMEN'S FATE AT
KANSAS CITY

By RAYMOND W. SETTLE

●

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RUFUS WALTRIP
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SCARCE BOOK
Reprinted
COMPLETE
IN THIS ISSUE!

RUBE BURROW

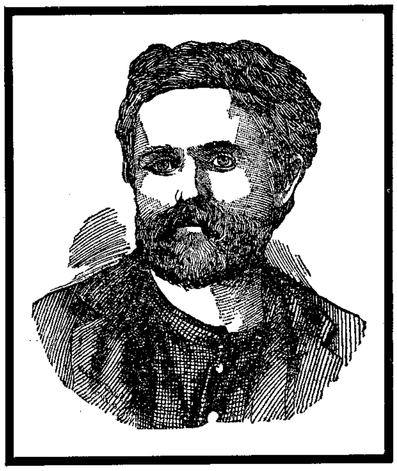
AND HIS BAND OF

TRAIN ROBBERS

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

SPRING, 1968
VOL. 4, NO. 3
WHOLE NO. 15



BOOK BONUS!

SCARCE BOOK

Reprinted **COMPLETE** In This Issue!

RUBE BURROW

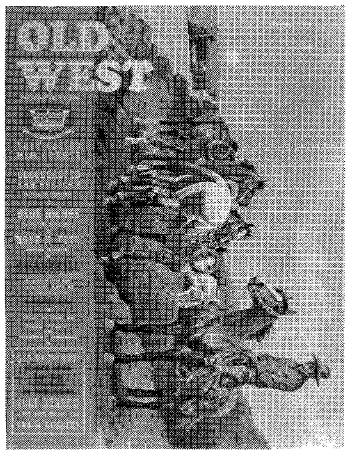
KING OF OUTLAWS and his BAND OF TRAIN ROBBERS
By G. W. AGEE . . . Begins on Page 67

SPECIAL FEATURE!

THEY CALLED HIM COYOTE

Also, In This Issue

THEY CALLED HIM COYOTE .... *By Wayne Montgomery* 2
GOODHEARTED AND UNLUCKY .... *By Walt Coburn* 8
STUMP-JUMPER ON THE FAIRBANKS-VALDEZ TRAIL .... *By Ed Monroe* 12
BLUE RICHES HALFWAY TO THE SKY ...... *By Maurice Kildare* 18
FOSTER CHILD OF THE KIOWAS .... *By Mildred P. Mayhall* 22
WHY BADMEN WERE BAD .... *By R. E. Fletcher* 25
GAY TIMES IN GIBBONSVILLE .... *By Lena Dellen Heidt* 26
CLIMB THE BLACKJACK! .... *By Olevia E. Myers* 29
CLIMAX JIM .... *By Rufus Waltrip* 30
NOAH H. ROSE, FRONTIER CAMERAMAN ..... *By Oran Warder Nolan* 32
STEAMBOAT ON THE SOUND .... *By William J. Betts* 36
OAKES RHYMES WITH HOAX .... *By C. B. House* 38
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 41
LAST DAYS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN HERD .... *By "Kickin'" Bob Kennon as told to Florence Boyd Franklin* 42
"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" WAS NOT ENOUGH .... *By Raymond W. Settle* 44
TRICKS OF THE TRADE .... *By Charles F. Eckhardt* 47
LETTER RIP! 54
ON THIS DAY .... *By W. C. Carter* 66
TUMBLEWEEDS .... *By Tom K. Ryan* 96



"EASY MONEY"
By
DAN MULLER
from the
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DON'T MISS . . .

IT'S AN old term, one of the most used and misused in print today. If you didn't miss every "don't miss" sign you see in the next thirty days, you'd have to be forty-nine people or just finish going batty and maybe it wouldn't matter.

You can bet your last counterpane (pronounced counter-pin) that someone is trying to sell you something everytime you see the term, which is what I'm trying to do now, I suppose. But there is some difference. You already have paid for (or swiped) this cotton-pickin' magazine so I don't stand to make a penny more whether you read the good features or not, but it kind of upsets my left kidney when letters pour in praising special features and yet my own friends around town say, "I'll have to look that up and read it . . ."

Anyhow, if you missed "Apache Tears" in the last issue (Winter, '67), go back and find it already. Even our old-timers, who crack the whip over us when we run some ungood stuff, were 100% in saying this is one of the best stories they had ever read. Several wrote that it was one of the greatest contributions to Apache history written thus far. Now I better hush on this one. Might even sell myself on it . . .

Surenuff, there are outstanding features in all three of our magazines that you miss from time to time so I guess a little "pointing" won't hurt anything. What we really need, however, is some way to tell you on the cover what is inside. Doesn't every publisher! Unless you are a regular reader, you may skip over several titles, see nothing compelling and walk on. It would take a whole page of fine print even to skim over the contents of each issue, and I ask you—what would that kind of cover look like?

Later on, I want to write about striving for authenticity in our magazines. A few readers still ask, "Could this really be true?" If you only knew what actually happened in those days, girls—and if you knew to what length we go in trying to nail down every story! Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb both told me that the farther we draw away from those days of the Old West, the harder it would be for new generations to believe there ever was a life like that. I'll get into that later. One thing at a time is too much for me these days!

IN THIS issue are stories about all kinds of predicaments and people. Some of them you might have heard about—others will be brand new. Old Coyote Smith, for example, never has "made the headlines" and he gave our researcher plenty of trouble. Sure as shooting, though, he existed and during the '60s he kept the Pearly Gate swinging open pretty regularly for a while. The author's grandfather knew him—even went on a prospecting trip with him—and Coyote wasn't any bad sort to share a campfire. Like lots of folks, they're the finest in the world if you just don't cross 'em!

Then there's a yarn about an old boy who might have lived twenty or thirty years longer if he hadn't had a fatal tender streak. To begin with, he didn't *have* to give himself up—nobody had cornered him—but he thought he'd square things up and get to see his girl once more. Well, it didn't work out just like he'd planned it. Walt Coburn lets you in on the details.

There's another story about a little old ledge of rock, not more than six inches wide, but enough to keep a ladder from resting flush on a cliffside. And this little old ledge kept two Indian friends of Maurice Kildare from becoming rich men. Maurice was with them when they had to give up and go back to making a living with plain old common sweat.

Do any of you remember when a man of just average intelligence could fix a Model T regardless of what was wrong with it? If you do, don't miss what a man of *over average* intelligence accomplished in a country where the only decent road was the sky—and that for birds only. He could cut a car down to fit a sleigh track, tear off the top and install barroom chairs, float it like a raft—in fact, he put in a 360-mile taxi service through country famous only for mudholes and mosquitoes. Bobby Sheldon is still around—which proves that it's seldom ever the driver who gets hurt!

In this issue also are stories about a little girl who was an Indian captive; a cowboy who just couldn't abide by the law but who was so downright likeable he got by with it (even without women jury members!); and a fellow who was determined to haul a sawmill into the Colorado goldfields when he was already so hated there that he'd pass fake graves on the trail with his name on the headstone!

Charlie Eckhardt has an interesting article on how to get a gun out of a holster and have a reasonable chance of hitting the side of a barn instead of your foot. It's called "Tricks of the Trade." And there's a story of Quantrill's raid on Lawrence; a long-overdue look at a famous old-time photographer, Noah Rose; a little-known story of the first steamboat in the Pacific Northwest—man, what a boat, even if you don't like boats! Indians couldn't sink her, fire couldn't sink her, storms couldn't sink her. But something finally did—a smart-aleck seagoing hotrod!

If you're a ghost town bug, you might like our story of Gibbonsville; and provided you ever walked to school over ground where somebody afoot was just

(Continued on page 66)

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING!

That's right folks! You haven't read even half of the ALL-TRUE, ALL FACT western reading that's in store for you each month . . . if you haven't latched on to the other two-thirds of this OLD WEST combination!

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and
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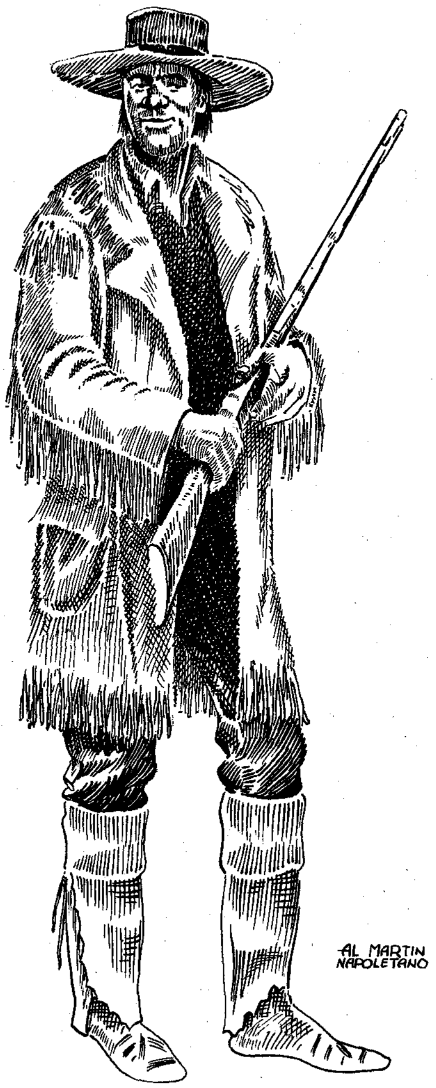
THEY CALLED HIM *Coyote*

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY

Smith wanted to rid the West of "undesirables"—be they white or Indian. The only thing was, he and he alone decided who needed killing



THE FULL LIFE story of Coyote Smith will always contain gaps. Exact dates are missing; names of many characters are missing. Early historians picked a handful of men and women and made heroes or villians of these people, but hundreds just as colorful were never mentioned.

Very little has been written about Coyote Smith. He is touched upon slightly in Tombstone, Arizona history. But in Tombstone they didn't know the "real" Coyote Smith. He is mentioned in the death of John Ringo; he lived a short distance from the place Ringo was murdered. Had these people known the real Smith, they surely would have branded him with this killing. All Smith admitted was that he heard the shots. He said that Buckskin Frank Leslie and Ringo rode by his place, later Frank came back alone; he heard the shots even later.

Mention is made of his brothers and sisters; this is a mistake, these others were his sister-in-law and brother-in-law. His wife was also there.

My grandfather, John Montgomery, furnished most of the stories of Coyote Smith. He prospected with Smith for two years in Colorado from '68 to '70. Later Grandfather operated the OK Corral Livery Stable. Smith came to Tombstone about 1880.

Other information came from Smith's daughter who died in 1964 at the age of ninety-three. When Granddad was with Smith in Colorado, he made notes of the stories told him by Smith, intending to write them into a story someday. Unfortunately, he didn't get around to it. When he died in 1924, I fell heir to the notes. They were incomplete, but vivid enough to send me on a search that has consumed much of my time and has introduced me to every facet of frustration.

Smith's daughter was located in Illinois in 1963. Her mind was exceptionally clear, and she was in good health until shortly before her demise. Smith had no children by the Tombstone marriage, and only this one daughter by another marriage. She, like her father, was six feet tall, straight as a ramrod. In her day she had been a very handsome woman.

SCOTT ANDREW SMITH was born April 15, 1842 east of St. Joseph, Missouri. He grew to manhood sound of mind and body, yet a freak of nature. When he was eighteen years old he was six feet four inches tall and weighed only one hundred and fifty pounds. He was as thin as a rail but had the agility of a deer and the prowess of a mountain lion.

His formal education was very limited. His ungainly physique made him a prime object of ridicule by other children. Many a boy came home with a swollen eye and a knot on his head put there by Scott Smith. When he became enraged by excessive teasing, he would hit a boy with anything handy.

Scott had his first encounter with the authorities when he was about sixteen years old. A full-grown man whipped him with a buggy whip, beat him unmercifully. Smith couldn't forget this whipping; it stuck in his craw. Night after night he followed the man seeking revenge. One night his chance came. Smith watched him on his way home staggering drunk, found himself a fair-

AL MARTIN
NAPOLETANO

sized club, knocked the man senseless, then stabbed him to death.

When the authorities arrived they were too late, Smith had vanished. (He did not return to St. Joe until 1907 when he was released from the Kansas State Prison.) That night he headed west, and soon obtained a job as driver on a wagontrain. After many trips as a driver he became a scout.

By the time Smith was twenty years old he was well-known along the trails. White people said he was possessed of the devil. The Indians called him "brother of the evil spirit." Most of the stories regarding Smith were unadulterated lies, such as his eating Indian flesh, and killing people just to watch them die.

Smith replied to such accusations that all Indians needed killing, and that he never killed a white man unnecessarily. He made a vow to kill every Indian who crossed his path after he helped bury a family of ten children, mother and father, who had been killed and butchered by Indians.

Smith said the first Indian he killed was a young boy who was dragging a little white girl behind a pony. He ran the boy down, killed him, mutilated his body, then buried the little girl.

The name "Coyote" came from his inability to let a coyote go on its way unmolested; he shot at every one he saw, and killed many. This, he said, helped his shooting eye.

Smith could not be tied by the wrists; as soon as the tying was complete he would relax his muscles and pull out his hands. This saved his life many times. He carried a knife at the base of his neck and out of sight. He could jerk this knife, and throw it with the accuracy and speed of a deadly snake. Smith kept the knife in a sheath held in place by buckskin thongs tied about his midsection.

Courtesy Arizona State Library

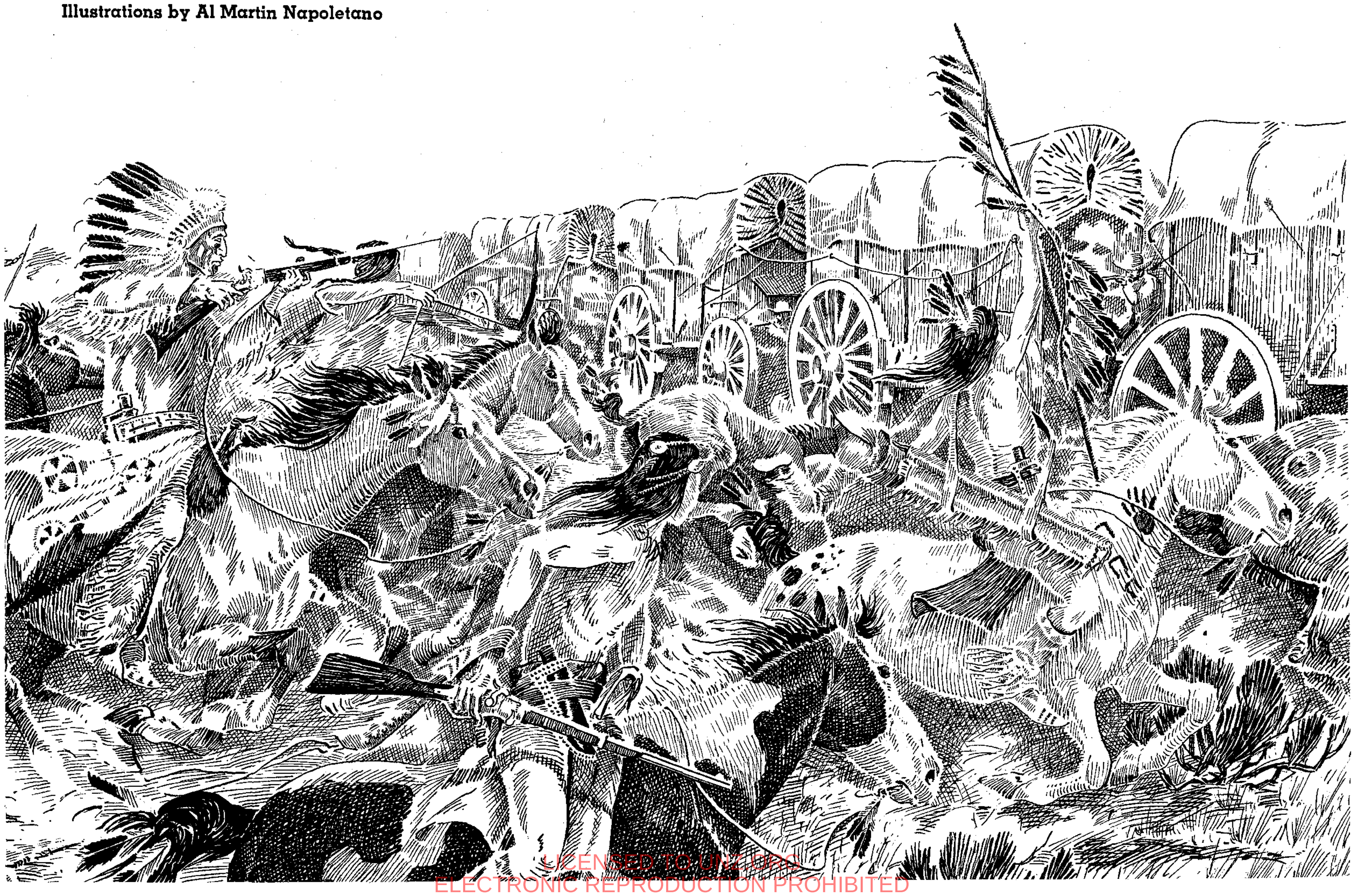
View of Tombstone, Arizona, 1880.

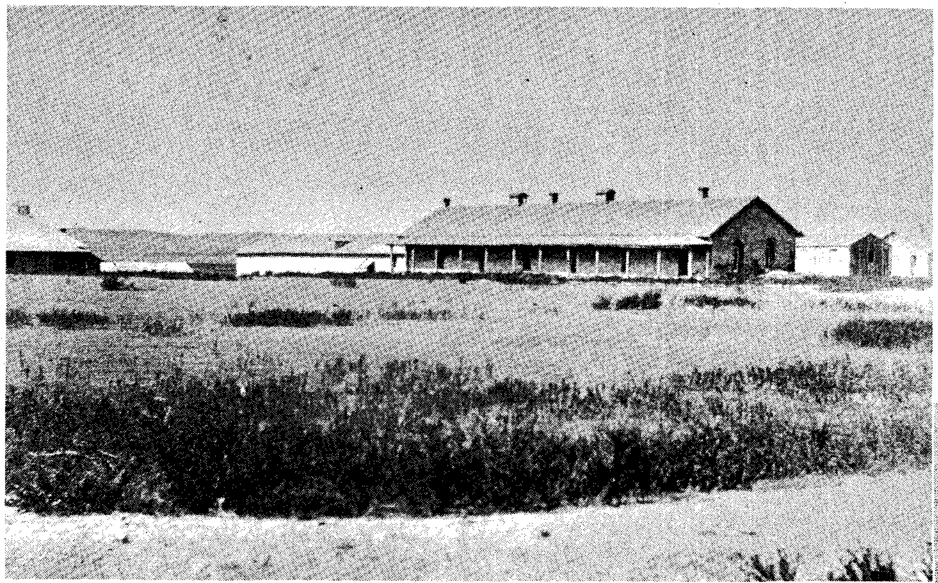
IN 1867 Smith was engaged to scout a train through to Fort Wallace. It consisted of fifty wagons, several loaded with whiskey. Bill Martin was the wagon master. One army lieutenant, six privates, four scouts, and three wranglers to care for the extra stock made up the escort. All men on the train were armed with single shot breech-loading rifles, and each had a muzzle loading revolver with several extra loaded cylinders. Smith had the only repeating eighteen shot Winchester rifle on the train. Smith wasn't satisfied with the set up, especially after learning that Indians had helped load the wagons. But he was being paid $50 and that was a lot of money in those hectic days.

The train pulled out of Fort Riley on or about the fifteenth of May, one scout on either side, one in front and Smith in the rear.

When the train was about a week on its way, Smith was riding several miles

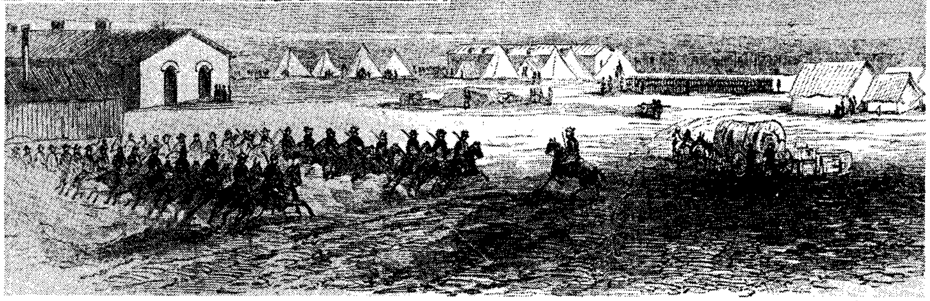
Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano





At left, Fort Wallace as it appeared during the 1880s. Below, early print of Fort Wallace (1867), shows same permanent structure on extreme left as appears on photo above.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



in the rear when three Indians tried to ride him down. He had a running fight with them and finally killed one. The other two fled.

These Indians were supposedly peaceful. Their chief came in under a truce flag and demanded of Martin that Smith be brought to justice for killing a friendly Indian. Smith told this chief that he was a liar, that those bucks tried to kill him. This they denied.

Martin assured the chief that Smith would be punished when they reached their destination, but the chief didn't take to this too well. He suggested that one of their braves fight Smith. Smith readily agreed. They decided to fight to the death with their bare hands. Smith had his knife, which he kept. The buck was apparently unarmed.

When the fight started, Smith proceeded to kick the buck in the chest, sending him to the ground and knocking the wind out of him. The Indian got slowly to his feet and started circling Smith, trying to get a hold. Another brave standing nearby threw this fighter a hand hatchet. Smith's adversary grabbed this, swung it a few times with no results, then Smith jerked his knife and threw it deep into the Indian's chest. This ended the fight. Martin gave the chief a few supplies and he left.

EVERYTHING went along peacefully until the train was about 100 miles from its destination. Smith said things had been going *too* well. He told Martin not to let his guard down, that they wouldn't be safe until they were inside the fort. Too many Indians knew that there was whiskey on the train. Martin just laughed this off. He told Smith not to be so jumpy, that he could handle anything that came up and that it would take a hell of a band of Indians to get anything off that train.

Smith, scouting about five miles in the rear, noticed a dust cloud several miles away. It was either soldiers or Indians. If Indians, it was a large band. He figured it would take at least 150 riders spread out to raise that much dust, and they were riding hard. He lost no time in reporting this to the wagon master.

Martin ordered the wagons to circle, with all extra stock inside. He ordered Smith to scout the dust cloud and to report immediately. It didn't take Smith long to determine that they were Cheyennes and wearing war paint. He rode back and reported, and all men were called inside. Each wagon was supplied with wide thick boards to place against the wheels for protection. These slabs had saved many lives.

The first attack was made by about 100 braves. They rode in around the wagons screaming and yelling. Some had rifles, some had bows and arrows, others had only a lance and a knife. Seven Indians were unhorsed but were carried away by the others, except one. He fell within a few feet of the wagons and Smith dragged him inside.

Smith tried in vain to extract information, so he jerked his knife and killed him. The other men did not approve of this act; Smith wasn't interested in whether they liked it or not.

The Indians made several light attacks, then rode off to wait. Martin said they wouldn't attack at night. Coyote Smith reminded him that they were likely to attack at any time.

The night was black; you couldn't see your hand before your eyes. About midnight things had become alarmingly quiet. Then they hit—200 yelling, screaming braves. The men of the train fought back, but it was useless. In an hour's time every man on the train had been killed except four—the lieutenant, Coyote Smith, a scout named Ramsey, and Bill Martin.

Smith crawled into a shallow ravine, where he lay on his back, covered with sand and brush. He was so thin that he didn't take up much room. There he remained with an arrow in his shoulder and a bullet in his hip.

When daylight came, he raised his head slowly and looked around. Seeing no Indians, he painfully staggered to his feet. The sight before him made him turn away momentarily. The Indians had looted the wagons, pushed them together and set them afire. Then they had thrown the mutilated bodies onto the wagons. The wagons had been circled in an old dry buffalo wallow and the grass did not catch fire.

Smith looked for a gun, failed to find one, but still had his knife. He then headed for the river (Smoky Hill), being careful not to expose himself. When he reached the river he bathed his wounds, located some mold, and removed the arrow from his shoulder. The ball in his hip would have to wait.

AN ORDINARY man would have died, but Smith was no ordinary man; in fact he was a man with almost superhuman stamina. He rested all day and listened to the Indians celebrating. At dusk he crawled to a small rise to survey the area. Drunken Indians were lying about as though they were dead. Open barrels of whiskey with pots taken from the train were in evidence everywhere.

Smith had to have a horse. He spotted the place where the horses had been corralled, and devised a plan that might help even the score.

Well after darkness had set in, he crawled to the horses, getting a rope on one after several tries. Then he cut hair from several horses' tails and made this into a torch fastened to a stick.

The grass here was from one to two feet in height and thick as hair. The whole area was dry.

He set fire to the grass near the horses and they immediately broke loose and scattered. Then he circled the camp and set fire to the grass. There was a brisk wind blowing from the south and in seconds a roaring prairie fire had begun. Smith rode some distance away and watched. He said never in his life had he seen such confusion. The fire burned right over the sleeping Indians. They jumped and ran across the prairie with clothing aflame.

He then headed for a homestead the train had passed the day before. He had seen a man, woman, and two children there. It was about fifteen miles to the east.

When he arrived, as he had expected, he found the man and woman dead. But the children were not about. He thought the Indians had taken them captive, for after calling out several times he got no answer. As Smith started to leave, he heard them yelling and found them in a weed patch, scared to death. He took the children on his horse and headed for a town (probably Russell).

When Smith arrived, he sent a message informing the authorities of the massacre. The children were taken care of, and he was doctored. In no time Smith was back on the Kansas prairies hunting Indians, some of whom would pay with their lives for the killing of these people.

In 1867 the following report appeared in the Leavenworth *Times*: "From the Western Union line—Junction City, Kansas. A man came into Salina about fifty miles west of here, on Friday, and reported a frightful massacre of white men by the Cheyennes, near the head of the Smoky Hill route a few days ago. As Wallace's train, with sixty-three men were encamped, a party of two hundred Indians surrounded the camp at night and massacred fifty-nine of the sixty-three men. The man was one of the four who escaped. He had an arrow shot through his shoulder and a bullet wound in his hip."

In 1868 Smith was on his way to Denver when he stopped at a creek to water his animals—two horses and two dogs. "These hounds," he once said, "are my scouts. They can smell an Indian a mile away and hate them as much as I do."

Just as he started to leave, Smith noticed the dogs stop and bristle up. He knew the sign. Leading the animals off the trail, Smith skinned up a tall pine with the agility of a boomer squirrel. He found what he was looking for—three Indian bucks squatting near a fire, eating. He descended, picked up his rifle, and circled until the wind was right.

Smith wanted to take them by surprise, and he wanted them to see him. Noiselessly, he jumped into their midst, and all three Indians rose in surprise. Smith pumped a few rounds into them; one fell dead, another he wounded. These two didn't make a move toward Smith but backed off slowly. He killed the one he had wounded; the other broke and ran as fast as he could. Unfortunately, he didn't make it. Smith shot him twice in the back.

He dragged them near the trail, mutilated their bodies, took their scalps and hung them in a tree where other Indians would find them. He then returned to his animals and headed for Denver.

Upon his arrival he went to the wagon yard, put up his horses and dogs, paid the man for this service, put his rifle and revolver in his pack, and headed for a nearby hotel. Here he would clean up, shave, have his hair cut, and dress up for a change. It had been a long time since he'd given himself a celebration. He had money and the time was ripe.

As he started across the wagon yard he was halted by three rough looking customers; one had drawn a revolver and poked it into Smith's stomach.

"Smith," said the man with the gun, "I'm going to kill you. You'll never kill another man with that knife!"

Smith spoke up in a low and unexcited voice. "Mister," he began, "you kill an unarmed man in this town and they'll hang you sure as hell."

The man thought a second. "All right, I'll get you a gun."

He turned his head toward his friends, evidently to secure a gun for Smith. It was his last move. Smith reached for his knife and threw it up to the hilt in the man's neck.

His two companions started for Smith but were stopped by John Montgomery who had been a witness to this affair. When the two men saw the cocked carbine pointed in their direction they halted. This gave Smith a chance to get a revolver from his pack, but he didn't get a chance to use it.

Several men had gathered, including the sheriff who placed Smith under arrest and carted him off to jail. The man Smith had just killed was evidently not a favorite son of Denver. Several men followed Smith and the sheriff to the jail, made statements in Smith's behalf, and he was released.

Smith thanked my grandfather for his aid, promising to meet him later for a drink. When Smith arrived, with his ungainly figure, his black suit and bow tie, he looked exactly like one's idea of an undertaker.

The two men sat at a table, had a few drinks, then joined a poker game which lasted all night. Smith was a heavy winner; Honest John Montgomery broke about even.

SMITH became the center of attraction and John was warned to keep away from this unpredictable man or he'd be found dead in some dark corner. But John became very fond of Smith, and Smith of John; before the week was out these two planned to go on a prospecting trip.

Before they left, Smith bet a man $100 that he could outrun his horse in a 200-yard race. "John," said Smith, "bet all you want on me."

Coyote won. John said that when the gun cracked for the start, Smith was halfway to the finish line before the other horse got started.

The next day they replenished their supplies and set out for the diggin's they'd heard about. They traveled the plains east of Denver, headed south for about fifty miles then turned west, but when they were about to reach the mountains the dogs let them know Indians were near. Six were spotted about a half-mile away. The prospectors led their horses into some rocks and waited for the attack.

When the Indians were about 200 yards off, Coyote knocked one from his horse with his long-range single shot .45-70. The others immediately hit the ground for cover. Smith didn't want this; he wanted them to charge so he could spray them with his repeating Winchester.

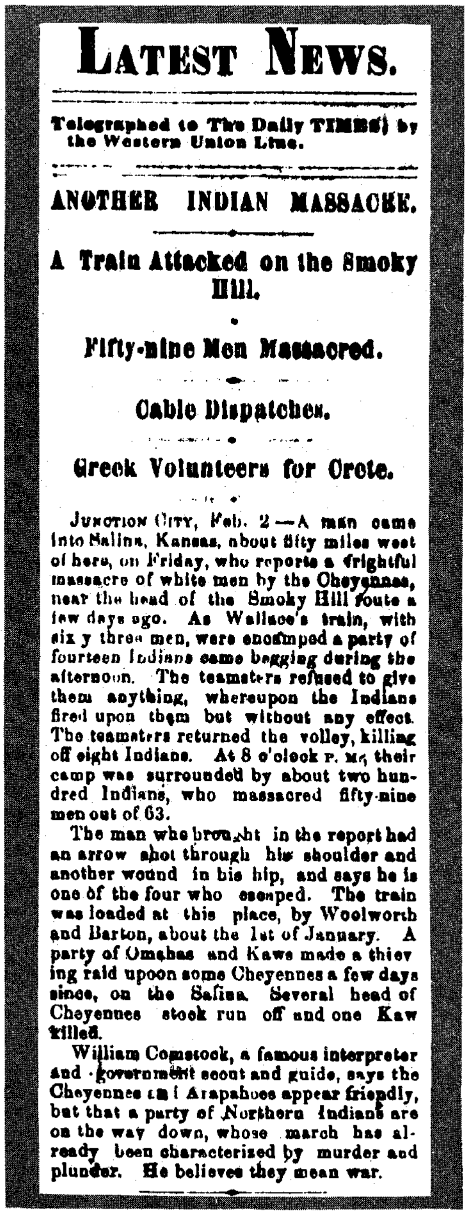
"John," said Smith, "take the animals and head west. I'll catch you later."

Two hours later Smith caught up, and John noticed that his friend was favoring one shoulder. "How bad are you hit?" asked John.

"I caught an arrow, but we won't bother with it now; those devils might come back with reinforcements. I killed two of them."

They made camp about dark in the

Lead story from *The Leavenworth Times*, Sunday Morning, February 3, 1867, reported the attack on Wallace's train.



LATEST NEWS.

Telegraphed to The Daily TIMES) by the Western Union Line.

ANOTHER INDIAN MASSACRE.

A Train Attacked on the Smoky Hill.

Fifty-nine Men Massacred.

Cable Dispatches.

Greek Volunteers for Crete.

JUNCTION CITY, Feb. 2—A man came into Salina, Kansas, about fifty miles west of here, on Friday, who reports a frightful massacre of white men by the Cheyennes, near the head of the Smoky Hill route a few days ago. As Wallace's train, with sixty three men, were encamped a party of fourteen Indians came begging during the afternoon. The teamsters refused to give them anything, whereupon the Indians fired upon them but without any effect. The teamsters returned the volley, killing off eight Indians. At 8 o'clock P. M., their camp was surrounded by about two hundred Indians, who massacred fifty-nine men out of 63.

The man who brought in the report had an arrow shot through his shoulder and another wound in his hip, and says he is one of the four who escaped. The train was loaded at this place, by Woolworth and Barton, about the 1st of January. A party of Omahas and Kaws made a thieving raid upon some Cheyennes a few days since, on the Salina. Several head of Cheyennes stock run off and one Kaw killed.

William Comstock, a famous interpreter and government scout and guide, says the Cheyennes and Arapahoes appear friendly, but that a party of Northern Indians are on the way down, whose march has already been characterized by murder and plunder. He believes they mean war.

mountains and well back off the trail near a creek. Smith asked for a bottle of whiskey, took a couple of stiff drinks and instructed John on removing the arrow. "John," he said, "cut off the head, then stand on my arm and when I tell you, pull and do it fast."

John pulled, the blood flew, and Smith had more instructions. "Now, look along the creek for mold, a green fungus. You'll likely find it on a rotten log." John found the mold and placed it on both sides of the wound, placed a piece of bark over each side, and tied them in place with a buckskin thong.

Two days later John removed the poultice. The wound looked bad, but the bleeding had stopped and there was no sign of infection. A fresh poultice was placed on the wounds. Smith suffered considerably for two weeks but was well on his way to recovery. In a month he was able to ride, so they packed up and resumed their journey. It was decided to pan gold rather than dig it as other miners were doing, however, as Smith's shoulder would not stand any violent movement.

ABOUT this time John Montgomery began to write down Smith's stories. Smith said he had been captured several times by Indians, once by an Indian squaw and her man.

On this particular occasion Smith had gone to sleep under a bush. He'd been prowling the Kansas prairie but found no game (Indians). He climbed to a rise, looked for miles in every direction, but nothing stirred so he decided to catch a few winks. He hadn't been asleep long when he felt the point of a knife at his throat and smelled an Indian close up.

Smith knew better than to move violently, so he gradually opened his eyes and saw a big Indian woman squatted by his side. Her husband proceeded to tie his feet, then his hands. This done, they shook out his pack and ate his food, sharing it with a little Indian boy about six years old. They laughed at Smith's predicament when the boy threw rocks at him. Smith said he was glad the child was no older because Indian boys become very adept at hurling stones. The couple talked about how pleased the chief would be when they presented him with Smith (the evil one).

When they were ready to leave, the buck started for Smith to cut loose his feet so he could ride. Smith threw his knife deep into the Indian's mid-section. Before Smith could retrieve it the woman had grabbed his Winchester and was trying desperately to fire. She couldn't make the rifle work so she grabbed it by the barrel and swung it at Smith, trying to brain him. He was hard put to keep out of her way with his feet tied, but when she failed to hit him she stopped momentarily and tried again to shoot him. This gave Smith a chance to regain his knife. He cut loose his feet and jumped up.

When the woman saw he had the knife she pulled the boy to her and dropped the rifle. She knew her time had come, and stood bravely waiting for him to throw the knife. Her bravery got to Smith; he wanted to kill her but couldn't do it, for he'd seen men wilt under similar circumstances. He told her to take the boy and go. She asked for a horse but he refused this, and she headed across the prairie dragging the little bewildered boy behind her.

Smith said he was led into a trap another time in southern Kansas where he had killed and mutilated several Osage Indians. He got careless, even though the whole band was set on trying to capture him.

One day he saw three Indians riding in front of him, but he thought they hadn't seen him, for if they had they would have made a fight. He wanted all three of those Indians. When he got close they broke into a run as though trying to outdistance him, and the first thing he knew he was surrounded by Osage Indians. The only thing that saved his skin, he found out later, was that the chief had given orders to bring him in alive.

They tied his hands and feet and threw him across a horse. Smith was hard put to keep from losing his knife, and held his head back as far as he could to hold the knife in its sheath. Without this weapon, he knew he didn't have a chance.

The Indians tied him in the center of camp to a pole. The squaws poked him with sticks and the children threw rocks at him. When darkness set in he was hauled before the chief, who made fun of him telling Smith that he was not the brother of the evil spirit but the brother of a jackrabbit. He then ordered Smith disrobed.

The Indians were tearing at his clothes when Smith jerked away from them and threw his big knife into the chief's midriff. This caused no end of confusion, and Smith was forgotten for the time. He took advantage of this opportunity and ran from camp. The night was dark and he headed north, then circled the camp and ran south as fast as he could go.

Following a man such as Smith was no easy task in the daytime, much less at night. The Indians called off the chase knowing full well that Smith would not get far on the prairie on foot, and overtaking him would be no problem when day came.

Smith said he ran all night long, and at sunrise came to a homestead. He was so near naked he could not approach the house, so he called out. Finally a man answered. When Smith related what had happened the man looked at him in disbelief but agreed to lend Smith a horse and a pair of pants. Later Smith returned the horse and paid the man in gold for his hospitality.

Sometime later Smith found out that the chief he had wounded did not die. Smith couldn't forget that the Indian had called him a jack rabbit. He watched the camp and one day got the chance he was waiting for. He took down his long-range single shot rifle and killed the chief at about 200 yards. He said it was one of the best shots he ever made.

IN 1871 Smith was hired to scout a train headed for Santa Fe, New Mexico, Territory. He picked up the caravan at Fort Riley and headed west. Everything went along fine until they were well into New Mexico, then they were attacked several times by Apaches. They managed to ward off these attacks except the last one, when a large band of Indians hit them from all sides and split the train. The train's losses were heavy—several killed, two women and two children captured. They pulled into an army post to ask for help in getting the captives back. This was probably Fort Union. The commandant immediately dispatched a runner to try and make a deal with the Indians. The runner did not return.

Many of the Indians who were scouting for the army played both ends against the middle. They sold information regarding the soldiers' activities to the hostiles, then sold Indian information to the soldiers.

The wagontrain refused to leave the fort without the captives. Smith became disgusted by the delay, and nothing had been done to ransom the whites. He decided to try something on his own.

Smith by asking questions found out the chief he was seeking had twin

Denver, 1864. Photo shows Larimer Street bridge over Cherry Creek.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

daughters about six years old. Twins were not too common among the Indians, and if they happened to be girls they were usually killed at birth. But this chief for some incomprehensible reason was very proud of these two girls and kept them under supervision at all times. It is believed that the chief's name was "Stony Horse."

Smith watched the Indian camp and decided he had to find a renegade trader and get him to deliver a few gallons of whiskey to the chief. He was to infer it was a softening up present from the army. Smith had never known of an Indian turning down whiskey.

He found a trader who in turn agreed to deliver the whiskey, especially after he saw the color of Smith's money. Smith informed him that if one word got out he'd have his skin.

Smith returned to the Indian camp to await results. The trader delivered the goods and the chief selected a few friends to help him celebrate. One at a time as they got drunk they staggered away to their respective tepees. Somewhat later, the chief, too, gave up and retired.

Smith slithered noiselessly up to the chief's tepee, and slit a hole in the covering large enough for him to enter. He was like a blind person feeling his way about. First he located the chief, sound asleep in a drunken stupor. Next he found the children, then he touched the squaw. She let out a gasp and sat upright, but he laid her low with a blow from his gun.

Smith grabbed one child and made his way to the horse tied off a-ways. He didn't worry about the little girl making an outcry. Indian children never make a sound when scared; they are brought up that way.

Smith mounted his horse and headed for the fort, and he rode the horse as fast as he dared. He knew that the whole camp would be on his trail as soon as the child was discovered missing.

Smith rode into the fort the next morning and reported to the commanding officer what he had done. The officer dispatched a scout to the Indian camp to tell the chief that the army had the child, and if he returned the white prisoners unharmed the chief would get his baby promptly. In many cases similar to this one, when action was taken against the Indians, they would immediately kill the captives. In this case the whites were returned in fair condition, except they suffered from shock and lack of food.

For his deed Smith received only the good will of the people on the train and the soldiers. His reward, said Smith, was the feeling that comes from doing something worthwhile. He led the wagon train into Santa Fe, then made his way back to Kansas where he was more at home and didn't have the shrewdness of the Apaches with which to contend. Smith said an Apache could almost track a bird in flight.

HE HADN'T been in Kansas long when he picked up the trail of three Indians. He followed them at a safe distance for he didn't want to be led into another trap. He soon discovered that these Indians were not native to the area. Probably from Oklahoma.

Courtesy Author

Above, photo reproduced from one in Kansas State Prison file labeled "Scott Andrew Smith." Circa 1900.

Smith decided they were on the prowl when he saw them ride up and survey a homestead. As Smith circled them to warn the house's occupants, he was spotted. The Indians set out to cut him off.

A man was in the field near the house and as Smith rode by he yelled "Indians!" and continued to the house to warn the wife. Smith jumped from his horse, roughly shoved the woman inside and slammed the door just as the three pursuers went thundering by. The woman yelled at Smith, "Them is friendly Indians!"

Smith jerked open a window and saw the man with an arrow in his back, staggering toward the house. As the Indians rode by the second time Smith was able to fire. One fell from his horse; the other two rode off into the prairie.

The man was helped into the house and though he wasn't too badly wounded the chance for infection was likely. Smith asked the woman if she knew of any mold; she said there was some in the spring house on the rocks. He asked her to gather some while he kept on eye on the prairie.

When the woman returned they packed the wound, loaded the man in a spring wagon, and headed for a neighbor's house about three miles away. The lady kept repeating that "these Indians is friendly." Smith explained the situation to her.

Riding back to the ranch, Smith left his pack horse and dogs and set out on the trail of the two Indians. About dark he located them camped on the bank of the Arkansas River. He crawled slowly through the underbrush until he was almost upon them, then jumped into the open. Here, said Smith, he had one of his closest calls.

When they saw Smith they went into action; he hadn't scared them into doing something foolish. When he threw the knife into one, the other charged him like a wild bull. Smith was hit hard, and the rifle was knocked from his hand. It was a desperate hand to hand battle for a while but eventually Smith got both thumbs into the Indian's throat and choked him to death. This bit of action taught him not to take too much for granted and not to get too close.

ONE NIGHT when Smith and John Montgomery returned to their base camp after a day's panning for gold, two men awaited them. These two men were not miners but outlaws; they threw down on Smith and John, and ordered them to turn over their gold. Smith gave them some and said that was all they had. The outlaws tied up the prospectors, took their weapons, turned their horses loose, then headed west.

Smith soon got loose and freed John. Smith was distraught over the loss of his Winchester rifle. "John," he said, "you round up the stock and watch the camp. I'll be back as soon as I do those two in."

He set out walking and stopped at a miners' camp a few miles west. One man lent him a revolver and offered him a horse, but the horses were so poor that Smith thought he'd be better off afoot.

A miner from a camp farther on gave this story to John Montgomery several months later. He said two mounted men rode into their camp and asked for food. While the two strangers were eating supper, the tallest man he'd ever seen walked into camp with a gun in his hand. He pointed the gun at the two men, disarmed them, then told the miners what they had done. He said he was going to give them a fighting chance for their lives. "A damn sight more'n they gave us," said the tall man.

He jerked one man into the road, backed off, then threw the man a revolver. It landed at his feet. The man reached down, picked up the gun, but as he straightened the tall man jerked a knife from somewhere and threw it into his opponent's chest. He jumped on this man, jerked out the knife and stabbed him several more times. He then ordered the other to come out and fight, but the second man just stared at him and refused to move. He pleaded for mercy. He refused to budge at all, there was no fight in him.

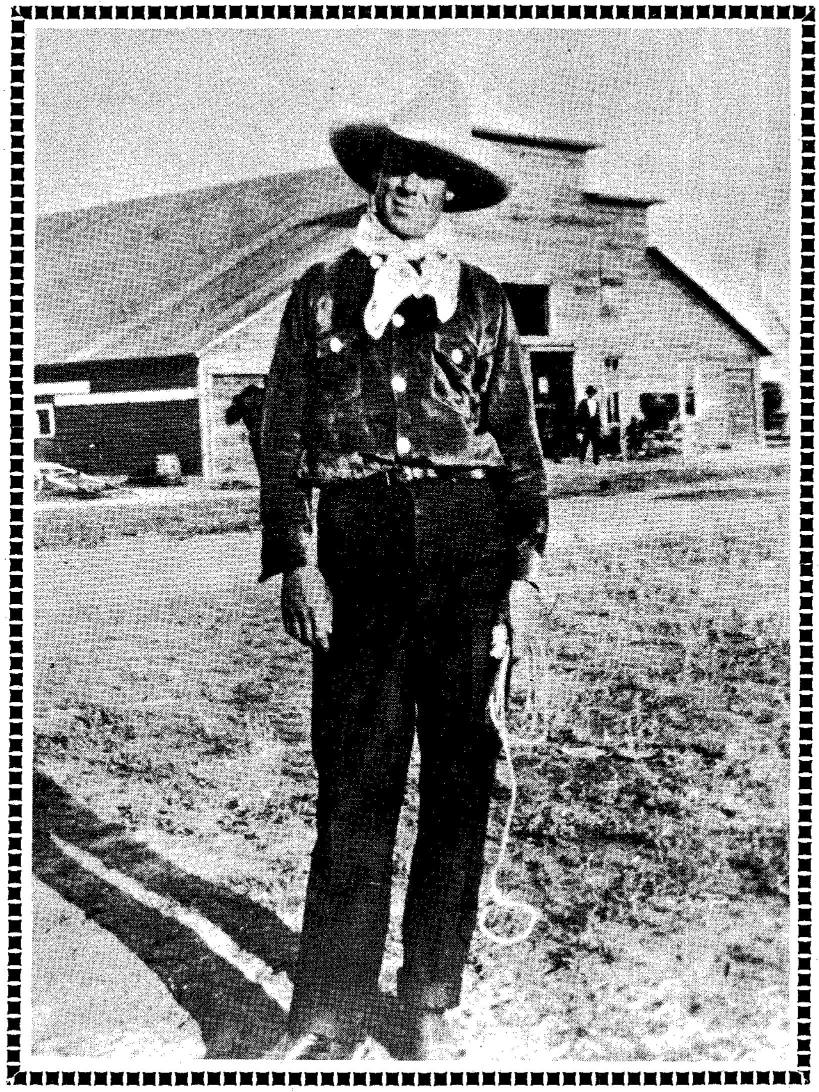
Smith then obtained a rope and in the presence of all, hanged this man. When he was dead, Smith dragged the two bodies to a deep ravine and shoved them over the side. The miners looked on horrified and scared out of their wits. Smith took one horse, his weapons, and left.

John said it was three days after the holdup before Smith returned. All he said was that he had rid the West of two more pieces of worthless humanity.

MONTGOMERY and Smith worked the streams from Cripple Creek to Central City, then dissolved their partnership. Smith headed for Denver, and John for Weir City, Kansas, to visit his family. The two men didn't meet again for several years. John Montgomery had purchased the OK Corral at Tombstone, Arizona, and was later elected to the board of Supervisors of Cochise County. He served in this capacity for fourteen years.

(Continued on page 56)

GOODHEARTED



Montana Historical Society, Helena

Long George Francis

IT WAS along about 1888-89 that a big drive of cattle was trailed into the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana and turned loose to scatter on the new range that was to be the end of the trail.

Bringing up the drags of the drive, riding the longest stirrup of the seasoned cowhands, was a long geared, rawboned, gangling youth about sixteen, who already stood six feet six inches in his sock feet. He was a sunburnt, sandy complected, blue eyed kid with deep dimples in his cheeks when he grinned, and because he was easy going and good natured, he grinned a lot.

On account of his skinny height, his dimpled grin, and mostly because he was the only kid in the outfit, he came in for a lot of joshing, which he bore up under as best he could, but there were times when it wasn't easy. The wisecracks about "How's the weather up there?" or "You growed up so fast you left your brains in the seat of your britches" were easy enough to laugh off, but the rough, often ribald, remarks about the girlish dimples hurt like a quirt lash, because in reality the youth was as tough as a whang leather string.

Since he could remember, the kids at the country school had ribbed him about the sissy dimples and the webbed fingers and deformed fingernails on his left hand. "Web-handed frawg," they had yelled at him, "with girl dimples."

The kid had lost track of the fist fights he'd been in. Only his superior height and wiry strength had saved him in those rough and tumble rassling matches. But, while the hurt feelings had always remained, he had gradually learned to live with the dimples and the deformed hand.

Of course making a cowhand here with the trail herd outfit, his web-fingered hand was seldom mentioned. The cowpunchers named him Long George, and the nickname stuck like a sandburr to a saddle blanket from then on out.

In due time the name of Long George Francis became a sort of legend that still lives in the memories of a few old-timers. Those who knew him are now in the sunset of life, stove-up old cowhands, for the most part, who once rode on roundups with Long George when he worked for the Bear Paw Pool and other big cow outfits. There are also a few old-time rodeo contestants who still remember Long George Francis and called him friend, in the true meaning of the word.

There were other men, who long since have crossed the Big Divide, who knew him as a staunch and loyal friend, and whose stories about Long George's inimitable flair for showmanship, were told to this writer at roundup camps in Montana on several different occasions, and at my father's Circle C Ranch in the Little Rockies, where I met Long George a time or two.

So that with a background of factual knowledge, and with the stories told to me by men who were intimate with Long George, I feel qualified to add my two-bits worth to the numerous and sundry written accounts of the life of Francis, albeit my version could be a shade biased on the side of friendship for a man who no longer has voice to defend himself.

BORN on September 30, 1872, in Utah, and raised on a small ranch where his father had to run a trap line to make a living, Long George Francis had made a hand since he forked his first cow pony. By the time he was sixteen, and much taller than the average grown man, he could make a hand anywhere he was put. He was what the cow country called a "natural." Like the average ranch-raised kid he had a longing to see what lay across the distant skyline. He had dreams of someday owning his own little cow outfit, and he had the courage and determination to make those dreams come true.

When Long George got his first glimpse of the Bear Paw Mountains he knew it was as good a cow country as any man could want. The rough terrain, with its scrub pines, brush, tall grass and mountain streams, offered shelter during the winter snows. Its foothills fanned out to rolling prairie land, with sagebrush, greasewood, buffalo grass and bunch grass, northward to Milk River, and beyond Milk River there was a vast stretch of unfenced free range as far as the Canadian border and beyond to the Cypress Hills, where thousands of cattle roamed. It had once been Indian country, the great buffalo range, before the white hunters slaughtered the vast buffalo herds.

Long George figured it would only be a matter of a few years until he'd own his own little outfit, and when he branded his calves they'd be in his own iron. He had the world by the tail with a down-

AND UNLUCKY

By WALT COBURN

hill pull and knew he had it made.

During roundup seasons he worked with the Bear Paw Pool wagon, and with other big cow outfits. And if he dragged a long rope with a maverick hungry loop, as it was generally rumored, so did every other small rancher in Montana. The only crime was getting caught.

Havre was Long George's favorite stomping grounds. His penchant for fancy cowboy garb, shop-made, made-to-measure high heeled boots, with his pant legs tucked into the fancy stitched tops, gay colored shirts, and the best beaver hat made by John B. Stetson, soon gained him the enviable reputation as the best dressed cowboy in the country. A range dude, he cut an imposing figure along the sidewalks of Havre, his silver mounted spurs with the spur straps let out to the town hole, as he swaggered through the swinging halfdoors of the many saloons and Shorty Young's famous Honkytonk.

But it was at the rodeo fairgrounds at Havre that Long George Francis took his place in the sun. He was a better than average bronc rider and roper, and was one of the first Montana cowboy contestants to try his luck at bulldogging. Whenever there was a rodeo at any town, the fancy dressed cowhand was Johnny-on-the-spot to enter in the contests, and he was almost a sure bet to be in the money.

In the steer and calf roping Long George shared honors with his big bay saddle horse. Not only was Tony a top roping horse, working as a team with his rider and thus proving the old cow country adage that no top hand was better than the horse he forked, Tony had been trained to share the applause. When the steer or calf was roped, throwed and hogtied, Tony kept the rope taut until Long George raised his hands for benefit of the timer, then the horse would slack the rope and walk over to place his shod hoof on the critter's ribs, shaking his head up and down as Long George, hat in hand, bowed stiffly from the waist to acknowledge the applause of the audience in the grandstand.

LONG GEORGE FRANCIS and Tony became famous throughout Montana. Articles about them appeared in the Havre *Plaindealer*, the Great Falls *Tribune*, the Great Falls *Leader*, and once the famous cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, attended the Havre rodeo and made two pen sketches of Long George. One sketch showed him bulldogging a steer, with Tony veering off to one side. The second sketch showed Long George towering head and shoulders above two other cowboy contestants of ordinary height.

In 1918 Long George was elected head of the Havre Rodeo Association. According to the Havre *Plaindealer*, he was one of the best rodeo contestants in the United States, and was hailed as World Champion Cowboy. (Note: The above claim by the Havre newspaper poses a moot question. To the best of this writer's knowledge there is no authentic written record in rodeo history of Long George Francis being World Champion Cowboy.)

But regardless, the town of Havre, its citizenry and newspaper, and the surrounding cow country hailed Long George Francis as champion, and the tall cowhand basked in the glory of popular acclaim, and dressed the part. There was no doubting the fact that he was the most popular and cut the most spectacular figure as he swaggered with his showman's flair on the streets of Havre.

Long George Francis needed another chance but he didn't get it—

Below, Windsor Hotel, Havre, Montana. Photo taken about 1893. Bottom, early photo of Havre, south side 1st Street east from 2nd Avenue, 1895.

Montana Historical Society, Helena

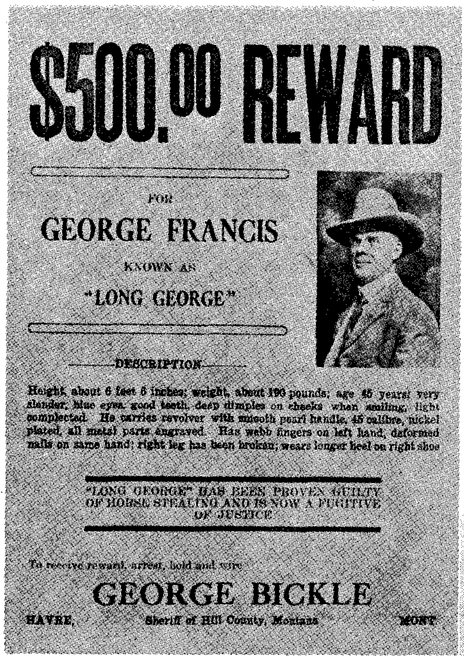
And for a time he wore a constable's badge pinned to his fancy shirt.

Mounted on Tony he carried the flag at the head of the rodeo parades, and when he contested in the arena the crowded grandstand's applause was loud, long and sincere in its acclaim of the local hero. Kids followed his boot heels. Young ladies set their caps for the range dude cowpuncher. The town citizens liked and respected him.

Truly Long George had the world by the tail in 1918, and to all outward appearances the hero of the Montana cow country hadn't an enemy. Nevertheless, a man of Francis' calibre had made a few enemies, and those enemies bided their time and sat back until the sign was right to make their move.

It began with spreading range gossip that Long George Francis was the ringleader of a gang of cattle rustlers and horse thieves—that he and his gang were smuggling whiskey from Canada by pack train, peddling it to saloons in various cowtowns along what was called the Highline of the Great Northern Railway —Havre, Chinook, Malta, Glasgow, Shelby, Cut Bank and Big Sandy.

Even before the Volstead Act in 1919 and its era of prohibition, bootlegging whiskey from across the Canadian border was a profitable business involving little risk if a smuggler knew the ropes. Far less risk than the dangerous game of cattle rustling and stealing horses with its stigma of disgrace that dated back to Vigilante days when horse thieves and cattle rustlers were strung up to the handiest tree limb and their bodies left hanging as an example to others of the same ilk.



$500.00 REWARD

FOR

GEORGE FRANCIS

KNOWN AS

"LONG GEORGE"

DESCRIPTION

Height about 6 feet 6 inches; weight, about 190 pounds; age 45 years; very slender, blue eyes, good teeth, deep dimples on cheeks when smiling, light complected. He carries revolver with smooth pearl handle, 45 calibre, nickel plated, all metal parts engraved. Has webb fingers on left hand, deformed nails on same hand; right leg has been broken; wears longer heel on right shoe

"LONG GEORGE" HAS BEEN PROVEN GUILTY OF HORSE STEALING AND IS NOW A FUGITIVE OF JUSTICE

To receive reward, arrest, hold and wire

GEORGE BICKLE

HAVRE, Sheriff of Hill County, Montana MONT

So far as Long George's horse stealing and cattle rustling proclivities were concerned, the answer is best quoted by an old-time cowhand who was a member of the so-called gang Long George rode with, "Long George got the reputation because he got caught. He didn't rustle half the stock he was accused of." In other words, to quote the ancient proverb, it was the old story of the sheep killing dog with a bad name. And Long George got blamed accordingly.

THE HOMESTEADER invasion of the once free range of Montana fetched in its quota of honyoker scissorbill farmers from Minnesota and the Middle West. Some of these had an ingrained antipathy towards the pioneer cattlemen they called "cattle barons" and they gave voice to that opinion at the proverbial drop of the hat.

Some of these men had a little larceny in their makeup and were not averse to the undercover purchase of a few big unbranded weaner calves dropped after dark inside their homesteader fences, and no questions asked when payment was made. When a week or so later the unbranded calves disappeared in the night their cries of anguish were apt to be stifled by the fact that they had no bill of sale. They knew that the purchaser as well as the rustler was involved when they bought and paid for stolen calves, and if the rustler retrieved the stolen calves during the night the scissorbill holding the empty sack had no legal leg to stand on. He was guilty as hell. He'd been played for a sucker, and he'd better keep his big mouth shut and take his bitter dose of medicine, regardless.

At left, reward poster for George Francis. Below, Havre, 1891-1892, taken from north side of Milk River.

Montana Historical Society, Helena

Rumor had it that Long George and his gang had on a few occasions played this practical cowhand joke on a number of larceny-minded homesteaders, and bragged about it later in the barrooms without mentioning the names of the suckers.

"Them fellers shore broke that scissorbill from suckin' aigs," Long George would grin knowingly, never admitting he was one of "them fellers." As far as Long George and his gang were concerned those Johnny-come-lately honyokers were fair game and always open season.

Perhaps the same theory held true, to Long George's way of figuring, when he and his gang hijacked some rival bootlegger outfit smuggling whiskey across the Canadian line. A renegade twist to the Golden Rule: Do unto others before they get the chance to do unto you. It was all in the dangerous game and no holds barred. When the chips were down it was every man for himself.

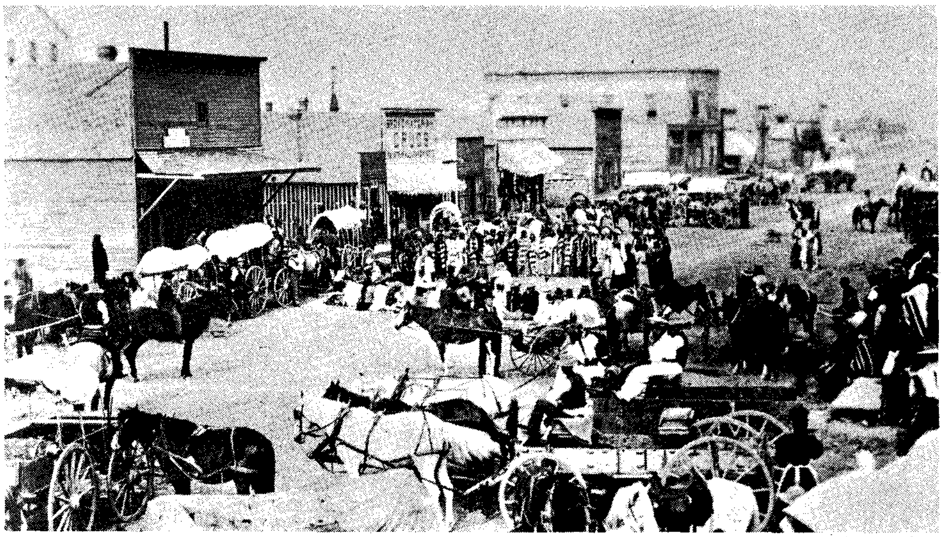
The dry land farmer invasion that fenced off the free range and plowed the grass under, had ended the era of the big cow outfits and made it almost impossible for the small cowman to make a living. Cowhands like Long George Francis, with a skimpy calf crop and a few head of four-year-old beef steers to ship to the Chicago market in the fall, could not make a go of it. Born and raised cowpunchers, they had no other trade to turn to in order to make an honest living. Such men were a prideful breed, born free, with a wild strain in their makeup. The passing of the cow country robbed the cowpuncher of his livelihood on the roundups and a winter job in the line camp of some big outfit.

So it was that when Long George Francis, rodeo boss at Havre, Montana, was proclaimed by the Havre newspaper as World Champion Cowboy, the highest honor obtainable by a contestant, it was something of an empty honor; a title without monetary renumeration. It was a title he shared with his horse Tony, and with his flair for showmanship he basked in the bright sunlight of his fame and glory, for what was destined to be the last time.

Although no dark cloud of disaster dimmed the cloudless blue sky that particular day when Long George, astride his bay horse, proudly accepted his hero acclaim, the hand of Destiny was concealed behind the glory of perhaps the proudest day in the eventful life of Long George Francis, before he was arrested on a horse stealing charge.

THIS WRITER is deeply indebted to Mr. Earl Bronson, a clerk in the Havre County Recorder's Office for ten or twelve years during the reign of Long George Francis, and to his friend, Mr. Joe Jolley of Havre, for supplying the following information relative to Long George Francis' trial:

"The case really started when a horse, bearing the brand of Phillip D. Clack of



Montana Historical Society, Helena

Havre, north side of First Street looking east, 1892.

Havre, Montana, was found stuck in the quicksand of Milk River, a few miles up the river from Havre. The horse was caught in the sand on the Abe Crosson ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Crosson and an L. C. Welch tried to pull the animal out of the sand but were unable to do so. They sent for help and Long George Francis and Ray Ellis came down from the Francis shack to help them. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Crosson noticed that the brand of Phillip Clack had been vented and the brand of Long George placed above the Clack brand. The brand of Francis looked to be newly made as the cut was still raw.

"There is no record of who informed the County Attorney of the brand on the animal, or who informed Phillip Clack. However, information was filed against Long George Francis under the order of the Attorney General of Montana (S. C. Ford), charging Francis with the crime of grand larceny, committed in Hill County on or about the 1st day of March, 1915. [The records could be wrong here as I have seen the date as of March, 1917.]

"This animal was branded **7M** on the right thigh, the property of Phillip Clack. The bench warrant was issued January 31, 1918, and trial was set for Monday, February 25, 1918. A statement had been presented to the Court of Claude Welch, William Acison and Andrew Avery, relative to the seeing of the brands of Clack and Francis on the animal. This statement was given to A. R. (Rocky) Sellers who was at that time Stock Inspector for this district.

"Victor R. Griggs was the County Attorney of Hill County and the firm of Donnelly and Carlton were attorneys for Long George Francis. The trial was held and the jury found the defendant guilty and bail was set at $2,000, freeing him until he was sentenced by the Court. The bail bond was signed by George Colter and Jack Mabee.

"Francis was ordered to appear in Court on the 6th day of March, 1918 for pronouncement of judgment. Between the date of February 28 and March 6, when he was to appear in the courtroom, Long George disappeared. It looked like he'd quit the country, hiding from the law while his attorneys appealed for a new trial. When Long George did not appear in court on March 6 his bond was forfeited. The Judge immediately sentenced Francis to six years and not more than twelve years in the prison at Deer Lodge. The attorneys for Francis asked for several stays and appealed the case to the State of Montana Supreme Court.

"One of the reasons why the attorneys asked for a new trial was on the strength of an affidavit signed by the Rev. Leonard J. Christler, in which he stated that during the last of January, 1918, while in the Guy Hocket Barber Shop he overheard two men talking about the trial of Long George and about serving on the jury. One of these men said he hoped he would be called as a juror in the Francis case because he believed that Long George was a cattle thief and must be gotten rid of. Christler said that he saw the same men in the jury box during the trial and identified one of the men as Riley M. Hadlock.

"The Reward Notice posted for George Francis read as follows:

$500.00 Reward
FOR GEORGE FRANCIS
KNOWN AS LONG GEORGE

Description: Height about 6 feet 6 inches, weight about 190 pounds, age 45 years, very slender, blue eyes, good teeth, deep dimples on cheeks when smiling, light complected. He carries a revolver with smooth pearl handle, .45 calibre, nickel plated, all metal parts engraved. Has web fingers on left hand, deformed nails on same hand, and leg has been broken; wears longer heel on right shoe.

LONG GEORGE HAS BEEN PROVEN GUILTY OF HORSE STEALING, AND IS NOW A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

To receive reward, arrest, hold and wire George Bickle, Sheriff of Hill County, Montana.

"When the Supreme Court turned down the appeal of the attorneys, they notified Long George to come in and receive his sentence. His arrest and trial was the only time I could find where Long George Francis had ever been charged with any crime."

FOR ALMOST two years Francis had been on the dodge. With the passing of the free range and the encroachment of civilization, the era of the cowpuncher-turned-outlaw was no more. The hold-up of the Great Northern train at Wagner, Montana, in 1901, marked the end of lawlessness in the Little Rockies. The coming of the automobile, the rural telephone, the homesteaders who fenced off the free range, other obstacles that were an integral part of the overall pattern of our so-called civilization, had ended the day of the renegade cowpuncher who had ridden the old Outlaw Trail from Canada to Mexico.

That dim trail that led from the Kid Curry hideaway in the Montana badlands down to the Hole in the Wall, Brown's Hole, Robbers' Roost in Utah, to the Animas Valley in New Mexico, could then be ridden in comparative safety by an outlaw who'd heard the "owl hoot." Those men knew which ranches and camps to stop at for a change of horses, a meal, and a safe place to stay overnight, and no questions asked or answered. Time was when a man on the dodge could travel that long distance without opening a gate or passing through a fenced lane, borrow the loan of a gun or cartridges, a bait of grub, and a change of horses. But that time was long gone. Law had come when the Wild Bunch and the Hole in the Wall gangs had been scattered, killed off, or put in the pen, or perhaps were long-gone to South America. John Law had finally taken over the hideouts along the old Outlaw Trail by the year of 1918.

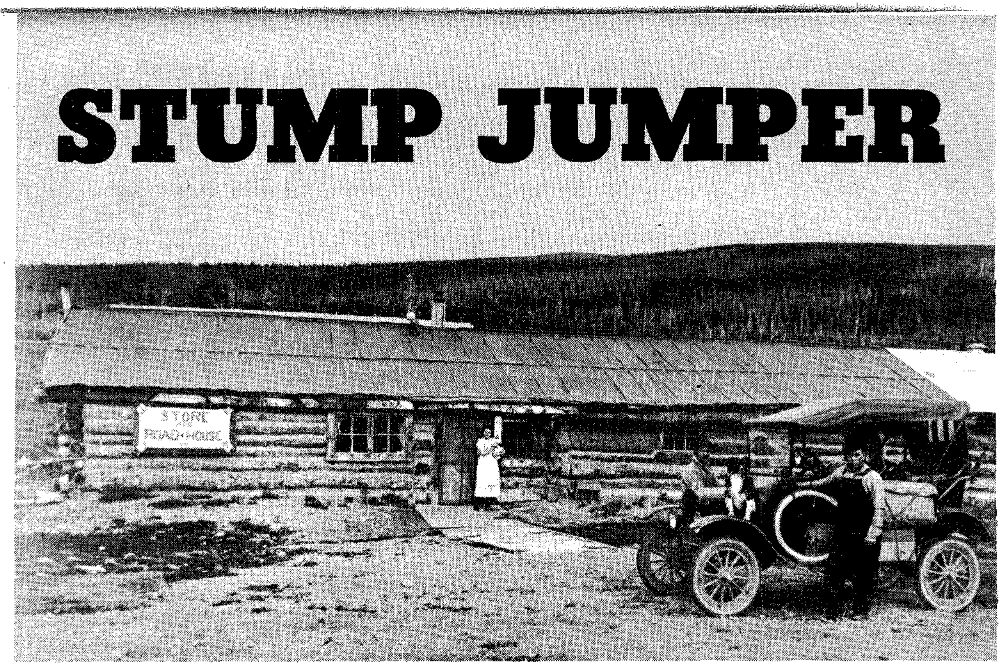
That was the situation Long George Francis had to face when he left Havre, Montana, between sundown and sunrise that morning he jumped the cash bail put up by two of his loyal friends and cronies. Like as not he had held a medicine talk with his two side-pardners, and no doubt with his attorneys, before he pulled out. Any way a man wanted to look at it, to Francis' way of thinking, his enemies had it made to railroad him into the state prison at Deer Lodge, so that the one and only way out of the tight situation was to quit the country, which he proceeded to do.

There were secret ways of keeping in touch. Maybe in six months or a year the dust would settle and the stink die down, and the charge of horse stealing settled somehow by his friends, and it was with that hope that Long George headed for the badlands country between the Little Rockies and the Missouri River.

A man of Long George's description as spelled out on the reward dodger, six foot six, with a web-fingered left hand and a raised right boot heel, was a dead giveaway. And Long George Francis was well aware of the fact that there were men who would lie in wait and dry gulch a man on the dodge for $500. A man with a bounty on his hide was like a

(Continued on page 60)

STUMP JUMPER



A Model T and unidentified travelers at Meier Roadhouse on the Richardson Highway. This is the way it looked when the first Model T drove up carrying Bobby Sheldon and his passengers on the initial run from Fairbanks to Valdez. The Meier Roadhouse, constructed in the first decade of this century, was in use until 1961 when it was destroyed by fire.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago, the Fairbanks *News-Miner* carried a headline which caused as much excitement as news of a fresh gold strike. It announced that Robert E. (Bobby) Sheldon would attempt to drive an automobile through the 360 miles of Alaskan wilderness from Fairbanks to the port of Valdez. If this feat proved to be possible, he planned to inaugurate a taxi service between the two towns. The paper elaborated on the benefits which would accrue from such a venture. It would do much to reduce the hazards and hardships due to isolation of this interior mining community.

Fairbanks and the surrounding mining camps were then populated entirely by venturesome people who undertook seemingly impossible tasks without hesitation, yet few believed that Bobby would make it. Most thought he was crazy to give up the security of a steady job to attempt what seemed impossible. Many of them had walked over the trail. They knew the sink holes where a number of horses had been drowned, the logs and stumps, the glutinous mud, the rivers and roaring glacier-fed streams, and the dizzy ledges which carried the trail along precipitous mountainsides.

Sheldon was well aware of the speculation and head shaking that began when he announced his intention to inaugurate a taxi service to Valdez (Val-deez), over one of Alaska's most difficult trails. But the skepticism of his friends only strengthened his determination to go ahead.

Although Bobby has made the headlines many times since he arrived in Skagway, Alaska as a stampeder at the beginning of the goldrush in 1897, and has held many public offices (he served as a member of the first Legislature for our 49th state and was elected again in 1964), he is best known as the "Pioneer of Automobile Transportation in Alaska"—pioneering which began even before his attempt to drive an automobile from Fairbanks to Valdez.

His experience with automobiles dates back to 1905 and came about as a result of a rivalry with another suitor for the attention of a Skagway girl.

"He used to take her for rides in his fancy horsedrawn carriage," Bobby explains. "I decided to go him one better by building an automobile, even though I had never seen one at the time. There was a horseless carriage in Seattle in '97 when my father and I were waiting for the boat to take us to Skagway, but I never got a chance to see it. I heard some men talking about it. They said it was called a 'runabout' because it would run about a block, then have to be pushed back."

At that time, Skagway offered a very limited choice of materials suitable for such a project and much ingenuity was required to visualize a design which would make use of what was available. Sheldon had had considerable experience with steam-powered equipment. When his father's death left him alone in Skagway at the age of fourteen, Bobby's interest in machinery prompted him to take jobs in the engine room of coastal boats and on pile-driving rigs, and in 1903, he became engineer in the local power plant.

Bobby worked on the car in his spare moments, but kept it hidden lest people would think he was "teched" in the head. Mr. Gear, an electrician at the plant, knew about the car, however, and gave him much advice and encouragement.

The first workout was a success. All the townspeople were eager to see the car, and when after considerable persuasion Sheldon agreed to enter it in the Fourth of July parade, he won first prize for the most original entry.

Actually, building the car was responsible for his losing the girl to the rival, but it was not until later that Bobby learned that some kindly ladies had advised her not to marry him, saying, "You know, Bobby is a genius and that is just one step short of insanity."

Although this was a blow to his ego, in retrospect Sheldon is certain that it was the way things were destined to be as he later met Anne Bergman in Fairbanks, with whom he has remained happily married to this day. However, his first infatuation served its purpose by stimulating his interest in automobiles.

Further improvement of the trail is evidenced in this picture of Thompson Pass taken at a still later date.

BY 1908, his desire to see what was on the other side of the mountain was becoming an obsession. This desire had been temporarily thwarted when his father suffered a heart attack on the infamous White Pass trail as they were on their way to the Klondike gold fields in '98.

Meanwhile, other stampeders were pushing on into the interior. Felix Pedro discovered gold just north of what is now Fairbanks, in 1902, and E. T. Barnette founded the city when he set up a trading post on the Chena River the year before.

Then came stories of more strikes in that vicinity. (More than $70,000,000 in gold was taken out of the Fairbanks area between 1903 and 1914.) The town was booming. There would be plenty of work and business opportunities for those with initiative and foresight. "That's the place for me," Bobby thought. He left his

on the FAIRBANKS-VALDEZ TRAIL

By ED MONROE

Photos Courtesy Author

As long as folks are in a hurry there'll be other folks who can get them there!

homemade car in Skagway and went to Fairbanks, where the auto ultimately wound up in the University of Alaska museum.

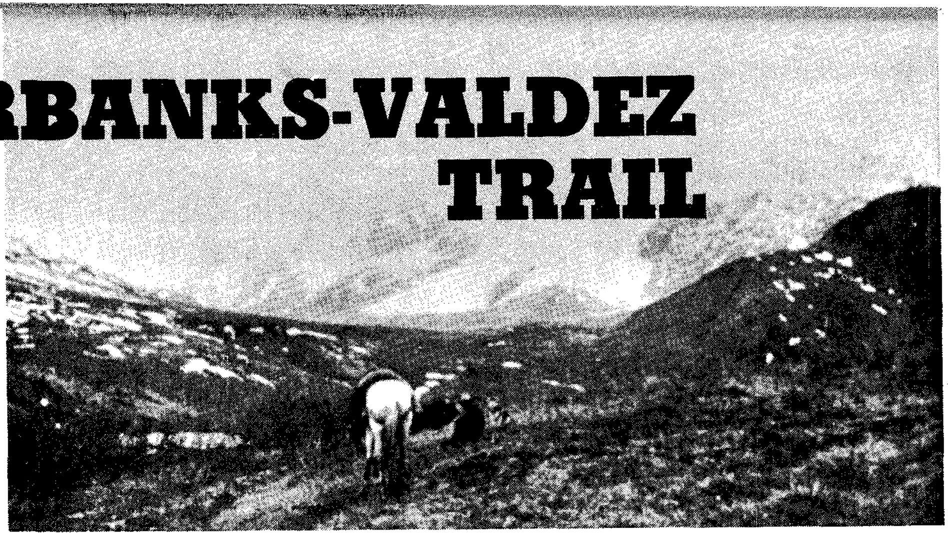
Sheldon obtained a job as Chief Engineer of the Northern Commercial Company's new power plant, but he had not lost interest in cars. As any present-day automobile enthusiast who has built a special or a hot rod knows, Bobby Sheldon had been bitten by the bug.

There were only a few miles of wagon roads around Fairbanks. These were poorly located, undrained and unsurfaced. Even wagons sometimes got stuck in the streets of Fairbanks. Bobby became convinced that the simple, sturdy Model T Ford, with its light weight and high ground clearance, would be best suited to bounce over what Alaskans euphemistically called "roads" and animals used as trails.

Early in 1913 he ordered a Model T through Samson Hardware of Fairbanks, who then obtained the Ford agency. The steamship line wasn't accustomed to shipping cars to Alaska where dog teams, canoes and sternwheelers still constituted the principal means of transportation. Although the car sold for $600 in Detroit, carrying charges boosted the price to $1,285 in Fairbanks, and the car had to come by rail to Seattle and by boat to Skagway. Transported to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, by the new Whitepass and Yukon Railroad (completed in 1900), it followed the "Gold Rush" trail by boat down the Yukon past the famous mining town of Dawson, across the Alaska border, into the Tanana (Tanna-naw) River and smaller Chena to Fairbanks.

The car arrived on June 29, 1913, a very propitious time for Sheldon as he had two weeks' vacation starting July 1. The arrival of the first Model T in Fairbanks was exciting news and within a short time miners out on the "cricks" had heard of the new car.

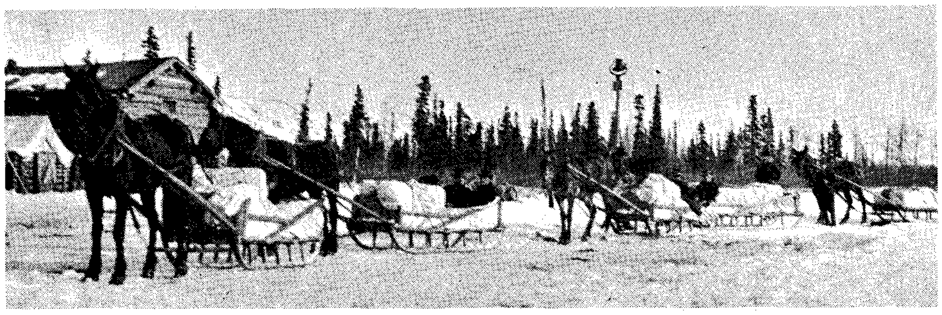
By this time Fairbanks was blossoming out with a gay display of flags and bunting heralding the start of a four-day patriotic celebration, occasioned by the Fourth of July. An airplane had been



Above, on the Fairbanks-Valdez Trail, later the Richardson Highway. An early Alaskan taking a rest after a climb up to the Pass. The Fairbanks-Valdez trail began as a pack trail late in the nineteenth century. Travelers used horses and dogs or went on foot, a trip which usually required at least 14 days and was fraught with hardships, discomfort and danger. In summer the choking clouds of mosquitoes which rose from the sloughs made nets a must. Mud and rampaging streams presented so much difficulty that one traveler remarked, "It's a crime to take a pack horse over the trail."

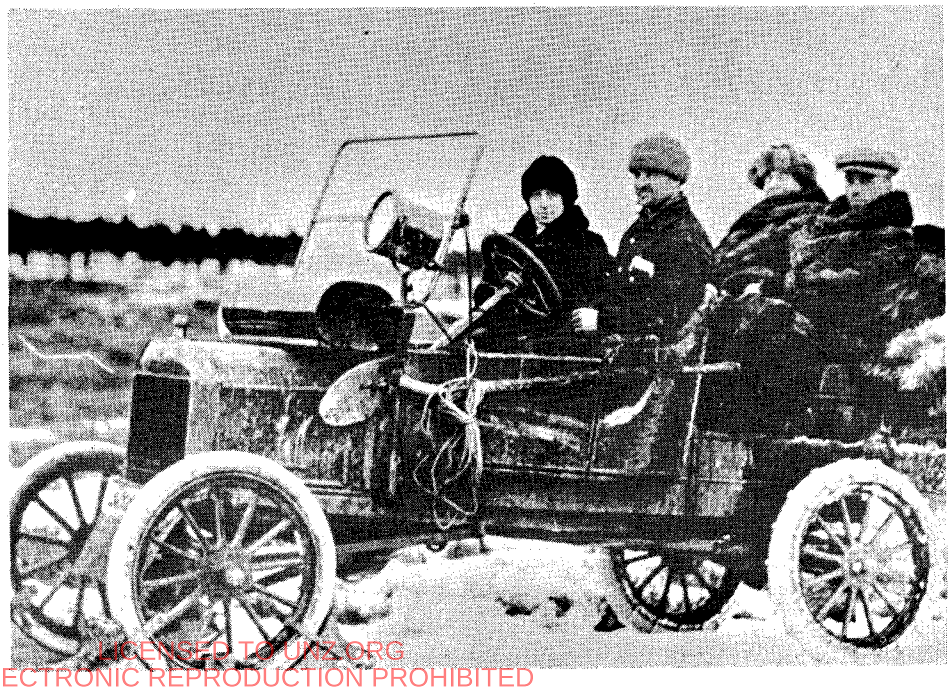
Travelers had to be constantly on guard against attack by bears and some were waylaid and shot by bandits. In winter, temperatures go to 60° or more below zero. In 1907, the Alaska Road Commission, under the leadership of its first president, General Wilds P. Richardson, began improving the trail so it could be used by horse-drawn sleds. At first the work consisted mainly of removing stumps and rocks.

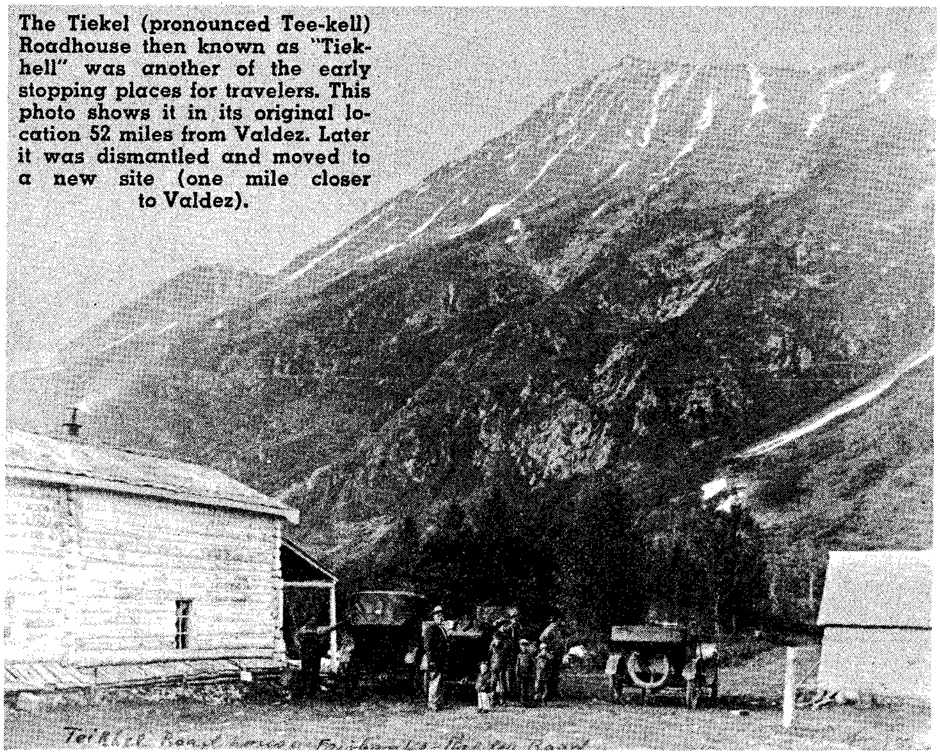
The trail received more attention after Sheldon completed the first trip by auto over the terrain in 1913. It was gradually improved and 1957 saw the final bit of hard surfacing. Below, after the trail was widened, it was used by horse-drawn double end sleds in winter. Yosts Roadhouse was situated on the bank of the upper Delta River. Fierce winds are common in this area. In summer windblown sand often made raw the faces of travelers on foot or in open cars and in winter a number of persons froze to death near here. The bell on the high pole would ring continually whenever a strong wind was blowing and helped travelers to find the roadhouse during the howling blizzards.



At bottom, Bobby Sheldon and passengers on the trail in winter. Notice the runners (skis) clamped to the front wheels. In later years he sometimes installed a caterpillar track on the back of the Fords for traveling over deep snow. Tank mounted over engine permitted gas to flow even when car was climbing steep grades. (Model Ts had no fuel pump.) Bobby used much ingenuity in adapting cars for wilderness travel.

Courtesy Smith Collection





The Tiekel (pronounced Tee-kell) Roadhouse then known as "Tiek-hell" was another of the early stopping places for travelers. This photo shows it in its original location 52 miles from Valdez. Later it was dismantled and moved to a new site (one mile closer to Valdez).

shipped in and Captain James V. Martin planned to give demonstration flights as a special attraction. With the foresight of the shrewd businessmen that they were, the saloonkeepers had increased their whiskey orders sent out the previous fall and it was rumored that there were some new girls on the line.

"Man, I'd like to go down to Fairbanks for the Fourth," exclaimed a mosquito-bitten miner on Chatanika River. "I'm so damned sick o' pluggin' away in this forsaken wilderness and never havin' any fun! Don't feel right about takin' so much time off in the middle o' the summer though. Season's too short as it is. If it only didn't take so long to travel back and forth!"

His companion suddenly straightened up holding a shovelful of dirt that he forgot, for the moment, to dump. "Say! How about gettin' Bobby to take us to town with that new automobile of his? That way we wouldn't lose so much time on the road."

Acting on this inspiration, five of Bobby's friends sent word to Fairbanks asking him to come out and get them. Bobby was glad to oblige as he had bought the car for his own pleasure and to take his friends for rides.

The sight of the car in camp gave other miners ideas and they said, "How about comin' back and gettin' us?" And men along the way flagged him down for a ride.

When they reached town after riding about an hour and a half, the miners were in a festive mood. They bought drinks and asked, "How much do we owe ya?"

"You don't owe me a thing," answered Sheldon. "I'm on vacation. Wanted to try out the new automobile anyway."

"Nothin' doin'!" they chorused. "You ain't gonna git away with that! Here, take this." And they stuffed twenty-dollar gold pieces in his pockets despite his protests. The same thing happened when each succeeding load of miners reached town.

When his "vacation" was over, Sheldon found that he had received over $1,500 in tips. As his bank account grew and he realized how grateful these people were for rapid transportation, the germ of an idea began to take root in his mind. "Why not start a taxi service to the coast?" he asked himself.

"What is the trail like?" Bobby asked a man who had just come from Valdez in a horse and wagon.

"Ain't too bad jest now. Only trouble is, the streams come up every day as soon as the sun starts meltin' the glaciers. Makes 'em hard to git across."

SHELDON had another reason for attempting to inaugurate a taxi service. Passengers, mail and freight transportation depended on riverboats operating on the Tanana and Yukon Rivers in the summer, and dog team over the trail to the port of Valdez in winter.

Fairbanks residents in need of outside medical attention were among the most seriously affected by slow transportation. If anyone had a serious ailment or one which the local doctors could not diagnose, he was advised to go "Outside" to Mayo Brothers clinic as quickly as possible. This was a trip which required a minimum of twenty-eight to thirty days by boat to Seattle. As a result some people died en route and others learned that their disease had progressed too far for medical or surgical aid to be effective. Sheldon realized that if an auto could be driven from Fairbanks to Valdez, it would greatly reduce travel time, and in some cases might mean the difference between life and death.

Sheldon began looking for a couple of husky men to accompany him as passengers on the trial run. John Ronan and John Ferguson asked to go along.

"We've got oil claims to record and we want to get to the coast the worst way. We are willing to pay any reasonable amount to get there quickly."

Both were big, hard bellied, rugged prospectors under fifty. Just what he needed.

"You probably will be taking the worst way, if you go with me."

"We're willing to take a chance."

"If you fellows want to go and will help me with the car, I'll take you to Valdez for $150 apiece. I don't know if an automobile can get there and I reserve the right to turn back at any time, in which case you are to pay me for the distance traveled. I won't turn back for any whim."

"Let's go!"

Sam Holmes, the United States Signal Corps operator, came to Sheldon. "My father is here from Boston and would like to go to Donnelly Roadhouse to do some hunting. Could you take him along?" Sheldon agreed to take him for $75.

The car was checked very thoroughly to minimize the possibility of mechanical difficulties. The greatest worry was that there were no spare parts. If something broke, Sheldon would be in real trouble.

Gas and oil would not be available along the trail, so cans containing forty gallons of Red Crown gasoline were tied to the running board in addition to the ten gallons carried in the tank. Sheldon also made room for a five-gallon can of lubricating oil. An axe, some rope and a pick and shovel were his emergency equipment.

"Each of you can take along a raincoat, mosquito net and boots, but no other luggage," Sheldon told his passengers. "I've got to keep the load as light as possible."

INTEREST in the trip mounted as departure time approached. Many wished to go along but there wasn't room on this initial run.

Sheldon was ready to go on July 29, 1913. He waited until 10:30 p.m. because many of the streams they would have to cross were glacier-fed and would be lowest during the late evening and early morning hours when there was the least thawing. (The sun sets at approximately 9:30 p.m. and rises at 2:30 a.m. in the Fairbanks area at this time of year.)

The corner of First Avenue and Cushman Street looked like the dock at Jamestown when a boatload of women had arrived. It was difficult to get away because everyone wanted to shake hands and wish them luck. A tremendous cheer arose as Sheldon eased his foot down on the low gear pedal and the Model T shuddered into action.

The first few miles of the proposed 450-mile journey (including a side trip to Chitina) were comparatively easy. The trail paralleled the Tanana River as it wound its way southeastward toward the crossing at McCarty. Except for moose and bear, the Model T had the trail all to itself as it jolted over rocks and tree roots and splashed through mud holes and shallow streams. Brush raked along the side of the car, and its occupants had to be alert to avoid being whipped in the face as branches slid past the windshield.

IMPERIAL CIGAR STORE
WHOLESALE
MONOPOLE GRAHAM COURTNEY
STO

This early photo shows cars of Sheldon's Auto Stage preparing to leave First Avenue, Fairbanks. At that time every trip made news and attracted a large crowd. The cars often traveled together for mutual assistance.

They stopped for breakfast at Richardson Roadhouse, seventy miles from Fairbanks. As they topped the ridge a few miles past the roadhouse, they could look southward beyond the many channels of the sprawling Tanana and see the lofty, snow-covered peaks of the Alaska Range gradually emerge from the haze. The few clouds on the horizon made it difficult to tell where the mountains left off and the sky began. They would have to pass through these mountains.

When the travelers reached McCarty (now called Big Delta), the point where the trail crossed the Tanana, they discovered that the river was at flood stage, and that John Hajdukovich's scow was out of operation. There was no possibility of fording. Their method of dealing with this situation was typical of frontiersman.

"Let's get a couple of poling boats at the Indian village and make a raft."

The poling boats were placed side by side, about three feet apart. Then the men laid tow planks across the boats, spacing them at a distance equal to the Model T's tread, and lashed the assembly together with rope. Sheldon cranked the engine and eased the front wheels up on the planks. The craft rocked and surged.

His companions steadied the raft while the Model T was inched along the planks. Poling the unwieldy raft across the current was no simple job. They had to use caution to prevent its tipping and to prevent the boats from taking on water. Getting the car from the raft to the opposite bank brought more tense moments. The biggest job was holding the raft close and steady while Sheldon eased the car off without flipping the raft.

The swollen river carried a sinister portent—hot weather was causing a lot of runoff from the glaciers. It would be worse in the mountains.

They proceeded along the Delta River toward Isabel Pass, the 3,100-foot notch in the middle of the Alaska Range.

The river flats were a slithery sea of mud interspersed with frequent sink holes. When Sheldon tried to skirt the edge of one of these, the Ford slid sideways and spun to a halt. He pushed the reverse pedal. The car sank deeper and deeper as the rear wheels dug into the ooze.

"All right, fellow, we can't get any farther with you sitting here. You'll have to get out and push."

The voluble but good-natured protests which began as the three passengers waded to the back of the car suddenly ceased when Sheldon gunned the motor.

"What's he matter, John? Why aren't you cussing any more?" he yelled.

". . . Ptwe . . . Can't . . . . Got a Mouff full a'Muffd . . . Ptew!"

"Don't stand back of the wheel!"

The Model T, now bogged down to the frame, refused to budge. A pole was used to pry it up enough to enable the men to chuck sticks and stones under the wheels. After much grunting on the part of the passengers and much churning on the part of the wheels, the auto gained firm ground.

AS THEY neared the Alaska Range, the scenery became increasingly beautiful. But to the travelers, uncertain as to what lay ahead, it seemed a rather cold, forbidding type of beauty. The glistening, ice-clad peaks of Mt. Deborah, Mt. Hess, and Mt. Hayes seemed to stare down at them in stony silence like warlike Indian chiefs watching a covered wagon train. It was as though the mountains resented this intrusion.

Sheldon left Holmes at Donnelly's Roadhouse at 3 p.m. and by evening had reached Rapids Roadhouse across from the Black Rapids Glacier. The Frenchman who maintained this lonely trail stop had inherited the culinary ability for which his country is famous. With appetites whetted by exertion and the rough ride in an open car, the travelers thought they had never tasted such delicious roast of mountain sheep and moose. Coffee with canned milk, and wild blueberry pie completed the meal which cost $2 apiece. Beds were one dollar a night. This was the usual charge along the trail.

It was well that the men got a good night's sleep for they encountered tough going immediately after leaving the roadhouse next morning. Gunnysack Creek (this rampaging stream still gives trouble at frequent intervals) was over its banks and had washed out the trail. They had to unload the car and pull it through.

This procedure was repeated several times in the next few miles, for high water had caused many wash outs. Sometimes they drove on the sand bars along the Delta River rather than on the poor road which paralleled it.

Mosquitoes rose from the mudholes in dark clouds and buzzed uncertainly around the Model T, probing at the hide of the noisy and strange-smelling animal. (Their descendents now pay no attention to the cars, just to the occupants.)

Although the weather was uncomfortably warm in the lower river valleys, jackets were required as the car approached the tree line. The "motorists" found the going better after they reached Paxsons, but they had encountered so many difficulties earlier in the day that it was evening by the time they reached Meier Roadhouse. Only fifty-seven miles had been covered during the day.

The "tic-a-bur, tic-a-bur, tic-a-bur" of the Model T's exhaust brought the proprietor to the door.

"Where in hell did you come from?" he asked in astonishment.

"From Fairbanks," Sheldon answered.

"Fairbanks! In that?"

"How else could we get here?"

"When did you start?"

"We left Tuesday night."

"Man! You really made time. Many breakdowns?"

"None."

"How does the thing work?"

"I'll show you if you'll get us something to eat," said Sheldon wearily. "We're hungry."

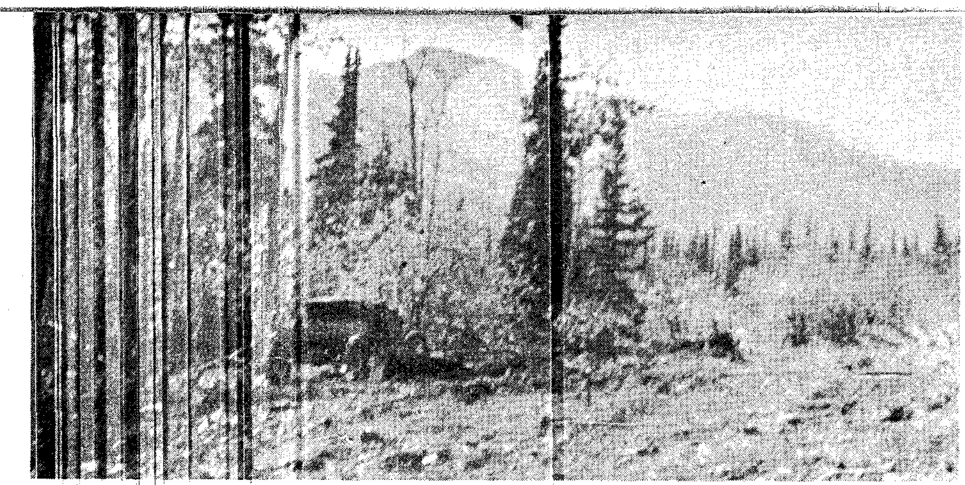
STARTING early the next morning they covered the forty-two miles to Gulkana, near the point where the present Richardson and Glenn Highways intersect, and Sheldon sent a message back to Fairbanks:

Arrived here 8:15 a.m. Everything lovely with auto. Ferguson has a lame back and Ronan claims to have other troubles. Will reach Chitina tonight if Tazlina bridge still stands. It's expected to go out any minute on account of high water.

Sheldon

The Indians at Copper Center were startled out of their habitual stoicism by the appearance of an automobile. Crowding around the car, they pinched the tires and some even crawled underneath in an effort to see what made it go.

About noon the travelers reached Willow Creek. (They later learned that on


Typical trail conditions when automobile transportation in Alaska was still in its infancy.

the previous day the bodies of two murdered men had been discovered near there.) At this point they turned off the Fairbanks-Valdez trail for a side trip to Chitina (Chit-naw), forty-five miles to the southeast. Sheldon was anxious to see what this trail was like because the town was on the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad which extended from the nearby mines to the port of Cordova. It would be an important terminal for mail and passengers should the auto stage become a reality.

They arrived before dark, and were up and away at 5 a.m. as Sheldon was determined to reach Valdez that day.

TROUBLE began after Willow Creek Junction. The men had to corduroy over several mudholes. It was getting late by the time they reached windswept Thompson Pass, the 2,722-foot crossing of the Chugach Range. Ahead of them several miles of trail followed a ledge of wagon width, cut on the side of the mountain. The gathering darkness made this precipitous "Goat Trail" even more hazardous. Soon they had to light the acetylene headlamps.

A snowslide completely blocked their way at one point, and nearly an hour was spent shoveling through. Snowslides still occur occasionally in this area. In recent years a truck driver was killed when his vehicle was swept off the road by a slide.

Sheldon "rested" his brake band frequently by gingerly pushing the reverse pedal. If the brake lining should burn or glaze, there would be no holding the car on the steep incline.

As they descended from the Pass to the lowlands, where the trail ran along the Lowe, they found that the river, swollen and turbulent from recent rains and heavy thawing, was over its banks and covered part of the trail.

Sheldon drove cautiously forward as Ferguson and Ronan waded ahead, testing with the shovel to see if the trail were still there.

"Wait a minute!" they yelled above the roar of the river. "There's a deep hole here!"

After feeling around with the shovels, they found a spot where the bottom was solid but where the water was eighteen to twenty-nine inches deep. There was no alternative but to try to drive through, for they were hemmed in by the wall of the canyon on one side and the main channel on the other.

Sheldon shielded the carburetor with a piece of canvas and removed the fan belt so the fan would not throw water back and short the ignition, then he eased the car into deep water. The staunch little Ford never faltered and they were soon on solid ground again.

Of course, that didn't mean their troubles were over. They were within sight of Valdez and making time when they came to a spot where the trail crossed a bridge.

Suddenly Ronan screamed, "Hold it! The bridge is out."

The rear wheels ground on the gravel as Sheldon jammed on the brakes and slid to a halt at the very edge of the bank. Before them was a drop of nearly twenty feet.

Sheldon backed around and found a place farther down where horses and wagons forded. The water wasn't too deep at this point but the banks were steep and the bottom seemed treacherous. Sheldon tied one end of a rope to the front axle of his car and the other to the middle of a stout stick. Then he said, "If you fellas have enough energy left, we might get across. When I start the automobile, you run like the devil and pull on the rope. I don't want to get stuck here as there may be quicksand."

When everybody was ready, he blew the horn, pulled the gas lever down and charged. The little Ford slowed and began spinning and fishtailing as it climbed the slippery bank but Ferguson and Ronan dug in their heels and strained on the rope with such determination that the auto finally crept to the top.

At eleven o'clock Saturday night, August 2, 1913, three weary men, mud-spattered, lame, and blistered, arrived in Valdez. But weary as they were there would be little sleep for them that night. News of their arrival spread quickly.

"There's an automobile in town that brought three fellas over the trail from Fairbanks!"

"Over the trail? In an automobile?"

"They're over at the hotel."

The enthusiastic townspeople crowded around Sheldon, plying him with questions. Finally he stopped answering long enough to ask, "Any place open where we can got something to eat?"

They were directed to a restaurant nearby and when they entered, the man behind the counter took one look and cried, "The Sheldon kid! The Sheldon kid! What you doin' here?"

It was Big Louie, a Montenegrin, who had had a restaurant in Snohomish, Washington Territory, where Bobby was born and brought up, and who had been one of Bobby's newspaper customers sixteen years before. Louie served them a delicious oyster stew and he didn't skimp on the oysters.

One of the men who had followed the trio into the restaurant asked, "How did you get across the bridge that was out?"

"Where was that?" Bobby asked, feigning innocence.

"Up the trail a few miles."

"Oh, *that* was the bump I felt back there! We were going pretty fast then."

ON MONDAY, August 4, 1913, the Valdez *Daily Prospector*, in commenting on the run predicted: "It is believed that this automobile run will help greatly in getting road appropriations hereafter. It will also advertise Alaska among those numerous folks who think the territory is all ice and snow."

Another item in the same paper stated: "The people of Valdez will tender a reception to Robert Sheldon, the pathfinder, who made the first trip from Fairbanks to the coast bringing two passengers."

Ferguson and Ronan, elated at having reached the coast so soon and having had a share in this pioneering adventure, treated their driver to the best meals in Valdez.

Although Sheldon realized that this first trip had been favored by exceptionally good weather and that the trail would be immeasurably worse at times, he was convinced that auto service between Fairbanks and Valdez was possible.

He sold his car in Valdez (he knew he couldn't drive it back alone) and telegraphed an order for a new Model T to be delivered in Fairbanks. Then he bought a bicycle to return to the interior.

The return journey took a bit longer than the initial trip—about twelve days longer. The wheels of the bike were balled up with mud which jammed between the tire and the forks, making it more of a nuisance than an aid. Sheldon finally threw the cycle away.

With the arrival of his second Model T, the business of building a stage line was begun. There were many who were anxious for the service and willing to trade the hardships for quick transportation. Most even enjoyed the adventure.

Fred Bleeker of Fairbanks, who passed away in 1963 at the age of eighty-eight, was one of Sheldon's early passengers. "I walked the trail of Valdez before the stage line was inaugurated," he said. "It took about fourteen days. It was a long trip and we were mighty glad when we could get a ride even when we had to get out and lift the car back on the trail every little ways."

The gas tanks on the early Model Ts were under the front seat, and fuel was supplied to the carburetor by gravity. This system worked well under normal conditions but occasionally, when the car climbed a steep grade, the carburetor would be above the fuel level and none would flow. Once Sheldon had his passenger blow in the tank to create some pressure to force the gasoline uphill into the carburetor. The passenger remarked, "I've pushed cars uphill, and I've dragged cars uphill, but this is the first time I ever blew one uphill."

Not all of the passengers were men. The late Mrs. Margaret Keenan Harrais, long-time Commissioner at Valdez (she died at the age of ninety-one as a result of the Valdez earthquake in 1964), was at one time a schoolteacher in Fairbanks. She would go Outside every spring.

"Bobby Sheldon carried a long coil of rope," she recalled, "When we got stuck, he would say, 'Everyone out—except you.' He would line the men up on the rope two by two like a team of horses to pull the car through."

Some famous people patronized the stage line. The Italian Consul from the West Coast, a Count, rode to a mining camp from Chitina. Lowell Thomas, Sr., on his first trip to the Territory in 1914, rode with Sheldon.

The late Lt. Col. Robert Crawford, who wrote the U. S. Air Force Song, was a Fairbanks boy. One day when he was ready to go Outside to college, he asked Sheldon, "How about letting me drive one of your cars to Valdez?"

"O. K. I don't know how I'll get it back, but we'll work out something. You can drive one."

They left with two cars of passengers. Between Millers and Rapids Roadhouse, they encountered a spot where a cloudburst had inundated the road. Sheldon's car was in the lead. Part way across, the car hit a big boulder and stalled. The force of the stream built a wall of water around the car and as Sheldon and his passengers stood up, the seats floated away. They managed to get to the opposite bank where Sheldon waved to Crawford and yelled, "You'll have to stay there all night."

Next morning the water had gone down. During the night a gravel bar had built up around the car so that only about eight inches of one corner of the windshield was showing. Just then, one of his drivers showed up on his way back from Valdez, so Sheldon commandeered this car and set the driver to digging out the buried Model T while the others continued to Valdez.

SHELDON learned to carry a comprehensive supply of parts. Once about twenty-five miles out of Fairbanks, a crankshaft broke. He and his pasengers built a smudge to keep the mosquitoes away and rigged a tripod of poles to lift the engine. Then Sheldon pulled the engine out, replaced the broken shaft with a spare he carried wrapped in canvas, and had the car ready to run again in about ninety minutes.

He showed much ingenuity in adapting his cars to existing trail conditions. On one trip his sole passenger from Valdez was Judge Charles E. Bunnell, who later became president of the University of Alaska. Sheldon had misgivings about getting through for the "mud was up to your neck."

He told the judge, "The only way the two of us can make it is to take off the body," which he proceeded to do. Then he tied two barroom chairs to the chassis for seats.

The judge remarked dryly, "I've never sat in a barroom chair before, but I suppose there's always a first time."

Removing the bodies became standard procedure whenever especially muddy conditions were anticipated.

Winter driving presented more problems. Horse-drawn sleighs which used the trail made a much narrower track than cars. Sheldon equipped the Fords with axles which he shortened by cutting out the required amount and then forging them back together so their width would fit the trail. Sometimes he replaced the front wheels with sled runners. Passengers had to be bundled in heavy furs in order to stand the cold while riding in the open car.

The trail after it had been improved for wagon and automobile travel.

The stage line prospered during its first ten years. As business increased, Sheldon realized he would need help and selected Tom Gibson as a partner. Later more partners joined the enterprise and they renamed their firm the Richardson Highway Transportation Company. At one time they had as many as fifteen cars operating between Fairbanks and the coast.

Sheldon's pioneering run and subsequent trips gave impetus to Major (later General) Wilds P. Richardson's efforts toward road building and improvement. Richardson, who was president of the Alaska Road Commission from 1906 to 1917, waged such a vigorous campaign to improve this trail despite the meager funds available that today the paved highway bears his name.

More cars began to appear in Alaska as roads improved and people learned that they could use them for more than just driving around town. Realizing that these cars would need service, Sheldon started the first garage in Fairbanks, which he operated in conjunction with the stage line.

Eventually the advent of the Alaska Railroad, which extended from the port of Seward to Fairbanks, and the increase in the number of privately owned automobiles lessened the demand for a long distance auto stage, and business declined.

Sheldon sold his interest in the company and began the first tourist transportation concession in Mt. McKinley National Park.

His pioneering in transportation provided a stepping stone to public office, for through it he became well known and his travels and associations gave him an insight into Alaska's needs. Asked how the roads were after a particularly tough run, Sheldon said, "One thing this trip did was to help me make up my mind to run for Road Commissioner." He did and won. And so his political career began.

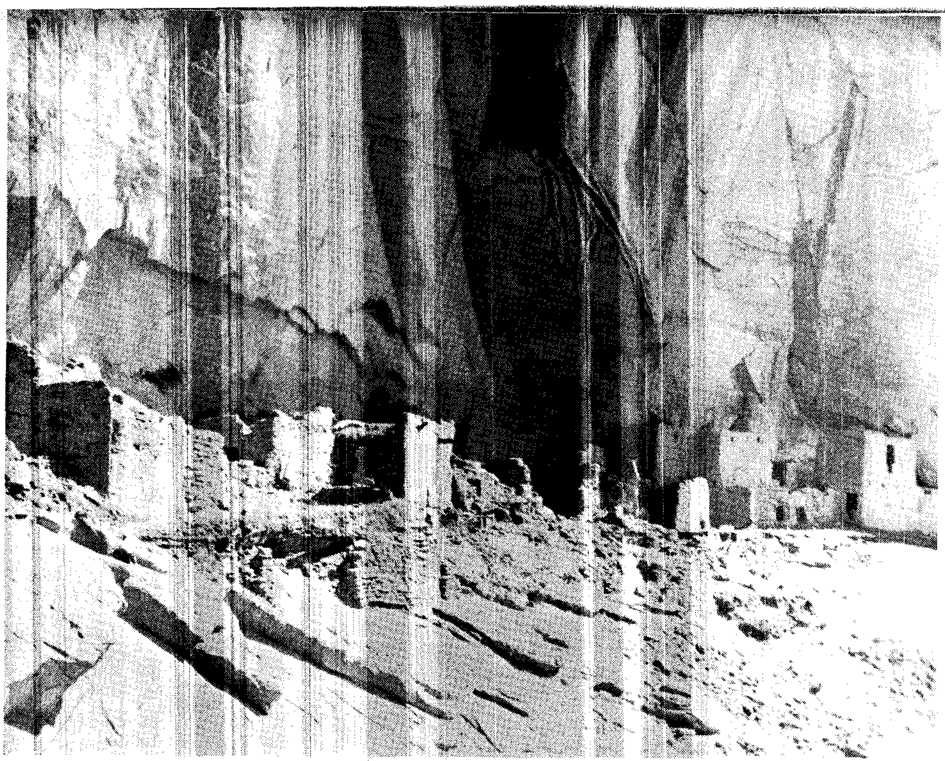
He served in the Territorial Legislature for two terms, from 1925 until 1929. Appointed postmaster to Fairbanks, he remained until 1941 when he resigned to accept an appointment as Executive Director of Alaska Unemployment Commission.

While he was postmaster, a man came in to visit with him. His transportation was a Model T Ford converted to a truck. By checking the engine number, Bobby discovered that this was the original Valdez trail blazer.

Achieving another "first," Bobby Sheldon was elected to the First Alaska State Legislature in 1958 from Election District #16.

It is doubtful if outsiders, who chance to meet Sheldon on the street, realize that he is one of Alaska's most colorful pioneers, for his quick step and natty clothes give him a jaunty appearance which one does not normally associate with the original sourdoughs. And though he has little time for reminiscing, when his grandchildren ask for bedtime stories, he needn't resort to make believe. Sheldon has had true adventures much more thrilling than fiction.

BLUE RICHES HALFWAY



Inscription House ruins (1928), the "big city" nearest the ruins containing the turquoise. Center, roofless room with the corner walls fallen out, is location of the date 1661 on the plastered wall in deep shadow.

The Spanish inscription, 1661, in Inscription House ruins in Navajo Canyon across from the ruins in Wild Potato Canyon.

MY BINOCULARS steadied on the first room which was partly filled with turquoise, then shifted to the second. Hard to believe, but there it was, the long unaccounted for hoard of Navajo sacred stones.

The excitement of my two Indian companions heightened. Yet for our own good we should have departed the cursed place immediately, because one of my friends came within a hair of losing his life.

The turquoise was visible—a good wagonload of it—because the outer walls of the two rooms of the cliff dwelling had finally crumbled. High winds swirling through the oval cave had whipped away the covering dust and sand of centuries, exposing the blue stones fully.

They were probably put there in the 13th century by the original canyon inhabitants. But even if one goes along with one Navajo theory—that they were collected and stored by Spanish explorers—the cache is still nearly three centuries old.

This wealth in gems could hardly be termed "lost," for an aged Navajo, Hosteen Nutgloa, had found them in his youth. Many years later they became lost only because no one could get to them.

The cliff dwelling occupied a cave in the wall of Wild Potato Canyon, a side defile of Navajo Canyon in north-central Arizona. It perched approximately 150 feet below the overhanging rim, and 400 feet from the canyon floor.

PAUL Begay and Sam Boone crouched on the stone shoulder of the wall beside me, breathing hard in anticipation. I handed the binoculars to Paul. After a long appraisal he gave them to Sam.

"It is as I remember," Sam announced huskily. "Only now we won't have to dig the sand off to get them!"

That day in August, 1928, I had gone there with them to see if we could figure out a way to get into the cliff ruins. As Nutgloa's grandson, Sam claimed the turquoise gemstones. He was the only Navajo other than Nutgloa who had been into the ruins.

While the ascent had been difficult thirty years before, the cave had been accessible. Nutgloa took Sam along when he went there to get a sackful of the turquoise. The gems were sold to tribal silversmiths and occasionally choicer pieces went to traders in the western Navajo country. From him I once bought a two-inch-long pair of earrings. They were worth fully a hundred dollars, and were given to my mother.

Such stones were considered the same as money by the Navajos. On the open market the better polished stones of first and second quality brought slightly more than $1 a carat.

Nutgloa and Sam had reached the first cliff shelf on poles, right below the shoulder from which we reconnoitered. This particular spot disclosed the full width of the cave mouth. From the midway point foot-hold pits made it possible to climb a rounded bulge to a high ledge. From it they ascended a narrow strip of jutting horizontal rock.

The winter Sam was ten years old the main shelf broke loose and tumbled down to the canyon floor. Thereafter they could not get to the cave because of the distance from the main shelf to the rounded bulge on the wall. Nutgloa once tied five saddle ropes together, securing one end to a tree on the rim. He then let Sam down until the boy dangled before the ruins. But the small boy was so far out in space that the old man could never swing him in close enough to leap into the cave.

This ruin containing the hoard of turquoise was about two miles from Inscription House of the Navajo National Monument across Navajo Neetsein Canyon. That part of seventy-mile-long Navajo Creek Canyon had been heavily populated by aborigines. Tree ring dates of timbers used in construction of the cliff buildings were cut between 1210 to 1283, A.D.

A few of the Navajos who knew about the turquoise cache believed that the *anasazzie* (cliff dwellers) collected the blue stones from all over the country and up and down the canyon. There were also a few such as Nutgloa, who held to a theory that the first Spaniards in the region found the stones in abandoned cliff dwellings, and stored them in the two rooms for possible packing away later. For some reason this was never done.

In 1909 over in Inscription House ruins a Spanish inscription was found in the mud plaster of a room. The name and words in Spanish were not altogether decipherable, but the date, 1661, was legible for four decades afterwards.

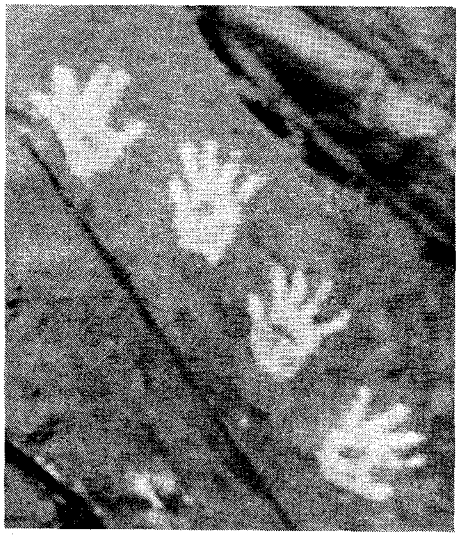
This date and a guessed-at name could not be authenticated by any journals of known Spanish explorers of the 17th century. Therefore the small party must have been one of the prohibited

The "lost" turquoise had enjoyed plenty of company—but one batch of guests could crawl and the other could fly and our treasure hunters could do neither

to the SKY

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



The mysterious handprints on the cliff walls above both ruins of dwellings in Wild Potato Canyon and Inscription House.

"unauthorized" expeditions hunting valuable minerals on its own. Such clandestine parties suffered stiff penalties when caught, and few made much noise about their business on returning to New Mexico.

WHILE studying the cave that day I saw four prints of human hands on the rear wall high over the ruined village. They were identical with another set on the cliff wall above Inscription House—so much so as to be startling. Why the similar handprints in both villages? Only the people who vanished 700 years before could explain the mystery.

The aborigines also held the answer to the secret of a nine-foot petroglyph of a man cut on the wall around a corner of the mouth of Wild Potato Canyon. Chipped laboriously in stone by the Old Ones, was it in reality a marker to the hoard of turquoise?

Paul's father, Hosteen Zon Kelli, had an opinion that the grotesquely shaped figure was such a marker. He was the first Navajo to live in that part of Navajo Canyon, locating there about 1869. He did not try to reach the turquoise when it was possible, respecting Nutgloa's rights to it as the discoverer.

After Nutgloa died, Sam wanted to take out the turquoise cache, and he appealed to Paul and me to help him get into the cliff cave. We went in a pickup truck to Kaibgeto and as near as the vehicle could be driven to the sharp canyon rim. From there provisions and equipment were packed down a precarious trail. Camp was made on the floor directly below the cave ruins.

We first gave attention to the rim as a probable way in, but reached the conclusion that it wasn't possible.

The morning after setting up camp we crossed the main canyon into a defile where tall willows grew. The longest were selected, cut out and peeled. We packed them into Wild Potato Canyon on our shoulders. Four were notched and lashed together with strong wire. The extended pole reached seventy feet to a very narrow ledge under the main shelf below the cave.

Making a test of the first section, Sam skinned up the ladder. Then, clinging mole-like to the upper wall with hands and toes, he climbed nearly 200 feet to the ledge. For the section beyond it, single poles were necessary, and another day was spent procuring them.

When they were peeled and notched, Sam was sent above with three saddle ropes tied together to haul them up. One by one they were snaked into position, Sam climbed upward by the first two to reach the third and last. Base ends were set in small holes in the cliff surface. There was no way to make the poles fast and therein lay the danger.

Since it was already dark by the time the job was completed, we made Sam descend. He did so in great disappointment, wanting to try entering the ruins at once.

Sam and Paul spent half that night making wild guesses as to how rich they would soon be, and our camp was astir before sunlight lanced into the narrow canyon.

Being lighter in weight, Sam started up first. While Paul followed him I stood well out in the clear to direct the two over blind spots on the wall.

Over the lashed poles and across the open cliff face to the first notched pole on the ledge proved easy for Sam. But no sooner did he start upward hand over hand than the limber trunk began swaying. Paul was crawling over the rounded surface of the wall when Sam yelled a sudden warning. Hardly had Sam touched the last pole when it rocked free and tumbled down to the canyon floor. It took us until midday to haul it back up in place.

Sam resumed his climb but the instant he stepped onto the bottom of the pole the other end slid from the hole. We spent the rest of the daylight hours trying to get that pole placed firmly. Sam scarred the slick quartz surface with a hand ax but it didn't do any good and we called it quits for the time being.

BEFORE LIGHT shone into the canyon the next morning I climbed the trail out over the rim. From above I dropped back down to the bulge from which the cave ruins could be reconnoitered. After studying the wall below

The wide floor of Navajo Canyon near mouth of Wild Potato Canyon, looking northwest towards Navajo Mountain.

the cave, it became evident that there was no better way to try reaching the ruins than the one we were already using.

In camp we again discussed the problem. It was decided when and if Sam could gain entrance, a cord would be shot into the ruins. A rope could then be hauled up and secured, which would allow us to negotiate the rounded cliff face.

The following morning I ascended the canyon trail to the pickup, and drove to nearby Kaibeto trading post which was managed by Ralph Jones. He found 500 feet of binder twine in the warehouse. With that and a bale of sisal rope I returned to the jump off. Sam and Paul in the meantime had made a long bow to shoot the cord aloft.

Paul wanted to test the bow with a few trial shots. The first was too high, the arrow striking the overhang above the cave. The next one arched gracefully over the ruins, falling in behind them out of sight.

What happened next came as a surprise. The whistle of many wings filled the air. From out of the cave emerged a black cloud of bats. Massing in a fan-shaped stream they darkened the mouth for several minutes. There must have been thousands of them. Hovering briefly before the cliff face they streamed off in a thick line into Navajo Canyon.

"They are bloodsuckers!" Sam exclaimed hollowly. He meant vampire bats.

This turn of events dampened some of my friends' enthusiasm. No bats had been in the ruins when Sam entered with his grandfather long ago. None had ever been seen flying in or out of the cave by Navajos living in the main canyon. It was curious why they should be there now.

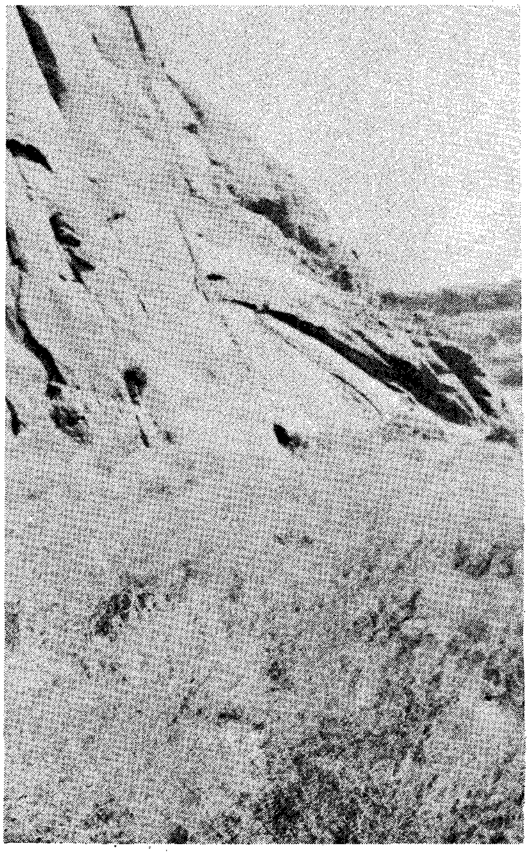
That day we toiled industriously at firming up the poles. By the time the last one was in position Sam had completely ruined the hand ax in his effort to deepen the shallow pit holes. The center of the last pole on the high shelf could not make solid contact with the wall surface because of a narrow ledge. Each time Sam attempted to climb it, the pole would wobble loose and fly into space.

A bad hunch warned me that the ridge and the bats would keep us away from the turquoise.

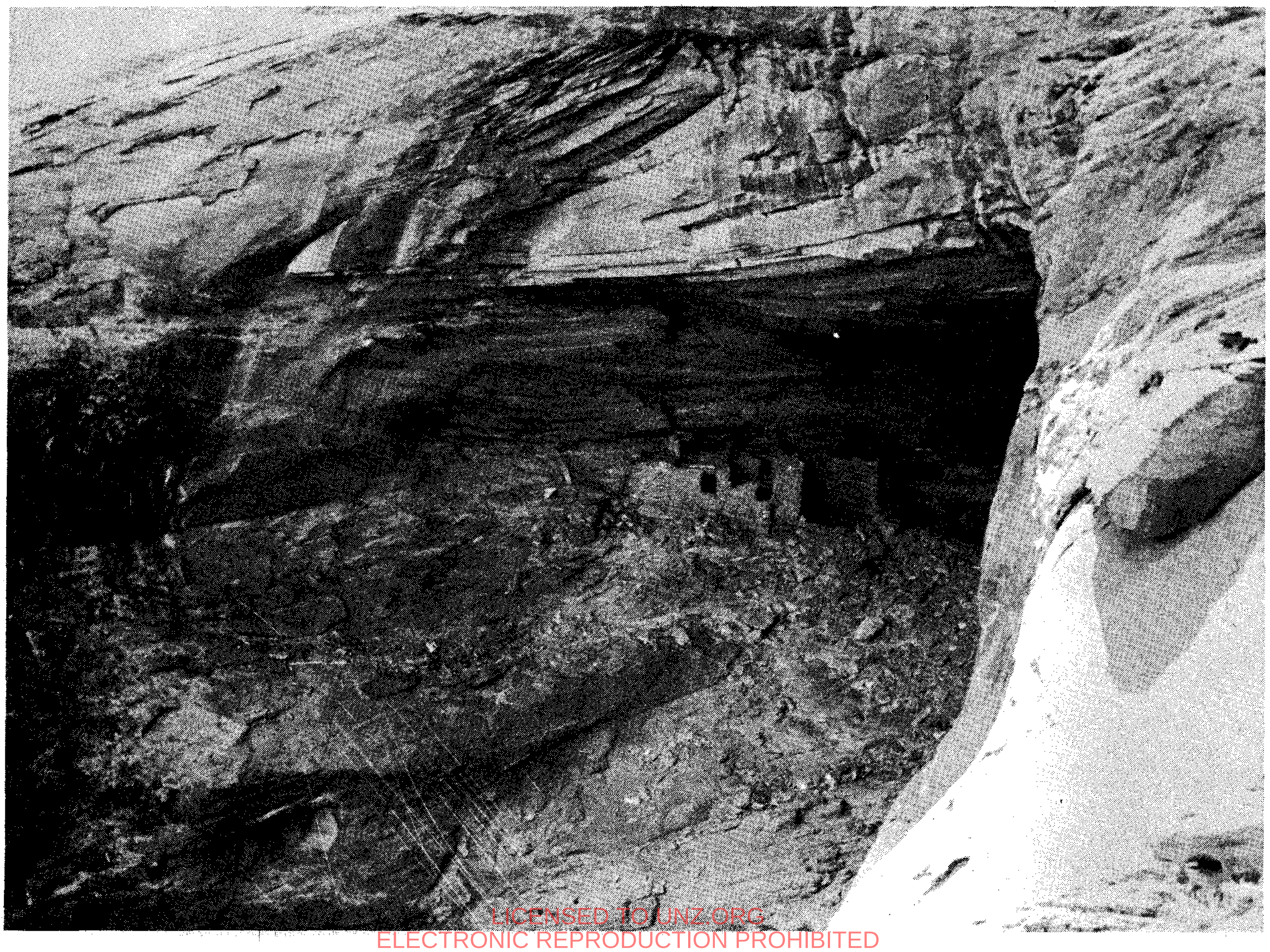
THE NEXT DAY we climbed to the rim, moved east, and descended as far as possibly, perhaps forty feet. Perched dangerously there on a shoulder we spent an hour examining the visible part of the cave. Only about half of it was open to view from there.

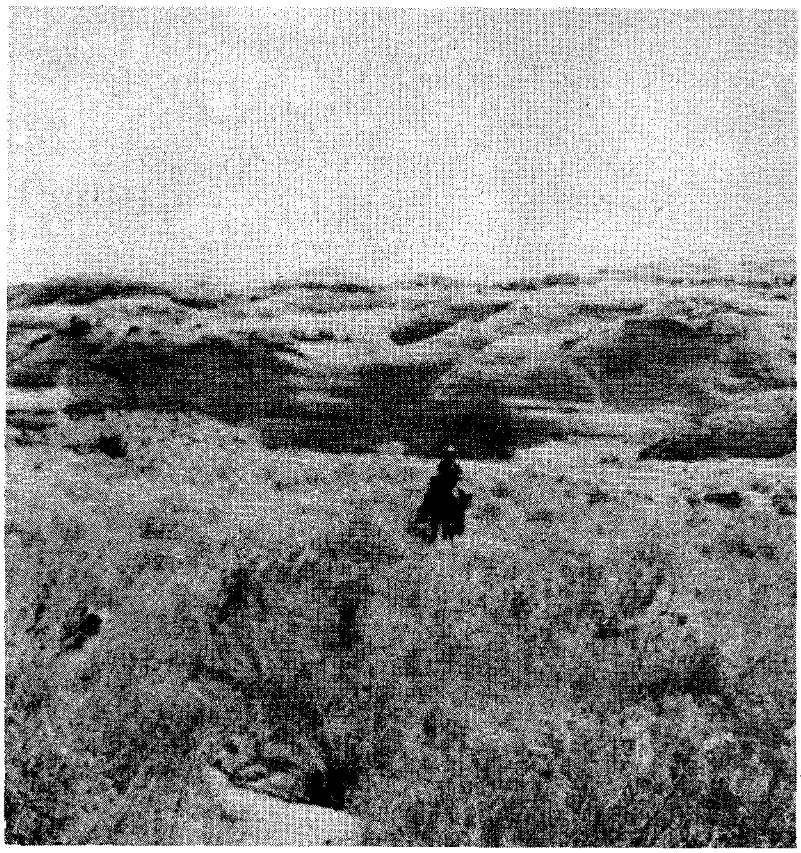
Soon after Paul took a turn with the binoculars he spoke tersely, "Looks like something moving inside. Maybe the bats came back and we didn't see them."

Holding the glasses again I focused them on a thin black line behind the highest inside wall. A curious blackness showed but nothing more. Paul, however, insisted that he definitely had detected movement and the fact worried him. Telling us to remain where we were and to keep watch, he started below to send an arrow into the cave.



Above, mouth of Wild Potato Canyon where it enters Navajo. Below, the lower end of the ruins in the cliff cave opening to right.





At right, Paul Begay (1928), who helped in attempt to get into the cave ruins.

From below a yell signaled that Paul was ready to string an arrow. And he meant a *fire* one. The arrow point, wrapped in cloth, had been soaked in bacon grease. Down on the canyon floor he was a miniature figure fitting a flaming matchstick to a tiny bow. Then it sailed up into the air, curving to disappear into the back of the cave under our feet.

Instead of dying out after several minutes, the flames grew larger. Then surprisingly a tongue of flame shot upward above the ruined stone walls into view.

Set afire were likely some pack-rat nests, as dry as tinder, and a few old roof poles. It could also be that the protected inside walls were of the mud and wattle type from which the plaster had scaled off. Such room partitions and a kiva were in Inscription House ruins.

The light afforded a better view of the ancient dwelling previously concealed by deep black shadows, and leveled piles of turquoise could be seen clearly.

Sam began yelling in Navajo, "Tl'iish 'aninigii! Tl'iish 'aninigii!" and pointed to the stone curve over from the shelf on which the ruins stood. It was literally alive with rattlesnakes. The flames had driven them out of their refuge.

The reptiles slithered crazily over surfaces they could cling to; others rushing after them collided and piled up. Tangled heaps of snakes began hurtling into space, striking the rocks and sandy floor 400 feet below. If a single one of them were killed in the fall we were unable to find its carcass.

Paul retained presence of mind enough to grab the single sleeping blankets, the coffee pot, and a sack of grub, before sprinting for the foot trail out of danger. He told us later that he had heard an echo of their angry buzzing even before Sam discovered them and yelled a warning.

That night we camped on top beside the pickup. Neither Paul nor I mentioned abandoning the attempt to recover the turquoise, although it was uppermost in our minds. Sam decided on his own—or at least seemed to. Snakes and bats were just too much, he said. Anyway, the ridge under the last pole had us stymied. At that height it posed a very serious risk to life and limb.

TO OUR DISMAY, Sam stated the next morning that he wanted to make a final attempt to reach the ruins. Very warily we descended and inspected every rock pile and clump of brush on the canyon floor. Snake tracks across the sand were headed for other hiding places. We found no sign of their returning to the wall. When Paul sent another flaming arrow into the cave, nothing happened. Not even a stray bat flew out. Nor did a second arrow produce any untoward results.

The absence of bats and rattlesnakes encouraged Sam. He started climbing upward, gaining the sheer face of the cliff where he clung by bare hands and feet. Paul, considerably more cautious in his movements, started after him.

Sam had reached the second pole below the cave shelf and was suspended about 300 feet above the canyon floor when a heavy gust of wind dislodged the pole above his head. Its glancing blow was strong enough to dislodge Sam from the cliff face, and he plunged downward, landing in a five-foot clump of thick brush.

By the time Paul got to us I had the bruised and lacerated Sam out and lying on his back on the sand. He had three broken ribs, but the wonder was that from such a long fall he wasn't killed instantly. Sam realized he was lucky to be alive.

While I tore up some shirts to make bandages, Paul turned to collecting the poles. He was determined to destroy them. Methodically he tore the ladders apart and piled them on the camp coals.

"Nobody is going to use our poles!" he declared. As I watched the bonfire I rather doubted that anyone else would be foolhardy enough to make the attempt we did to get the lost turquoise.

Between us we packed and helped Sam up the foot trail to the rim. It took hours because each movement jarred the broken edges of his ribs, and he had difficulty breathing. We delivered him fifty miles away at the Tuba City Indian Hospital about sundown, where he recovered fully in a couple of weeks. He then got a job with the government driving a school bus, and has recently retired.

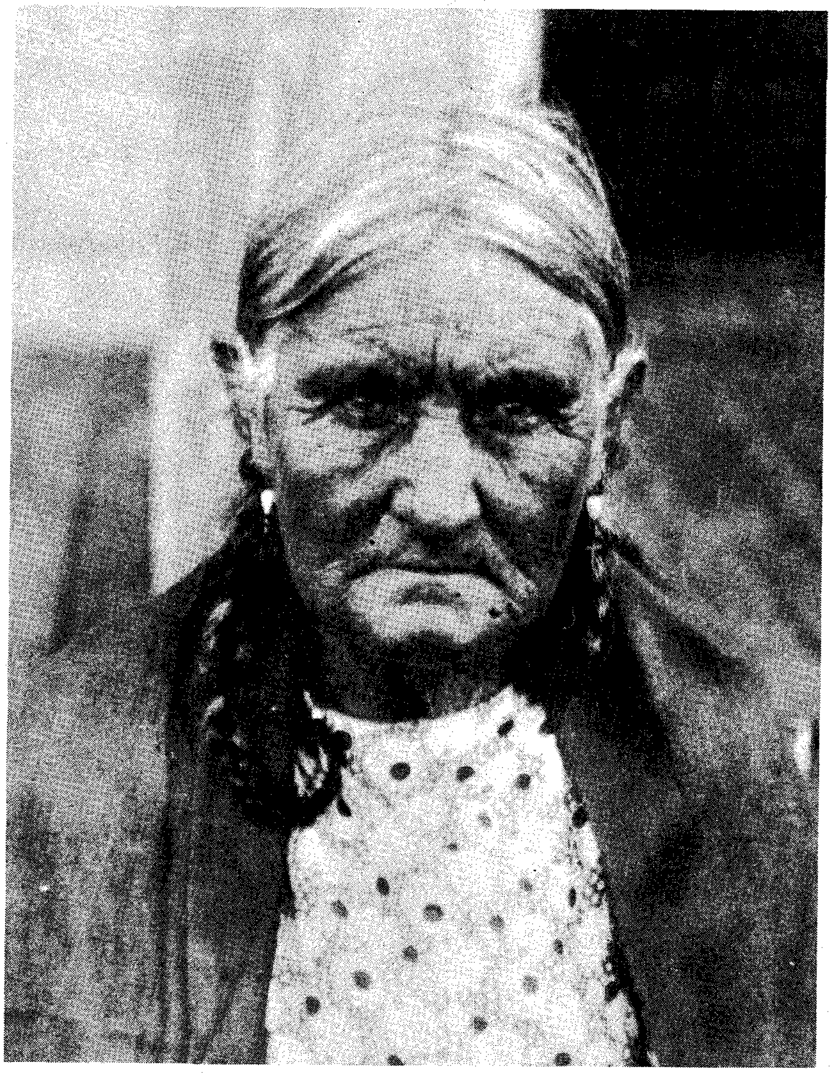
Paul served several terms as a Navajo tribal councilman before going back to his sheep business.

After the near tragedy in Wild Potato Canyon the matter was seldom mentioned by any of us. Long ago Sam gave up any hope of ever reaching the turquoise on the cliff wall.

In a flaming frontier cabin way back in '64 one way of life ended and another began for the

Foster Child of the KIOWAS

By MILDRED P. MAYHALL



Library, University of Oklahoma

Above, Millie Durgan (Mrs. Goombi), a white captive of the Kiowas for seventy years. Below, Officer's Quarters at Fort Sill, circa 1870. For many years Kiowa Agency was at Fort Sill (established 1869).

Courtesy Barker History Center, University of Texas Library

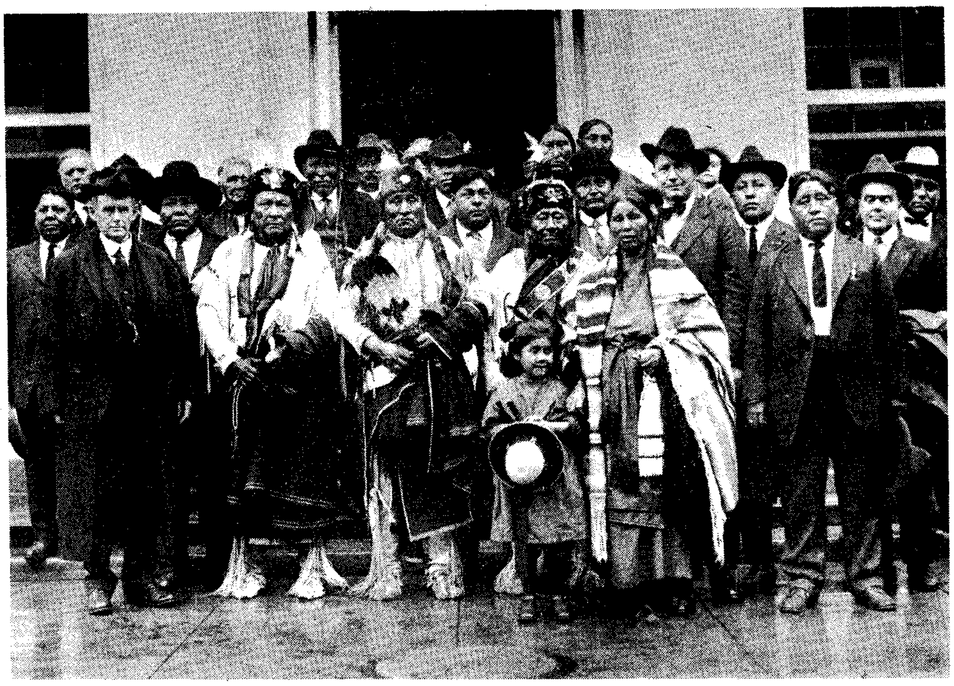
I FIRST HEARD the story of Millie Durgan from her grandson, Adolph Goombi, in the summer of 1957 at Anadarko, Oklahoma. I was gathering some statistical material about the Kiowas. Few people were at the Kiowa Agency on that Saturday morning but finally I got to talk with Philemon Berry. Several people were in his office and during our talk a man in dark glasses sitting near him added some comments on the Kiowas and the Kiowa-Apaches. Then I was introduced to Adolph Goombi and he related the story of his grandmother, Millie Durgan Goombi.

"When I was a little boy," he said, "I often wondered why my grandmother was so much lighter in color than the other women." And he added, of his name, "Goombi comes from the Kiowa, but Adolph, that's a name I got from a German friend."

Unlike the tragic story of many captives such as Cynthia Ann Parker, the story of Millie Durgan was a happy one. She was an adopted child among the Kiowas. She was taken as a small girl and grew up as a Kiowa, married a Kiowa chief, had nine children and lived a happy life. Millie learned her true identity (her family's name) only three years before her death but it did not disturb her for she was not torn between conflicting cultures. She was well adjusted to the conditions of her life, and her children were pleased to have her true identity known.

Au-soant-sai-mah, a noted Kiowa warrior and his wife, Ah-mate, had no children. They looked forward to adopting a child, which was often done in the tribe. Frequently, women would ask the Kiowa warriors who went out on raids to bring them back a child for adoption and often the warriors would do so. Adopted children became a part of the family and were well cared for. The lot

Library, University of Oklahoma



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At left, Hunting Horse or Horse Hunter, a well known Kiowa. He was the uncle of George Hunt, son-in-law of Millie Durgan Goombi. Photo above (about 1921), shows far right to left: Herman Asenap—Comanche; a white man, George Hunt—Kiowa; Jasper Saunkeah—Kiowa; 5th from left in large black uncreased hat, Stumbling Bear—Kiowa; on exact center line of doorway with unkempt hat, Lewis Ware—Kiowa; in front of Ware, bareheaded, Wilbur Pewo—Comanche; behind feather of round fur cap farthest to right, Apache Ben (bareheaded)—a Kiowa-Apache; in front of Apache Ben, in black derby, Chief Lonewolf—Kiowa; in back of Lonewolf, bareheaded, Delos Lonewolf—Kiowa.

of captives who were slaves, especially those who were Mexicans, was a hard one, but such was not true of a captive who was fortunate enough to become a foster child.

MILLIE DURGAN, at the age of eighteen months, was captured in the Elm Creek raid in Young County, Texas, in 1864, along with her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, her sister Lottie, her half-uncle, and several Negroes. The latter belonged to the family of Britt Johnson, a free Negro, who worked for Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Britt Johnson, acting for the settlers and himself, set out to ransom the captives. With the help of some Comanches at the Penateka Camp on the Washita (who had lived on the Comanche Reserve in Texas up to 1859), and the assistance of Chief Asa-Havey (Milky Way), to whom he gave horses, Johnson made contact with the Kiowas and finally succeeded in ransoming all of the captives except Millie Durgan. He was told that she had died. At Camp Napoleon, near present Verden, Oklahoma, the captives were exchanged for horses, corn, and goods in 1865.

Au-soant-sai-mah and his wife took Millie, cherished her as their own child, and refused to give her up. Shortly after she was captured, the Kiowas fought in the first Battle of Adobe Walls on November 24, 1864. Kit Carson and a large force of the United States Army from New Mexico attacked the Kiowas near Adobe Walls (Bent's Trading Post in the Texas Panhandle, present Hutchinson County). During the fight the child was concealed in the brush and tall grass. Although their village was burned, the fight was a success for the Kiowas, and Kit Carson's army was forced to flee from the surging grass fire set by the Kiowas, followed by a charge. After the battle, Millie's Indian mother returned and rescued the child.

Au-soant-sai-mah and his wife begged the tribe to keep secret the identity of the child and all did so. They respected the parents' wish and never revealed her origin until Millie finally sought to find out about herself. For many years, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, later known as Mrs. Isaah Clifton, sought information about her grandchild. None knew or cared to say anything save that the baby had died. The Indian Agent for the Kiowas near Fort Sill was never able to get any information (as late as 1879) and Millie's family in Texas came to believe that the child had perished. Yet the agent may have passed her many times near Fort Sill and at Quinette's Trading Post, but all he saw was a quiet dark child, fearful of the white folks, her face painted dark to resemble any other small Kiowa.

Au-soant-sai-mah was a noted war chief, a member of the famous Koitsenko, a soldier society made up of the ten bravest members of the tribe, elected to this honor by the people. Membership was not a case of the man seeking the job but the job seeking the man. It was not only a position of great honor but one of great danger.

It entailed courage, responsibility, and a vow to die protecting others. For example, once his lance was thrust in the ground, with sash attached to him, the warrior could not leave the spot unless the lance was pulled up by another. A leader could thus die in the thick of battle unless someone saved him from his vow not to retreat from the spot where his lance was struck. Other responsibilities included the determination of policies and serving in the councils of the tribe. Those elected could not refuse without losing face.

AS WEALTH was reckoned among the Kiowas, Au-soant-sai-mah was a wealthy man. He was a man of high status, a partner of Set-an-gia(Sitting Bear or Satank), and highly respected. Millie's family had fine horses and lots of them. The Plains Indians counted their wealth in horses. Of all Plains tribes, the Kiowas and their allies, the Kiowa-Apaches (actually a component part of the Kiowa tribe), had the greatest number of horses per person: five to six horses each. Au-soant-sai-mah also possessed a large tipi of nicely tanned buffalo skins, fine clothing, and weapons. His wife and daughter lacked for nothing.

George Hunt, who married Millie Durgan's daughter, Lillian Goombi, wrote Millie's history for the *Chronicles of Oklahoma*. He said that Millie's mother was proud of the child and once "injured herself in scraping cedar poles in order to purchase for her a fine garment which she especially desired for the girl." Millie always had nice clothing and a fine pony to ride. Her foster parents gave her the same consideration that they would have given to a child of their own blood. They were "exceedingly fond of her."

Although Millie had the best of everything, according to Hunt, this "did not prevent her from learning all the domestic duties which an Indian woman had to know. She could tan hides, cook meat just as her parents liked it best, and was especially good at handling stock. She was fond of animals, and in this the Indians say she showed her Texas ancestry. Even when she was a young girl she gave a striking demonstration of this. A deer came charging through the camp, chased by some men or boys. It was tired, but still able to defend itself by striking with its sharp front hoofs. Millie dived at the deer, caught hold of it, and threw it just like a Texas cowboy [wrestling] a steer. After the deer had been killed she claimed and received the hind quarter which she was the first one to touch. The hide was also tanned for her to be made into a buckskin garment."

Millie gained the highest status of Plains Indian culture and, at least for a time, it was a good way of life. When she married and had her first child, her mother cared for the infant, leaving Millie with few cares. When Millie's father was ill, she nursed him and prepared special foods for him. Her father often said that she was a good daughter.

Millie was brought up in the Indian faith to believe in the Grandmother Gods and the sacred Taime, the idol of the Kiowas. In later life, she did not at first take up the new Baptist (Christian) religion at Rainy Mountain. She enjoyed the sewing circle sponsored by the missionary women but gave up attending when some of the Kiowa women got jealous when the missionaries showed her especial attention. Millie was a modest and peaceful person and wanted no hard feelings with the other women of the tribe. She was especially shy with white people, due to her parents' keeping her concealed from the whites when she was a child.

WHEN all her children adopted Christianity, Millie did, too. After a time, Millie even lost her fear of white people and when her children urged her to inquire into her history, she decided to do so. Harry A. Stroud of Lawton, Oklahoma, discovered Millie's true identity. At the unveiling of Quanah Parker's tombstone at Post Oak Cemetery near Cache, Oklahoma, in 1930, George Hunt mentioned that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Millie Durgan Goombi, had just as interesting a life history as had Cynthia Ann Parker.

Mr. Stroud and Ben Brothers of Quanah, Texas, talked with Mrs. Goombi and offered to search out her origin. Returning to Quanah, Brothers talked with Uncle Billy Ratcliff, formerly of Fort Belknap. Uncle Billy well remembered the raid of 1864, the people slain, and the captives, one of whom was never returned. He asked Brothers to look up Uncle Henry Williams, Sr., a pioneer of Newcastle.

Brothers then visited George Hunt, who lived in a large two-story home, and his mother-in-law who lived near him, at Mountain View, Oklahoma, to gain more details. Mrs. Goombi did not speak English but Hunt interpreted for her. She remembered what her foster parents had told her. She said that she had been captured on "Wooden Spear" Creek (Elm Creek) in Texas along with several others. She believed her mother died later, but this was a mistake for her mother was killed in the raid. The Indians probably thought her grandmother was her mother.

Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

Captive white boy, retrieved by Indian Agent Lawrie Tatum at Fort Sill, I. T., 1872-73.

As the points tallied, they decided to talk with Mo-keen, an aged Mexican captive, adopted into the Kiowa tribe, who had taken part in the raid. In 1864, Mo-keen was fifteen years old. He corroborated the details given and added more.

George Poolau, an aged Kiowa, was then consulted. He was the custodian of the Kiowa Calendar, which held details of Kiowa history since 1832. He corroborated the details of the raid of 1864, described the captives taken, among whom were the Negroes of Britt Johnson's family, and the one child who was never returned. He conclusively identified Millie Durgan Goombi as that child and said it was common knowledge among the old people.

Mr. Brothers then returned to Mountain View to tell Mrs. Goombi and to get some pictures. Mr. Hunt was away from home so Brothers went on to Millie's home and she recognized him. Although shy, she agreed to pose for the pictures. Then they drove to the home of one of her daughters, who could interpret for her, and checked over the details.

Brothers then revisited Uncle Henry Williams at Newcastle. Mr. Williams was certain that all details checked and they announced that Mrs. Sain-toh-oodie Goombi, sixty-nine years old, was the child Millie Durgan, stolen by the Indians in the raid of 1864.

The raid was a big one. That fall, Little Buffalo, Comanche war chief, visited the Kiowa village at Rainy Mountain in the area of the Wichita Mountains. He was a dashing and ambitious war leader and sought the aid of the Kiowas in a raid on the Brazos River region in Texas. Little Buffalo painted success in glowing colors: a lot of loot and little to fear from the soldiers; the Federal soldiers were gone because of the Civil War among the whites. Fort Belknap and other frontier army posts were practically deserted.

The interest of the Kiowas was aroused (although they had made treaties with the Federal Government which forbade such raids) and they sealed their acceptance by smoking the peace pipe, a real peace pipe of red catlinite from the Pipe Stone Quarry in the northern Sioux country—but in this case a "war pipe."

MO-KEEN said each warrior took an extra horse and they moved quickly across the Red River (near present Burkburnett, Texas) and reached Elm Creek junction with the Brazos on October 13, 1864. Mr. Joel Myers was killed near this point, then the Indians divided up into small groups and began attacks on farms and ranches in the area.

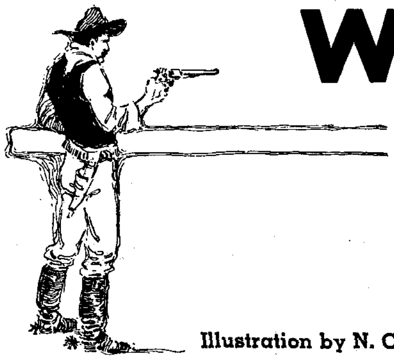
One group attacked the Fitzpatrick ranch. There were no men to defend it. Present were Grandma Fitzpatrick (also known as Mrs. Carter from her former marriage and later as Mrs. Isaah Clifton from her third marriage), her daughter Susie Durgan, and two grandchildren—Lottie and Millie— and Mrs. Fitzpatrick's son by an earlier marriage, Joe Carter, aged fifteen. Some of Britt Johnson's family were also present. Britt was a former orderly at Fort Belknap, who lived on the ranch and worked for Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

A half-mile west of the Fitzpatrick place, another group struck at the Tom Hamby and Thomas Wilson homes but the families managed to hide under a rock cliff while the men went up the creek to warn others. Then the Indians struck the Wilson home but they and friends visiting them hid in a thicket. (This was the family of the later Uncle Henry Williams who experienced the raid as a boy and who identified Millie Durgan for Mr. Brothers.)

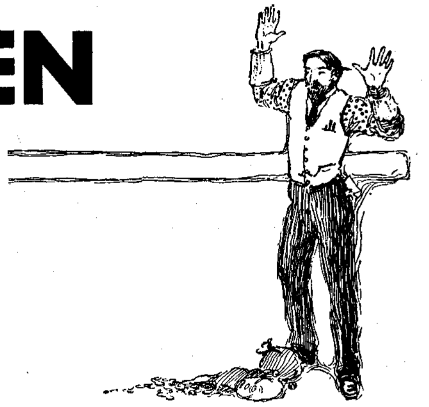
The Indians looted, burned houses, and stole cattle and horses. From the Williams ranch, they moved on to the Bragg ranch where they met strong resistance. George Bragg, Tom Hamby, his son Thornton K. Hamby, and Thomas Wilson, after warning the Williams, had returned to their ranch and put the women and children in a small picket house. The men defended themselves and families from the Indians until sundown. The Indians made several charges and lost several warriors. In the fighting, Thomas Wilson was killed and George Bragg and Hamby were injured.

Mrs. Bragg later told Sallie Reynolds' mother about the Elm Creek raid. The Reynolds and Braggs families were neighbors at Fort Griffin when Sallie was a child. Mrs. Bragg said that when the Indian raid began, they were cut off from getting to the house where the other women and children had gathered, so they ran down the creek and hid in a sort of cave. They were afraid their dog would bark and betray them but the dog kept quiet. They stayed under the overhanging rock "with the Indians some of the time walking over their hiding place so close that they could hear

(Continued on page 52)



WHY BAD MEN WERE *BAD*



By R. E. FLETCHER

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
1932
Frontier
Times

THE RUCKUSES and difficulties of the period after the Civil War and ending when the telegraph and telephone broke into the wild man's arrangements, were always viewed with intense interest by spectators, by those not directly interested, as friends or relatives of those involved; and it may entertain readers now or in the future to learn at first hand about that bygone phase of life in the Southwest as witnessed by one who lived for fifty years among the class who indulged in these "ebullitions."

Then as now there were men who wished to be looked up to as brave and desperate. Perhaps they had experienced being in tight places before; perhaps they only desired that experience. Be that as it may, the man who changed residence to a new settlement or neighborhood was—unless he had a record that went before him—sure to be tried out by some local bully or would-be desperado. Young men and boys from fifteen to eighteen, who were what we termed "high strung," were very touchy about their reputation for nerve and bravery. This disposition caused many a shooting scrape and a sudden departure to the unexplored West.

As there was much unorganized territory then, a few hundred miles' ride placed the fugitive beyond risk of being apprehended. Perhaps he changed his name, perhaps not, and in a few years witnesses would be scattered, officers and courts would become indifferent; perhaps the outlaw was of "good family." In that case influence, money and votes would help to hush it up.

The criminal lawyer was the bright particular star in the legal firmament then, and built his reputation on the number of men he had "cleared." His fees were large and his success almost certain. One of them listened patiently to a client's account of his affair, then advised thus: "Yours is a bad case. It will take money and witnesses. You furnish the money and I will furnish the witnesses."

Pros and antis may argue for ages, but whiskey was the cause of death or ruin to many useful citizens. The promiscuous use of it, whether good, bad, or indifferent, where men carried side arms, brought on unhappy results in many an affair. In those days brass-trimmed cap and ball Colts were worn by clerks, cattlemen, lawyers, planters and drifters alike, and grocery stores kept barrels of whiskey and blackberry brandy in the rear end of the building. For years I knew no other brand of liquors. Some men mixed a toddy; the majority drank it raw. Beer was unknown in many parts of Texas. Many grocers—like Silas Wegg—broke into poetry; this verse would be hung on the wall:

We cannot live always,
We ask not to stay,
Amongst whiskey barrels
Without getting our pay.
So eat, drink and be merry,
Enjoy your good cheer,
But please never ask
To get credit here.

NO MAN of sense should object to citizens carrying side arms, for the lawless element will carry them, and in the days this article is written about, weapons were a necessity. As the cowman told the engineering Easterner, "I may carry my gun a long time and not need it; but when I do need it, I need it bad."

It can be said truthfully that few men were troubled by conscience when they made a "killing," and many preened their feathers over the incident, carrying a chip on the shoulder until they met a "quicker man." Those were the days when schoolboys drew knives on their teachers and often their parents abetted them. No free-born American could take a "lickin'."

Many a man has arisen with a heavy heart, after a sleepless night, knowing the coming day would either be his last, or by sheer desperation he would hold his nerve before the curious, heartless onlookers and kill his first human being. This feeling resembled those of the gladiators in ancient Rome that we read of. In many cases the first man was never the last one.

The man out after his horses or cattle in the halcyon days, on sighting another horseman would ride toward him; if the other man was on legitimate business he would do the same. Each could give the other useful information; perhaps they exchanged a "chaw" of a different variety and went their ways. But if the stranger "shied off," objecting to scrutiny, it was etiquette to let him go unless there were several stock hunters in the party who were always on the lookout for "high prairie cattle thieves or cross-timber hog thieves."

If a smoke was seen on the edge of the timber, it paid to approach it carefully; the man on the *quedado* who had committed a cold-blooded killing was as touchy as a viper or rattlesnake. He did not enjoy close companionship, and very often he possessed a disposition or complex that caused him to think the rest of mankind were "slighting" him. The cold, hard eye of some of these fellows was often hiding the thought, "Must I kill this interloper?"

The man who had been compelled to kill to avenge an insult or to protect himself or others, did not fret or grieve much. The alertness and use of all his faculties, called into play to scrutinize and avoid all human beings, kept his mind occupied. Even when his frying pan was simmering and his little coffee pot boiling, he saw all moving things in his orbit out of the corners of his eyes.

Was there any distinguishing mark to tell that this man was a killer? No! Unlike the fellow who commits small, shabby crimes, he had no hang-dog expression. His eye often became cold, hard and scrutinizing for want of human sympathy coupled with the uncertainty he generally felt; about him might be quoted Gilbert and Sullivan's opera:

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
And the cutthroat isn't occupied with crime,
He loves to hear the little brooks a'gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.

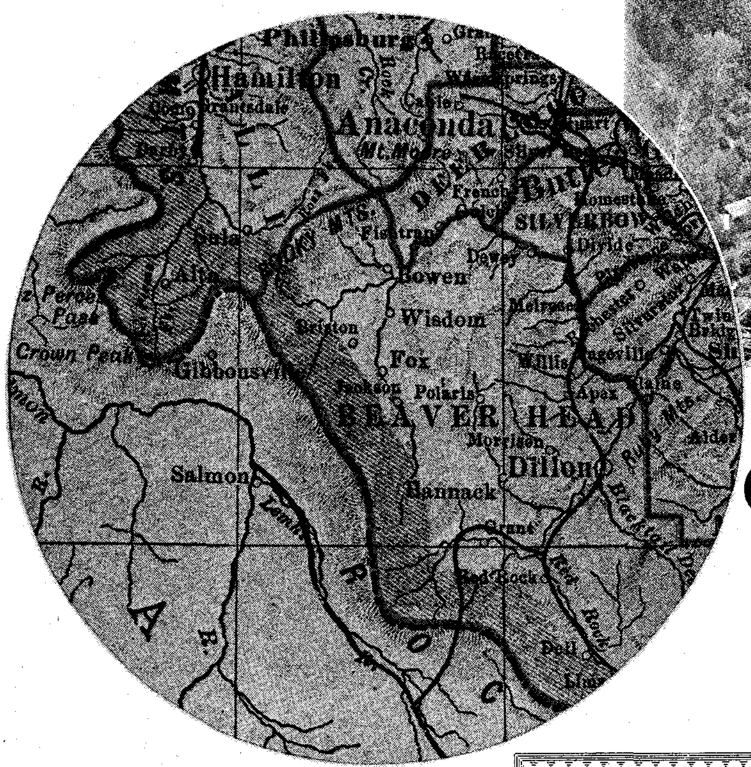
WE WILL give a few sketches of queer scraps and happenings along the foregoing lines—rescue them from oblivion as it were. We presume some interested person of leisure has composed an anthology of the leading fights which have occurred in the Southwest. If so, we would like to see it.

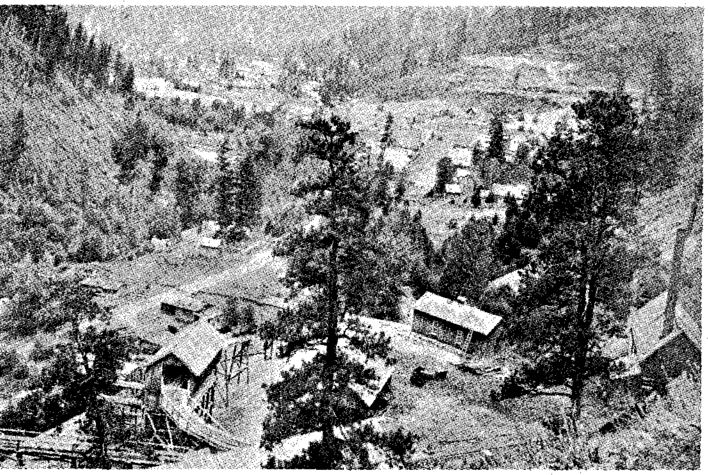
Before moving into the real cattle

(Continued on page 57)

By LENA DELLEN HEIDT

Photos Courtesy Author





Looking down Gibbonsville's Dahlonega Creek from the American Development and Mining Company site.

Gay Times in GIBBONSVILLE

—as remembered by the girl who was "Miss North Carolina" in the July 4th parade!

THERE HAD BEEN a Gibbonsville, Idaho, for over a decade when my father, Christian Dellen, arrived there in 1889 with my mother, my infant brother and me. Father, a young Prussian immigrant, had run a saloon and upstairs dancehall in Butte, had sung the title role in "The Mikado" at San Francisco, and had once shared the stage with Enrico Caruso.

What attracted him to Gibbonsville? Well, at the moment it was the biggest town in Idaho and Father wanted to try his luck at mining; he would temporarily confine his musical ability to organizing a quartet and, upon request, singing in the saloons.

Gibbonsville had its beginning in 1877 when placers were discovered on Anderson Creek. Gold-bearing veins were located in September, and during the fall, the first arrastre was built. Two were added the following year. In 1895 the American Development and Mining Company erected a 30-stamp mill with accessory cyanide and chlorination plants. This company operated until March 20, 1898, when, to avoid lawsuits after a serious accident, it went into receivership.

A new man had been hired to take ore over a trestle where the timbers had worn nearly through and were being repaired. The mule on the ore car did not want to go onto the trestle, but the driver made him do it. When they were halfway across, the trestle collapsed. The driver and four workmen were killed and others hurt. The mule fell through the roof of a cabin beneath, barely missing the man who lived there. However, he was lamed for life by a large sliver of wood which was driven through his knee.

The district received another decided setback in the fall of 1907 when the principal reducing plant was burned. After that, two or three small stamp mills treated the ore. Among these were the Twin Brothers with a 10-stamp mill, and the Cyanide.

The A. D. and M. Mill was near where Log Cabin Inn now stands. The ore was hauled by mule and ore cars around the mill and over a trestle built from Anderson Creek, stretching from hill to hill. One mine mule named Nicodemus became so used to the dark mine that he was blinded by light when he was brought out.

Ore from individual mines was hauled through the streets and some fell along the road, so that now if anyone wishes to pan the main street, he can get gold. When a man had a claim high in the mountains he dragged the ore down on deerhides.

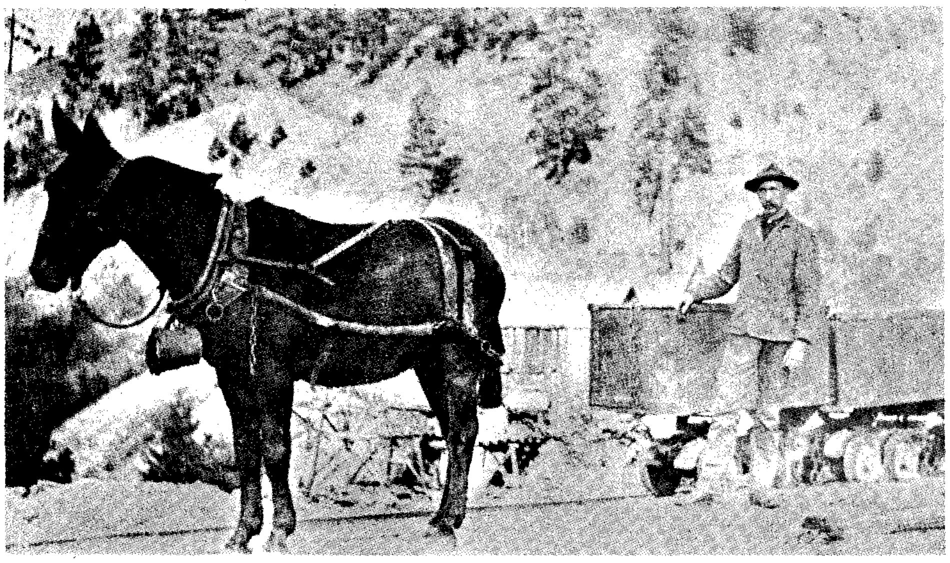
Pay for miners averaged $3.50 to $4.00 a day. This was considered high, of course. Most of the miners came from Butte, and the foreman and superintendent were Irish. One Cornish crew had a band. Every evening after work they walked and played downtown, having marched from the bunkhouses. They were followed by all the boys and girls in town, who had a great time.

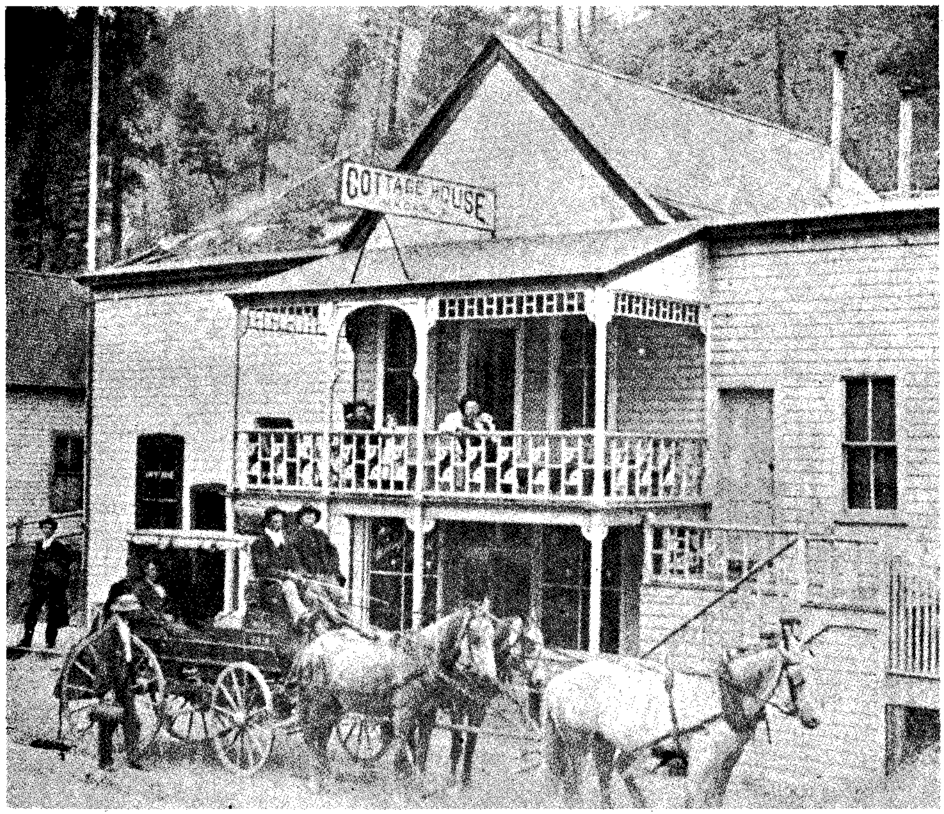
Above town, about three miles, is a place called Chink Gulch where the Chinese did their mining before there was a town. In the '90s, there was only one Chinese, a man named Charley Ching, who had gone to school in Gibbonsville when the town was very new. He had a small cabin in town and did laundry and everyone liked him. When he got lonely, he'd smuggle a Chinese in from Salmon, but never let anyone see him.

One night, toward morning, some men from town called my father to go with them because a wagonload of Chinese and some other undesirables were coming over the hill from Montana. Our men, led by the deputy sheriff, went up the line and ordered them back, so they never crossed the border.

GIBBONSVILLE was named for Col. John Gibbons, who defeated Chief Joseph's Nez Percé warriors at the battle of the Big Hole in 1877, the year gold was discovered. During the boom years, its population reached about 3,000, which represented 1,500 votes—but women had none. It was told that at one election, after the votes were counted, it was found that a single Republican vote had been cast. A young lady asked her fiancé who could have done that, and when he admitted he was the guilty one, she broke the engagement. She married another man later, but the jilted suitor remained single all his life.

The first building lots for the town were selected thus: lots were numbered when they were laid out, and the numbers written on slips of paper and drawn from a hat at $1 per lot. Those who





At left, Ernest Nohle and his mule. The ore was hauled by mule and ore cars around the mill and over a trestle built from Anderson Creek, stretching from hill to hill. One mine mule named Nicodemus became so used to the dark mine that he was blinded by light when he was brought out. Below, stage leaving the Cottage House, owned and operated by H. F. Carl.

wanted more than one matched with other buyers to get them adjoining. A meeting was held, a mayor selected and other officials named. George Anderson was the first mayor.

Streets were laid out and wooden sidewalks built. Main Street was up Anderson Creek; the present main street was known as Percy Street. One side street was called Magnolia Avenue, and one part of town was called Slab Town. There was no Forest Service and men could cut as many logs as they wanted without question, so many of the houses still standing in Gibbonsville are of logs. Morgan Jones built the first house. The first white baby, Grace Anderson, was born in a log cabin.

The A. D. and M., which employed nearly 600 men, had a boarding house called the Red Onion, as well as a commissary and many bunkhouses. There were two hotels, my grandparents' Cottage House and the Idaho Hotel run by a Mrs. Brown, as well as several restaurants and rooming houses.

There was a doctor, lawyer, a bakery, drug store, meat markets and the two big stores, one owned by the mining company. There were lodges for the men —the A. O. U. W., the Miners' Union, and the Oddfellows Hall where dances were held. The Miner's Union was owned by Ralph Dean and later became a saloon, as it had been in early days. There were thirteen saloons.

One of the saloons was later turned into a church, with the bar used as the pulpit. Thirsty miners coming down from the mountains without knowing of the change were met with a sermon instead of a drink, and could only stand in dropped-jaw chagrin.

Gibbonsville had a sheriff and he was kept busy. In time, a jail was built and one of the builders was the first one to be lodged in it.

There was a large water pump in the middle of town with a large wooden trough for watering horses, and many people carried water from there for home use. Streets were lined with hitch racks and some of the horses were tied there a long time while their owners were in the saloons.

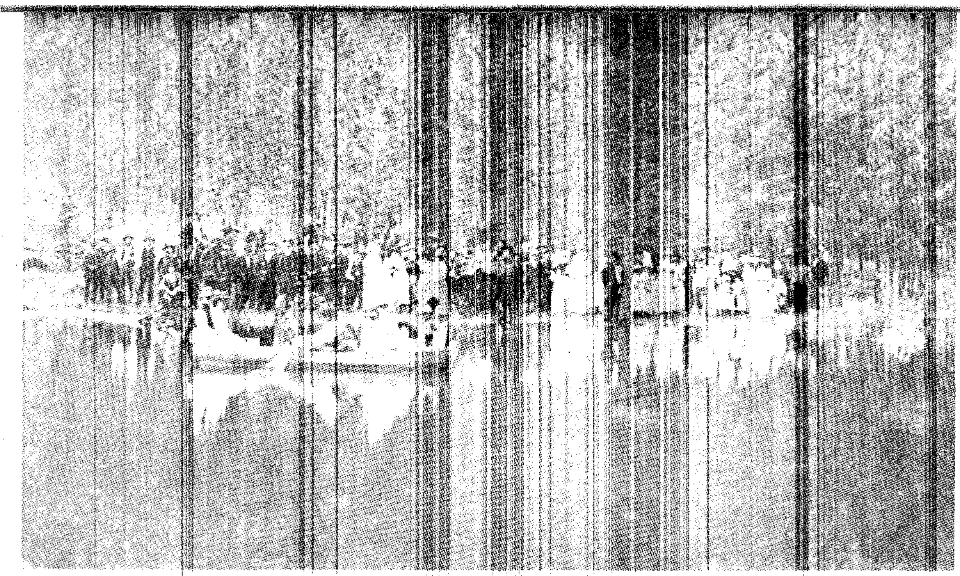
There were no game wardens, so the men hunted deer, elk, etc., as often as they pleased. Everyone had a garden and raised much of what they ate. A few fruits and vegetables were canned, but most fruits were dried, and such vegetables as would keep were stored in cellars. Women did their washing by hand on washboards and used flat irons heated on the stove. Floors were without covering and were scrubbed while on hands and knees.

Ice was cut from a pond in winter and packed in sawdust. My father sold ice in town, especially to the saloons. He wheeled it from the pond to town in a wheelbarrow.

The town had a brewery which supplied our thirteen saloons, as well as establishments in Salmon and in Montana. The beer was made and aged in large vats, and was considered very good quality.

Provisions were brought from Montana —Butte and Dillon. Concord coaches with four-horse teams were used for passenger travel. The road over the hill was so steep that drivers used brakes and tied trees to the backs of the coaches and held the horses back as much as they could. Some of the passengers, particularly women, got out and walked over the worst places. The road has not been used for some years now, but traces of it can still be seen. In 1889, Salmon businessmen were arguing for a wagon road to Gibbonsville. A good road for a six-horse team could be built for $8,000, they said, and Salmon wanted the business that was going to Montana.

THE FIRST school still stands in Schoolhouse Gulch. Usually, one teacher taught all eight grades, although there were sometimes three teachers. Boys old enough to shave often attended, some of them enrolled in the



Above, the small lake the townsfolk made. Photo taken at Fourth of July picnic. Below, typical "day gang" at saloon and pool hall run by Jerry Bartl, stepfather of Josephine Leabo who was later known as Josie Trowbridge.

lower grades. In the winter, snow was sometimes so deep that we children walked over the fences. A sledding track ran from Schoolhouse Gulch all the way to the center of town. Boys put water on the track to make bumps, and children delighted in the swift ride. They would also "hookybob" to the sleds drawn by horses.

There was a lot of horseback riding in good weather. The girls used side-saddles and wore big long riding habits. Boys went camping and prospecting with pack horses. I had a ladies' bicycle, bought in 1897 with gold taken out in a buckskin poke. Soon there were others and bicycle riding became a favorite pastime.

The schoolhouse was the center of entertainment. Weekly spelling bees for grownups were held there, with men against women, in two lines, trying to spell each other down. There were "Lyceums," with children taking part by reciting or singing. The quartet which my father had trained often added to the entertainment.

The teachers put on plays at least once a year, either at Christmas or on the last day of school. There was always a large tree at Christmas with gifts for all.

Other entertainments were the taffy pulls and sleigh rides. Four horses were hitched to a large sleigh, and the bottom of the sleigh was filled with hay for everyone to sit on, except the driver and his girl. There would be at least six couples, and I can still hear the bells on the horses, and the horses' hoofs on the snow and ice.

IN SUMMER, we went walking. It was over three-fourths of a mile from town to the end of the sidewalk and this was a favorite promenade. And of course, there was dancing. One was held at the least excuse—a newcomer to town or an old-timer returning. It took only an hour or two to arrange.

A Mr. Ball was always ready with his violin; any man or boy would help out if he could play a harmonica or banjo. One or another of the hotels would serve midnight supper costing usually 75c a plate. Each man took his favorite girl to supper, then returned to dance until dawn. Both young and old attended the dances. Prizes were given for the smoothest waltzers. The couples were taken off the floor until only one couple remained—the winners. Everyone had to change partners during the dance without losing a step. At one dance, the prizes were a pair of button shoes for the lady and a hat for the man.

Young people danced in a barn on the Hull Ranch, using the haymow. No drinking was allowed, and no girl danced with a man who had not been properly introduced.

There was dancing to the Edison phonographs with the big horns after they were brought in. The first "talking machine" in Gibbonsville was an affair with tubes to put in one's ears, and for ten cents we could hear one song. Four people could listen at one time and we thought it was wonderful.

We had a Sunday School. I do not remember the denomination, but it was usually taught by the schoolteachers. It wasn't easy to keep a teacher in our town, because the lonely prospectors married them. It was said that a teacher could always find a husband in Gibbonsville.

Traveling shows, especially hynotists, and some colored minstrels came along frequently. The shows were always successful, because our people were all working and had money to spend on entertainment.

The celebration of the Fourth of July was the big thing of the year, with picnics, horse races and drilling contests. On several occasions there were parades with floats. I remember one built on a wagon, with pyramid steps. The top step held the Goddess of Liberty and Columbia, one blonde and one brunette, who held a flag and were dressed in red, white and blue. On the lower steps were girls representing the states. They wore white with identifying sashes. I was North Carolina. The horses picked to draw the float were matched, two white and two black. It was considered quite an honor for the man who drove them.

Afterward, we enjoyed a picnic by a large pond which was up where they now have the cattle corrals above town. We had a rowboat, too, for rides. The celebration ended with a night-long dance.

For this celebration, we all dressed in our best. The men prided themselves on their whiskers. There were very few who didn't have mustaches or beards or both. The small chin whiskers called Van Dykes were popular, but there weren't many sideburns.

Of course, with so many saloons, there was a seamier side of life, although it didn't affect the respectable families. The first man buried in Gibbonsville cemetery was put there because his wife spiced his apple pie with arsenic. She was acquitted by a beauty-bedazzled jury.

A Salmon newspaper of June, 1888, records a hint of a local romance: "An elopement took place in Gibbonsville last week. The enraged husband is in hot pursuit. A funeral will soon take place." The husband, however, never caught the errant couple.

Gibbonsville is now hardly more than a ghost town, with people living there because they are held by the breathtaking beauty of the country. Summer people come in to make their vacation homes there, and old-time residents cling to the past. The wagon trails have given way to paved highways, but when one turns off U. S. Highway 93, he can almost imagine that he is once again in the camp of the rip-roaring nineties.

There was one thing that never failed to get a longhorn interested —and that was somebody afoot!

CLIMB THE BLACKJACK!

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Library, University of Oklahoma

I TRUDGED four miles morning and evening to my first school. Creek Nation, Indian Territory was a wild primitive land—a land covered with blackjack and scrub oak, with here and there beautiful prairies set like green lakes between the bands of trees. Full blood Creeks in long braided hair stalked silently as deer along the edge of the prairies or through the bottoms. Quail called "Bob White, Bob White" from their cover of prairie grass, and scissortails flew madly and joyously from tree to tree. "See! See! See!" they seemed to cry, and often we, in childish abandon, called back, "See what? See what? See what? We see you, Scissors!"

It was also a land of danger. Texas longhorns too numerous to count grazed the prairies. Occasionally on our way to or from school we'd see a lonely fence rider making the rounds on his cow pony. It was his job to mend broken (or more often cut) fences, thereby keeping the cattle on their own range.

I had begged Mama to make me a "school satchel" to carry my primer and slate in, as all the bigger kids did. The school satchels were simply small sacks made of oil cloth with a long strap to hang over your shoulder. We always had a dinner bucket to carry in our hands; ours was a gallon sorghum-molasses bucket with holes punched in the lid for ventilation. A typical dinner bucket contained cold biscuits or cornbread, a cup of sorghum molasses and butter, fried pies made from peaches or apples we had dried, and cold sausage or side meat. It was good, too.

Mother had promised to make me a satchel that morning and I started off to my classes, quite happy because it was to be red. Part of the distance to school was down a lane between two of the large cattle pastures and we never wasted time going through this lane, I can tell you! Big Brother would take my hand to hurry me along, and my two older sisters needed no urging.

I remember how those old longhorns would stop grazing, lift their heads, and take a slow step or two toward us and my heart would come up in my throat and I'd hold tighter to my brother's hand. Sometimes they would bawl rather softly, and step by slow step would edge closer and closer to the fence. Many times before we could get through the lane it would be lined solid on both sides by the big brutes. They always seemed to be interested and curious about people afoot. If you were horseback or in a wagon they'd graze peacefully, scarcely raising their heads unless there was some kind of unusual noise.

On this particular morning the steers seemed exceptionally restless and kept coming nearer and nearer the fence. We had been taught never to run unless there was shelter, for a fast moving object seemed to enrage them. Any old cowhand will tell you this. We kept walking a little faster and the steers kept pushing a little harder against the fence. They'd toss their heads and bellow and they were packed so close together their horns clanked against each other. On both sides of us, ahead of us, and behind us, they milled and bellowed until the very air seemed filled with the frightful sound.

WE WERE almost to the end of the lane and within a few moments of being safe when my big sister suddenly cried out, and there was such urgency and terror in her voice we were running before she had finished speaking.

"Behind us! Behind us, Bailey! They're in the lane!" she screamed.

Glancing back as we ran, we could see the fierce and bellowing longhorns, not curious now but deadly. Their horns clanked and dust flew from their hoofs. They were on the kill! They knew as well as we did that no barb wire protected us now. Dinner buckets flew, and Brother and Sister each grabbed a hand to help me.

"Run! Faster! Faster!" Brother cried.

You could feel the ground tremble—for they were running now—the pawing had stopped; the steers in front were not even bawling anymore—just tossing those mighty horns and running.

"We can't make it! Climb the blackjack!" Brother cried. The limbs on a stunted blackjack tree formed a perfect ladder and the two girls were already climbing fast and furiously toward the top by the time Brother boosted me to a limb. In an instant he was up behind me and guiding me to the topmost branches.

The enraged steers seemed like an ocean of tossing horns below us and we could look out across the prairie and see still more of them closing in on us from all directions.

The dinner buckets were nothing but flattened pieces of tin, and the rough outer bark of the blackjack was hanging in shreds from the steers' vicious assault. I was screaming with fear when Brother whispered, "Be quiet and they'll go away."

The angry longhorns milled around under the tree pawing and tossing their heads and occasionally fighting among themselves until the sun overhead told us it was near noon. We were hungry, tired and very scared, but we kept quiet, hoping they would drift away and we could make it to safety, but the steers would not leave. Some of them drifted away but we'd see them raise their heads and look toward our tree every few minutes. Some of them bedded down in the shade below us. We were trapped.

Brother tried to make a big game of our plight and we would break off small twigs and drop them on the backs of the steers lying down under our tree and would call out to them, "See! See! I'm a scissortail. Catch me if you can, you ole' longhorn steer!"

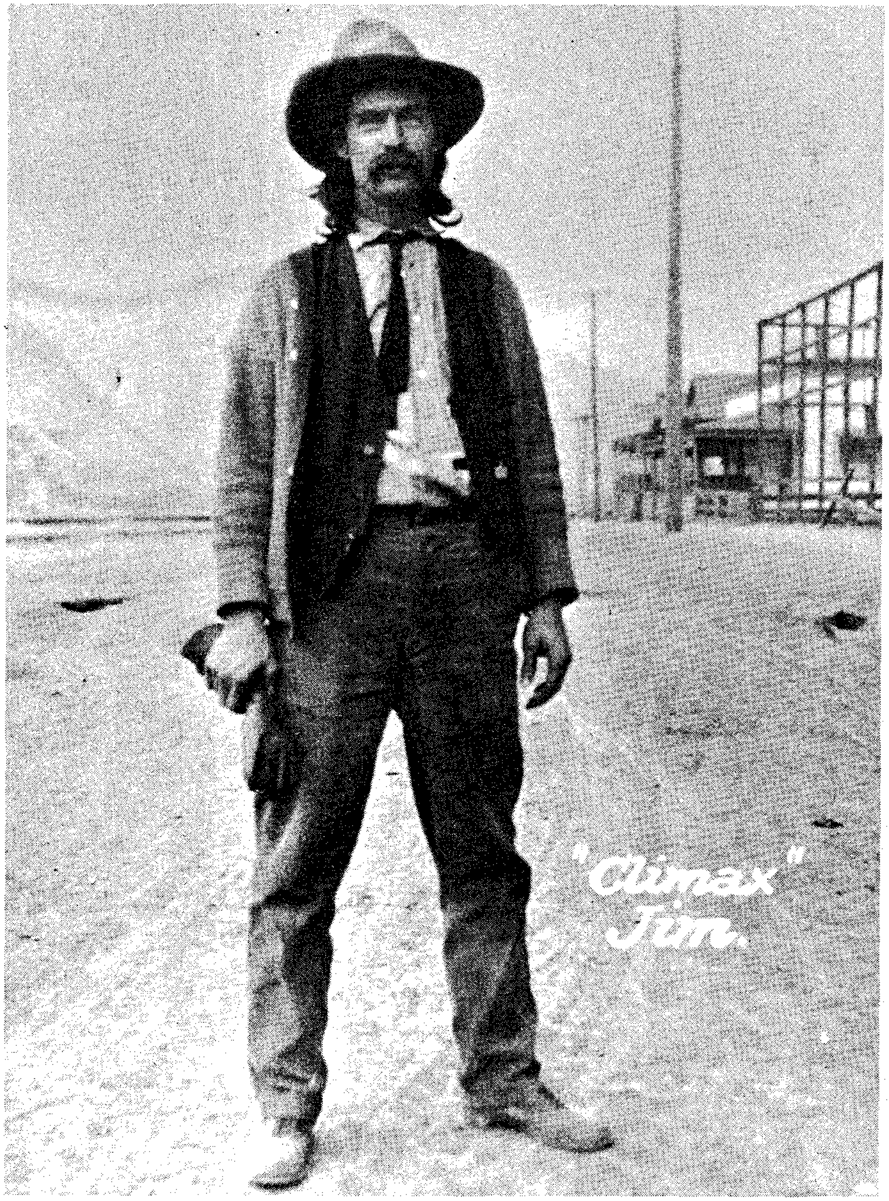
Brother was whistling in the dark, I know now, since he was only fifteen himself and must have been almost as scared as the rest of us. Over and over again he assured me Papa would come to look for us as soon as we failed to get home on time, but hours can be an eternity to a six-year-old treed by Texas longhorns.

IT WAS afternoon—the sun said about two o'clock—and I was nodding with exhaustion when Brother said, "Say, I've still got my book satchel. Let's have school." And there, perched in the limbs of that old blackjack, I learned two words I shall never forget—wild and mild. On my slate I copied them over and over again. The girls studied their readers and Brother drew funny pictures of cats

(Continued on page 53)

No other rustler ever had as many friendly witnesses or knew as many ways to dodge the law as

CLIMAX



IN THE White Mountain country of Arizona during the 1890s Climax Jim was a notorious cowboy cattle rustler. How many herds of cattle and Indian horses he drove out of Arizona and sold in adjoining states and in Mexico will never be known. And how he came to be an outlaw and stock thief is almost a legend.

Climax Jim set out deliberately to bluff his way into wealth and power. A large segment of law-abiding cattlemen of the Southwest overlooked the wiles of this rogue who dreamed of personal grandeur and whose audacity actually made his dream come true.

Rufus Nephews was his real name, but Jim Thomas was an alias he used much of the time. In addition to those he had others, the best known of which was Climax Jim, a name given him by the men of the great Hash Knife range. It was said that the day the tall, steel-blue-eyed cowboy rode up to the Hash Knife headquarters, he carried tied on his saddle twelve pounds of Climax chewing tobacco. Around his hatband were clipped the metal tags of many other plugs.

Climax Jim was indicted for cattle stealing many times but never under his real name. Because of his easy going nature, ready wit, and sly, cunning maneuvers, big cattle outfits and the courts were never able to convict him of cattle rustling. Whenever he was hauled into court, friendly witnesses would fail to appear against him. When captured he would often evade the law through some weird and outlandish escapade.

Climax Jim never carried a gun, but the weapons he used were far more interesting and bizarre. He had an uncanny skill in removing handcuffs and leg irons. With his nimble fingers, no lock and key on a jail-house door could hold him for long.

The art of rustling herds and changing brands with his running iron began casually with small bunches of cattle. At first he was known as a freeloader or hobo cowboy who wandered from one ranch house to another just in time for chow and to bunk for the night with the regular hands. On these long rides up and down dusty cow trails, Jim had time to dream, and he had the inclination to get something for nothing.

IT WAS when he was riding across Ash Flat on the Chiricahua Cattle Company range that opportunity knocked hard upon his door (or corral gate). A small herd of thirty cattle was grazing peacefully among the juniper and cedar trees. There was not a soul in sight that day when a persuasive, roguish voice spoke to the jogging cowboy.

"You could just push this bunch of cattle ahead of you until you meet someone, possibly the owner," it said. "Or perhaps you would soon come to a roundup and you could just turn them in there. If you didn't meet the owner or anyone, you could just drive them on over the mountains and across the line into New Mexico. If nobody ever claimed them the cattle would be yours, and you might get to be a cattle king someday."

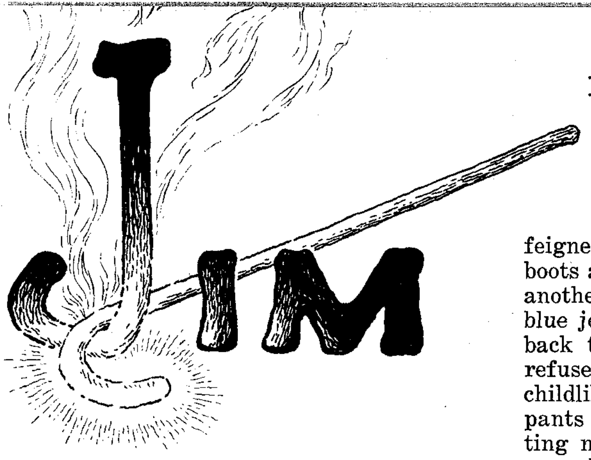
Climax Jim had lots of time to think about this idea as he moseyed along. This thirty head of stock might give a man a good start in the cattle business. They might just begin to increase in number as he drove them along.

In cow country all sorts of cows have a habit of appearing right out of bushes—seemingly out of nowhere. Then, too, cows have an inclination toward calving, especially during the spring of the year. There might be young calves to brand.

The cowboy cattle rustler drove the herd toward the Black River country in New Mexico and when no one appeared to claim them, Jim gradually came to view himself as the owner. After a few days of easy driving, the cowboy found himself in an isolated and lonely area with little chance of being interrupted in his precarious undertaking.

"Now, if you are going to be a cattle king in this country, you've got to run a cattle brand," his unseen adviser pointed out.

Deliberately Climax Jim dismounted.



By RUFUS WALTRIP

Photo Courtesy Author

From the bosom of his shirt he drew a plug of tobacco and took a chew. He built a fire, examined the iron in his possession, and proceeded to burn out the brand of the former owner and rebrand the cattle as his own. Jim was now owner, operator, range foremen and camp cook of the Star-Bar-Circle Cattle Company.

For about a week all went smoothly for the new enterprise. Then the foreman of the Chiricahua Cattle Company missed thirty head from their usual range in the White Mountains along the eastern border of the Territory. As any good range foreman would do, the Chiricahua Cattle Company man acted promptly and followed the sign on the trail eastward. Climax Jim with the missing herd was soon apprehended. In due time the sheriff of Apache County, Arizona Territory, received a telegram, and in company with his deputy sheriff, rode out to pick up the cowboy cattle rustler.

Also in due time the sheriff was back with his prisoner, and the unhappy owner of the Star-Bar-Circle was brought before the Justice of the Peace. One good look at the Chiricahua Cattle Company's giant henchman was all Climax Jim needed. During a recess in the hearing, Jim begged the privilege of changing his hot, dusty clothes.

The Justice of the Peace also owned the blacksmith shop, and he instructed the deputy to allow Jim to change his clothes there. In less time than it takes to tell it, the deputy reported back that the prisoner had "gone out the same hole that the smoke goes out" in the blacksmith shop.

Jim's old soiled clothes plus his new clean ones were found strewn about the floor. The cowboy had gone in the door and out the only other hole in the blacksmith shop, wearing his birthday suit. That was the latest news of Climax Jim that the Florence *Tribune* reported in 1899.

PEACE OFFICERS have maintained that Climax Jim broke out of every jail in the county. A famous pioneer reporter wrote in his scrapbook that Jim rode into Tucson in 1901 to do a bit of gambling and rest up from his arduous task of cattle rustling. The outlaw himself described how he had escaped from a sheriff at St. Johns while he was being guarded by more than one deputy.

Jim, sitting on a cot, but not in a cell, feigned a fit of anger. Throwing his boots against one wall, his jacket against another, he deliberately slipped off his blue jeans. Disgusted, the deputies tilted back their chairs against the wall and refused to pay any attention to these childlike antics. Suddenly Jim flung his pants across the face of the deputy sitting nearest the door. The other deputy roused from a catnap just in time to see the rustler grab the pants and disappear into the darkness outside.

The evening following his escape from the two deputies, Jim crawled into the camp of Joe Pearce, a ranger. As he was mounting Joe's horse for a quick getaway, he was overpowered by the ranger with the aid of a rifle. It was a cold night and as the campfire burned low, the thinly clad outlaw complained that he was freezing.

Picking up a handful of tree limbs and brush, Jim threw it on the fire and created a great surge of smoke. The Ranger, who stood hovering over the blaze, was caught off guard. When Joe Pearce recovered from his fit of choking, his companion had disappeared in the darkness.

For some time after, Climax Jim spent money freely in gambling houses, dressed in a neat black suit, silk shirt and wearing an ostentatious necktie. To the casual observer, no trace of his former occupation remained. But to the seasoned cattleman and lawman, there was one brand Jim could not obliterate—the unmistakable stride of the cowboy.

Rumors flew, and tall tales of his escapades became common gossip. Strangely, there was little exaggeration. When the officers apprehended and the law prosecuted, they found that what they had heard about Jim was true. The audacious outlaw slipped through their hands as a snake slithers through a lariat.

DURING his last year as a cattle rustler Jim herded a bunch of steers into the mining town of Clifton and sold them to a butcher shop. Disgruntled with the price paid him, he raised the check to a more satisfactory amount.

Arrested and taken to jail, Jim picked the jail's lock and rode away on a saddle horse which he found tied in front of a saloon. That night he made camp in the slope of Alkali Flats, a desert wasteland near the town of Willcox. Tying his horse to a mesquite tree, using his saddle for a pillow and the blanket for a bed, Jim was soon asleep.

Deputy Sheriff Johnson was an expert tracker and he soon crossed Jim's trail, leading straight to Alkali Flat. There the trail ended. Straying, milling cattle had obliterated the tracks of the stolen horse which carried the escaped outlaw.

Now, Alkali Flat is known for a famous mirage which sometimes engulfs this low lying region with a fairy-tale illusion. Such was the case in the misty dawn when Sheriff Johnson was acting as a one-man posse.

Dry Alkali Flat seemed to be a great lake with a forest of the tallest pine trees bordering its far edge, and waves rippling on its shores. Huge cows many times their natural size grazed along the water's edge. The peak of the distant mountain was illuminated by the rising sun, and as the sheriff watched, the water in the lake began to recede toward the south shore of Alkali Flat. Johnson glanced down and saw that the bed of dry lava on which he stood was gradually reappearing. He watched the mirage mysteriously move southward.

When he looked up again toward the far southern edge of Alkali Flat, the mirage was in its highest state of glory. He stood there in amazement as the forest gradually disappeared, the misty veil lifted from the mountains and the sun beamed flaming rays of color. As Johnson scanned the lower region's haze, his eyes caught the elongated, distorted shape of a horse. On the ground nearby he saw the form of a man stretched out. They seemed strangely near.

Jim's sleep was soon disturbed by the clop, clop of a horse over the dry ground. He sat up, squinted his eyes, and saw a man riding fast toward him. Jim was trying to saddle his horse when a rifle bullet hissed like a rattlesnake close to his head. Jim got the message.

Raising his hands above his head, he yelled hoarsely, "Don't shoot! I'll go peaceably."

The mirage had cut short his trip into Mexico. Nature and the law had foiled his clever scheme.

GRIZZLED cattlemen and grim-faced settlers from the Gila Valley sat in the jury box. The county attorney plunged into a recital of the misdeeds of the cowboy cattle rustler.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the Territory of Arizona will prove to you that this defendant is the most dangerous criminal known from Hardscrabble Creek to the Mexican border. There is not a jail in this part of the Territory that has not housed him—but not for long, for he has broken out of every one of them."

The attorney raised his pleading eyes to the silent jury: "Listen to this from our local newspaper, the *Solomonville Bulletin*. . . ."

The county attorney read the numerous accounts of the notorious outlaw's acts and wiles in breaking jail. He read how Jim was once confined in a steel cell with several other desperadoes, shackled in pairs. A horse thief and Jim were bound together with handcuffs and leg irons, he said. The next morning the handcuffs were on the floor and the leg irons were hanging on the cell door.

The attorney described the outlaw as a slippery eel, a dangerous man in or out of jail. One time, as the peace officers all knew, the defendant had been handcuffed to a highly respected sheriff and taken over the mountain trail. When they camped for the night, the defendant slipped the handcuffs off, handcuffed the

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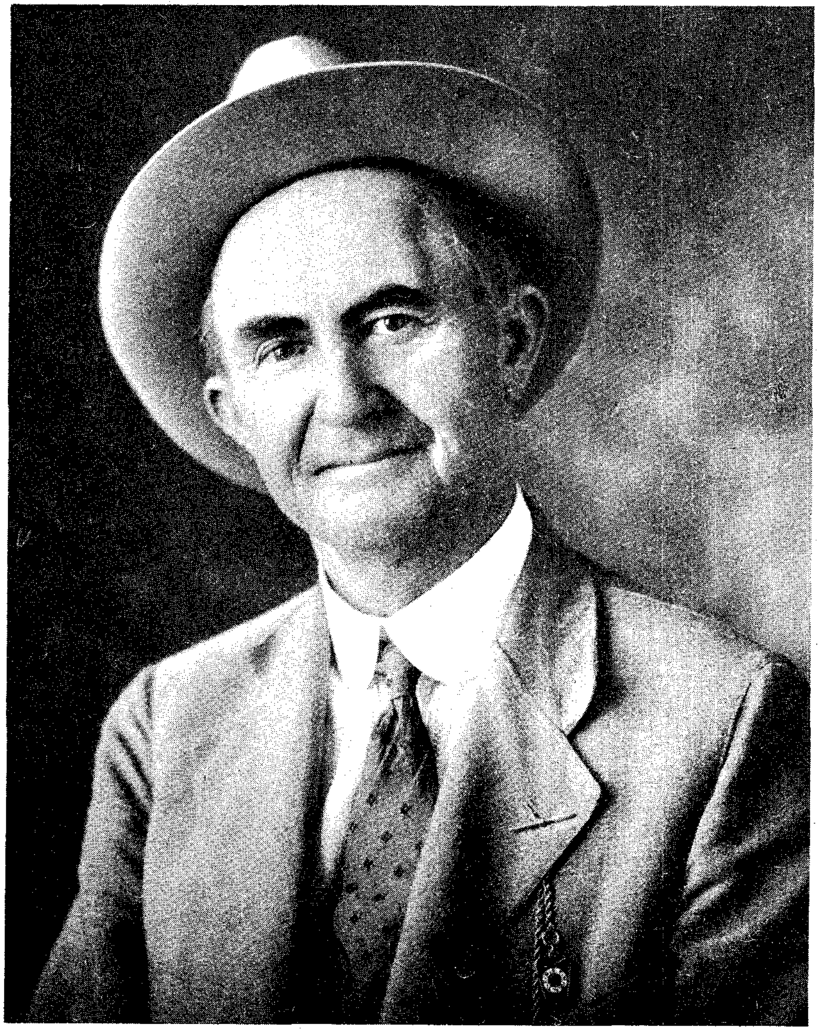
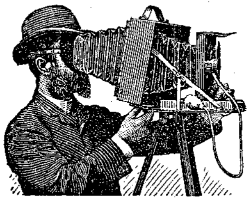


Courtesy Author

Those of you who have been reading our magazines all these years know that few issues have gone to press without Rose photographs "helping to tell the tale." We feel a belated salute is due the man who never specialized, but who tried to get on record every facet of the passing scene

By ORAN WARDER NOLEN



Noah H. Rose

PAWNEE BILL, Elfego Baca, Chris Madsen and hundreds of others stood before his camera; faded tintypes of Billy the Kid, the Wild Bunch, and Wyatt Earp were restored to permanence by his magic touch. Within his lifetime, the photos of Noah H. Rose became one of the most expressive chronicles ever assembled of life in the American West.

Born in Kendall County, Texas, in 1874, Rose got his first taste of frontier violence when he was very small. Describing the experience, he said:

"When I was about six years of age I was with my parents at preaching services under a brush arbor. Just as the services closed, I ran across the road to some big trees where the horses were tied, and joined my two young uncles who were talking to a big man. As I got to them the big man pulled his pistol and pointed it at them and stepped back—maybe to keep me from being blacked out with smoke. My uncles withdrew, so no shooting started to disturb the camp meeting.

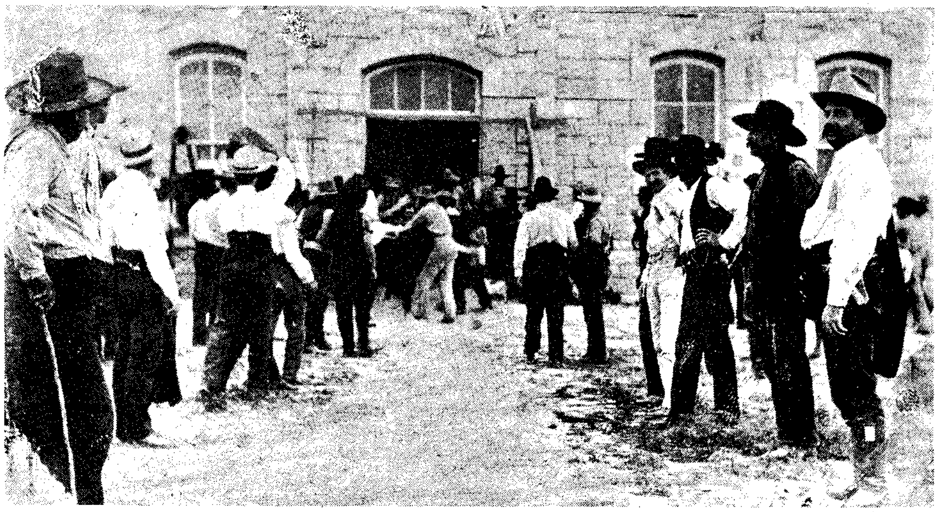
"Later this man horse-whipped another relative of mine, and this relative bought a shotgun and waited by the post office in town and when the man drove up in a buggy, my relative killed him with a load of buckshot. At the subsequent trial my relative was acquitted."

J. Marvin Hunter, original publisher of FRONTIER TIMES, described young Noah Rose's first adventures with newspapering and cameras when the two were youngsters in Menardville, Texas.

"When my father, John Warren Hunter, purchased the Menardville *Record* in January, 1891, the Rose family came back to Menardville, and a few months later Noah Rose accepted a job in the *Record* office, of which I was then the 'office devil.' It was while sticking type in that office that Noah Rose, unsuspectingly, touched the spring that slammed him into his life's groove, where he has remained.

"*Youth's Companion* sent him a premium list and urged him to secure subscribers for that well-known and popular family weekly. He hustled energetically and secured two or three subscribers and received as a premium a small box camera, a half dozen dry plates, some chemicals, a scant supply of sensitized printing paper, and a small book of 'instructions' explaining how to take photographs.

"Now, Noah Rose had never been on the inside of a photograph gallery, except the tents of one or two traveling photographers of the tintype class, and he knew absolutely nothing of the first principles of taking pictures. But there he had an 'outfit' and a book which told



Library, University of Oklahoma

West Texas land rush, Junction, Kimble County, Texas, 1902.

him how it could be done, so he applied himself diligently, and the very first exposure he made developed into a good negative from which he made a good print."

Soon Rose was able to purchase a larger and better camera. "I went here and there working in a print shop one day, and a photograph shop the next day," he wrote. "I traveled around over west Texas, central Texas and north Texas using tents, and now and then when I found some old building where I was allowed to build in it a skylight made of canvas, an improvised studio, and under those circumstances I made a good reputation as a photographer.

"In the summer of 1905 I was hired by a newspaper at Eagle Pass, Texas, to make photographs for a special edition, and went out from San Antonio to get on the job. I had previously covered some of this ground, but I found it to be a fine territory for me to exploit. Up to this time I had operated tents, studios, etc., in many places—Sonora, Menardville, Brady, Ballinger, Brownwood, Mason, Wichita Falls, Smithville, Stockdale, Hondo, and the Sabinal and Frio Canyon towns like Utopia, Rio Frio, Leakey, Burksdale, and other places.

"I finished at Eagle Pass, where I made photographs as well as set type in the printing office, then went to Del Rio farther up on the Rio Grande. At many of these places, I carried a large Victor talking machine and a big lot of records, and it was the first time some of these people had seen one of these new-fangled things. To this day there are stories written and told about that talking machine, and the fun and excitement it created. This was to attract people to note my camera work, and was quite an advertisement for my business."

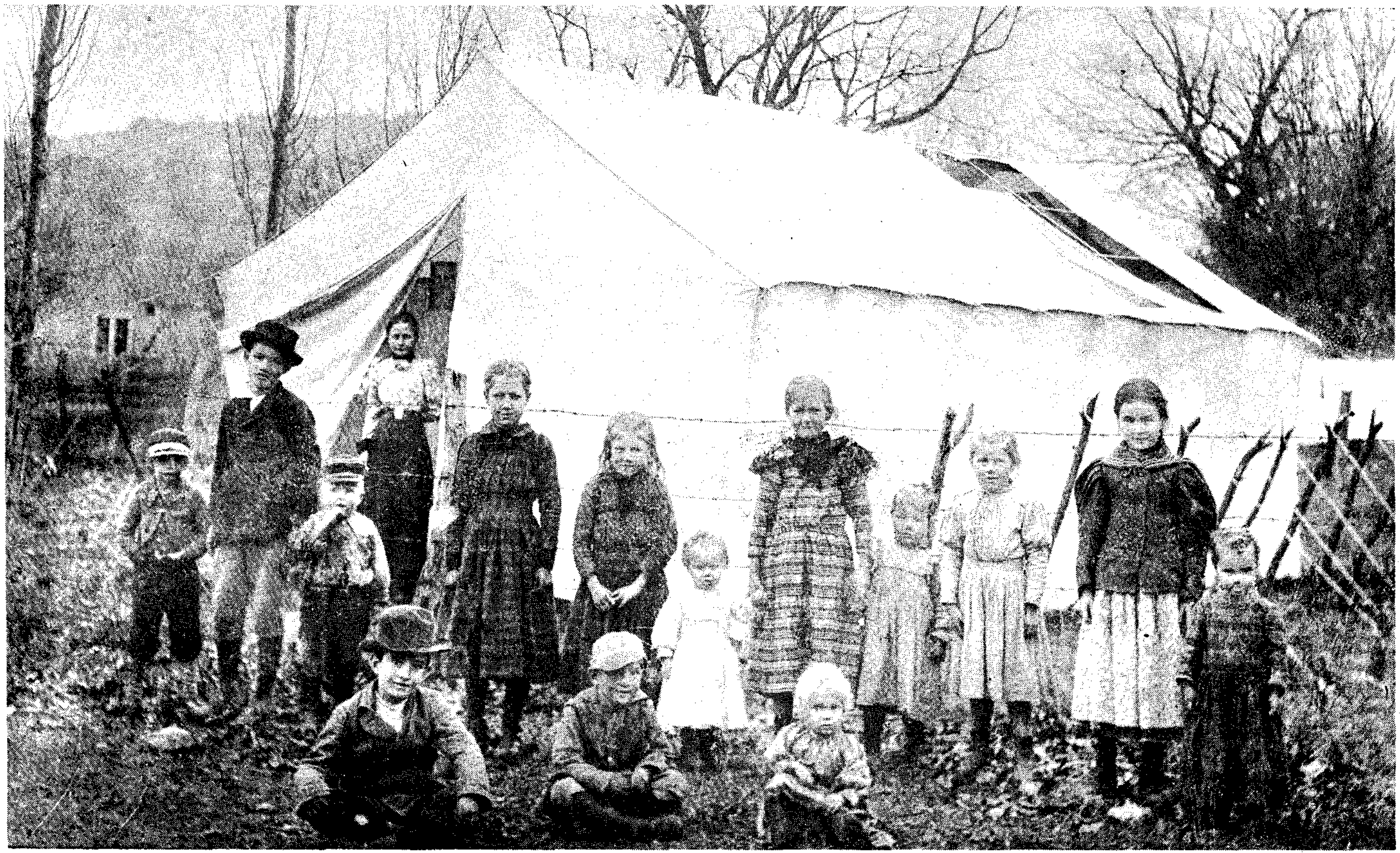
ONE of his most notable achievements as a photographer occurred during the Menardville flood of 1899. As he described it:

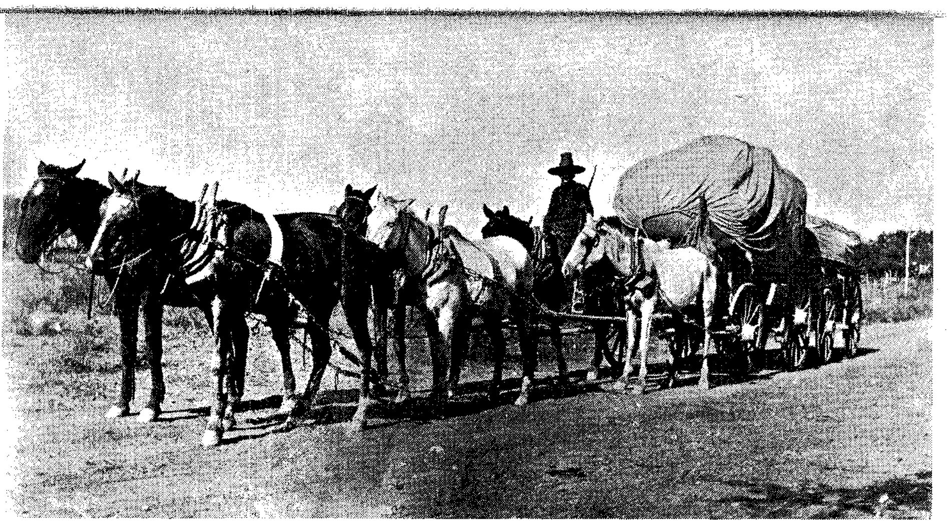
"In the fall of 1898 I decided to spend the winter at home, so purchased a photographer's tent, and went to Menardville to do photographic work, where I found business very good among friends and acquaintances. On Christmas Eve of that year, I went up on the west

FRONTIER CAMERAMAN

Below, N. H. Rose's Photograph Tent, at Menardville, Texas, November 1898, on a day when there was not enough room inside for all the customers. A few months later, June 6, 1899, flood waters were exactly six feet in depth on this spot, and everything washed away.

Courtesy Author





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This is the way wool was hauled from the ranches in West Texas, when there were no trucks or paved roads. J. J. Rose, is coming in to Kerrville from a 150-mile-trip for Schreiner Company in 1900, one of many similar trips from 1890 to 1905 which required from ten days to three weeks, depending on the weather, over dirt roads and cow-trails.

side and made a picture of the town, but thought little of it at the time.

"I worked along until winter was over and began to make preparations to return to Sonora. Folks learning of my departure, crowded in for work, as usual, and kept me a little time overdue. When I found that Nat Saunders was going back to his ranch near Sonora, I made *arrangements to go with him,* and we were to start on Monday morning, June 5, 1899.

"On Sunday night previous, it rained heavily on the river above town, and early Monday morning the river began to rise, and we could not start. It rained a great deal during the day at Menardville and by the middle of the morning the old San Saba came up to within four inches of the highest watermark ever registered near our house, which was built in 1882. Then it went down rapidly, and by noon had cleared our garden. The garden had been under water some *four or five feet. By noon it* was on a standstill for a long time it seemed, until we realized it had started on another uphill trend.

"It rose slowly all the balance of the day, and nightfall found it as high as it had been during that morning, and still slowly rising. As darkness overshadowed us, things became real serious for the townspeople. Though the water was still rising comparatively slowly at ten o'clock, my folks decided to move out to Mr. Stanton's, nearer the hillside. When this task was finished, my brother Roland, and John Stanton and myself 'teamed' *together, and returned to our home to* await developments. For a long time the water rose very slow, and we thought it had about reached its crest. We had settled down with little fear, when suddenly the water swished across the yard and around the house, and caused us to investigate.

"It was then about two o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, June 6. Others soon joined us, but I do not now remember who they were. We hurriedly rolled a wagon to the gate and loaded it with trunks, and by the time we got the wagon loaded the water had gotten some six *or eight inches over the floors.* We pulled and pushed the wagon out to where my folks had taken refuge, and unloaded the trunks, etc. Mother asked if we had brought her featherbed. We had not, so the three of us went back to get it. The water then was quite deep and rough, but we got the bed, and just then I thought of trying to take the camera out also. We proceeded to my tent, which was nearby, and got a small one (a six-by-eight) and the boys started with it, while I went back to a finishing room to get a plateholder which contained the only two plates I had left.

Below, photo by N. H. Rose of the flood at Menardville, Texas, June, 1899. During the night a view camera and plate was carried to a residence for safety before the tent washed away and at daylight in water waist-deep, they were rescued the second time. It required three weeks to get new material to develop and finish the pictures.

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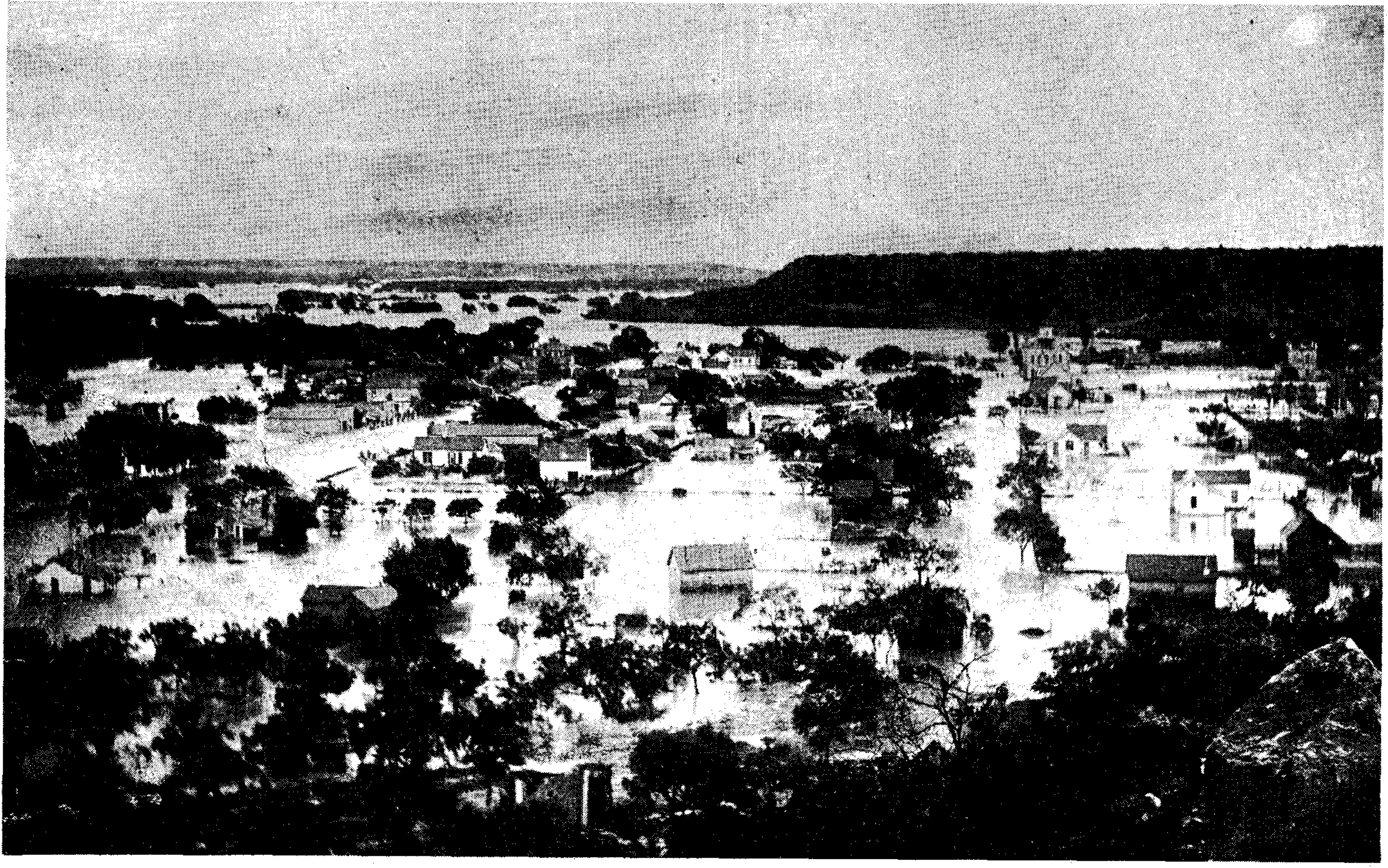

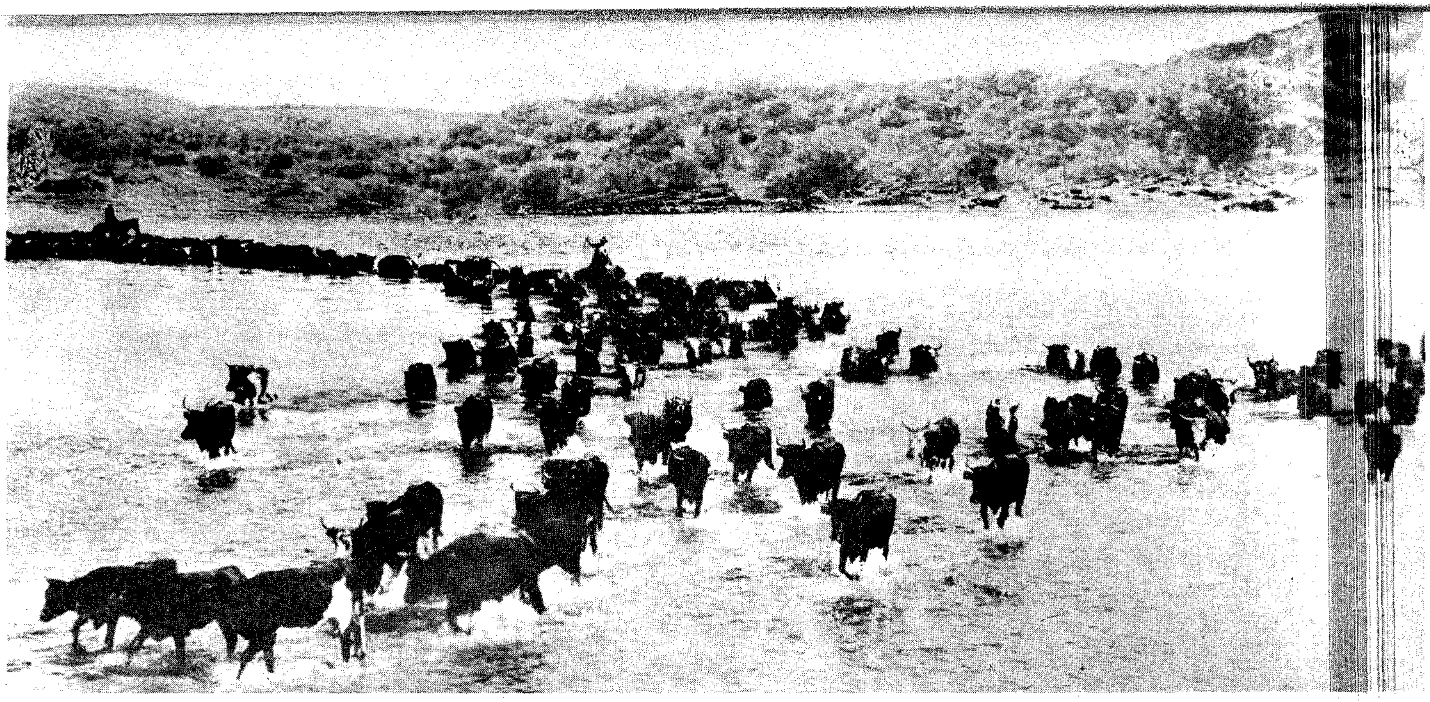

Courtesy Author

A herd of cattle crossing the Rio Grande, near Eagle Pass, Texas, from Mexico.

"As I passed out of the gate the swift water washed me against the fence, which saved me from a splash. It would have rendered the photo plates absolutely useless if they had gotten wet. Delivering these at the house, I handed the plateholder to my sister for safekeeping, and we turned to helping others, as we could not go back to our house anymore, but were soon driven back across the ditch for our own safety.

"Soon after, we found it was necessary to move all the folks from the Stanton home to the hillside. There we found a great crowd of people had gathered in and near our good friend Jeff Murray's home, who was living out of the water's range. John Stanton and I returned to his home to place the trunks and things out of the water, if possible.

"We found it three or four inches deep on the floors, so we piled the trunks on top of the beds. One of the trunks was put up on top of the others. We stood the camera in the corner of a room, on the tripod.

"After we had gone back to the hillside, it seemed not very long until daybreak appeared. Though scarcely light, John and I went in again to the house to get the camera. My sister informed me that she had put the plates in her trunk. When we got to the house, we found that the water was receding, but had gotten up all over those trunks, except the one we had placed on top and it had slid into the water, with only one corner sticking out.

"The tripod was barely long enough to hold the camera out of reach of the water, but luckily it was safe. Then came my greatest astonishment. I found that the trunk we had placed on top of the others was my sister's trunk, and the corner sticking up contained the holder with its two precious plates, safe and usable. It goes without saying that we fairly clung to the camera and plate holder while we made our way out and climbed the mountain to make a picture.

"When I had set up the camera, I met with another difficulty. The shutter was too damp to work, and the 'stops' for the lens had all been lost. There was nothing to get hold of in the way of cardboard to make one for temporary use, as everything was wet, even to ourselves, so I had to use the lens 'wide open.' (Old-time photographers, like Emil Toepperwein, will readily understand what that means.) The shutter being out of commission, I had to use my old wet hat for a lens cap, and while the light was not yet strong, the circumstance saved me the chance of over-timing my plates and spoiling them, as would have been the case otherwise. With all this, yet there were more difficulties to encounter.

"Just think, it was three weeks before I could get chemicals and materials to develop these plates, and print the pictures. Can you imagine my suspense all this time, wondering if the plates would be good or not? I cannot describe the thrill of my heart in the temporary darkroom we had prepared to work in, when a real image began to appear, and developed into such a wonderful photograph as it did, under all those trying ordeals. Now, I want to say in connection with this flood picture, that it was made from the same identical place and position as the one I had made on Christmas Eve,

(Continued on page 50)

Below, Sonora, Texas in 1897.

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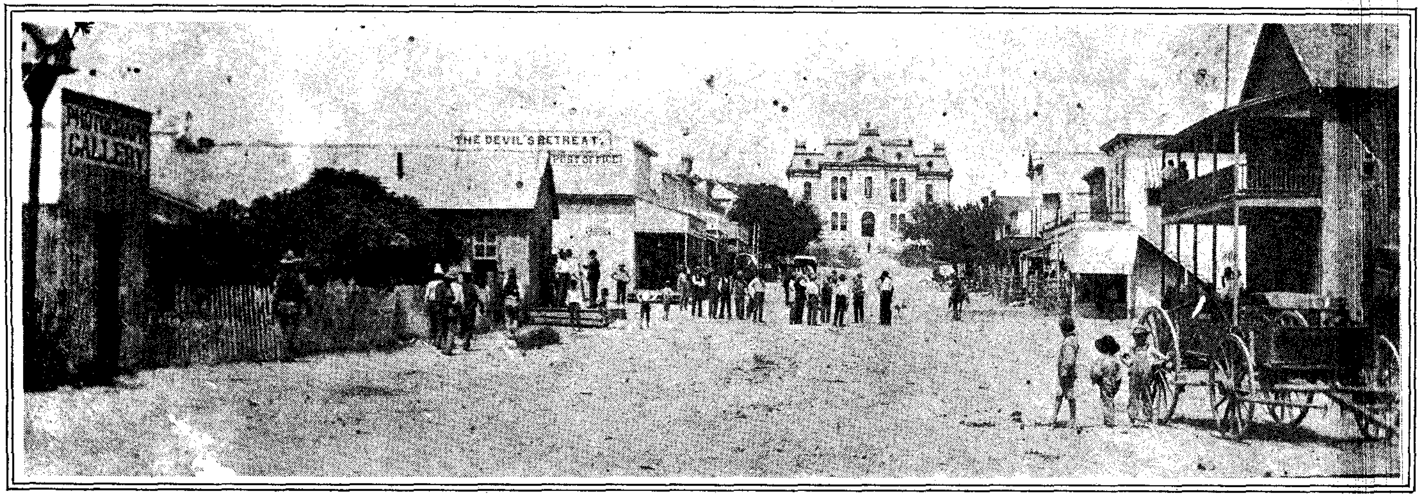


What ultimately happened to the BEAVER shouldn't have happened. It don't seem fittin'!

Steamboat on the

FOR NEARLY a hundred years the ships sailing the waters of the Puget Sound or plunging across the treacherous bar at the mouth of the Columbia River were propelled by the wind. They were graceful, cleancut ships, proudly displaying tall masts and a multitude of spars.

Man had always dreamed of someday being able to propel his ships by other means than the vagaries of unreliable breezes but it was not until 1836 that steam came to the Columbia River. That year the *Beaver* made its run near Fort Vancouver when the Oregon country was still under the Joint Occupation Treaty of England and the United States. The ship belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company which also occupied Fort Vancouver, and few other vessels have had a more colorful history than this little wood-burner.

Actually the *Beaver* was not originally built for the waters of Puget Sound but rather for the Columbia River, and there was a purpose behind her design and construction. Ever since Robert Gray's discovery of the illusive mouth of the Columbia River, the sailing ships of England as well as those of the United States had had a rough time negotiating the treacherous bar. The current of the mighty Columbia, discharging vast volumes of water, sweeps out over the shallow bar to meet the Pacific Ocean. And there lies the difficulty. When the tide is also coming in, the force of the two powerful currents meeting head-on creates great swelling waves and dangerous cross currents. Many a ship has met disaster there. Oftentimes a ship bound for Fort Vancouver, about a hundred miles inland, would be forced to wait for the right conditions to negotiate the mouth of the Columbia. A steamship, or so the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company thought, would eliminate the delay in entering the river.

One man, however, was dead set against the use of steamships on the Columbia, or anywhere else for that matter. He was Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Vancouver from 1823 to 1840. Dr. McLoughlin was a white water man who loved the clean sweep of sails. Perhaps his thrifty Scottish soul thought nothing could be as cheap as nature's wind.

As soon as the chief factor heard that plans to build a steamship were being made he began a long series of communications, by letter and runner, to the governing body of the Hudson's Bay Company. He pointed out all the disadvantages of steamships—the terrific overhead. A whole crew would be kept busy just cutting wood for her! But the protests of the chief factor were to no avail; the governor was adamant, there would someday be steamships in the Pacific, and the Hudson's Bay Company intended to be in on the ground floor.

In a last desperate bid against the project, long after the keel was laid, Dr. McLoughlin dispatched another letter to headquarters. In it he wrote, "If the steamboat is found on full trial not to answer so well as expected, will you please inform me if we are nevertheless to keep her or send her home or sell her?" Dr. McLoughlin just didn't want any part of that ship if any way out could be found.

THE BEAVER was built at Blackwell on the Thames River, England, in 1835. Steamships were not a new thing, having been making trans-Atlantic crossings for several years past; still it was a vast new departure from conventional sail and there was always much excitement at launching time. A crowd of 150,000 Londoners were on hand to cheer the *Beaver*. King William and his court were also there.

The *Beaver* wasn't a large ship, judged by modern standards, being 101 feet long with a beam of 20 feet; her holds were 11 feet high. Just a good sized tug, she had a single boiler which (according to some historians) produced about 2½ pounds of pressure per square inch. Much of her hold was reserved for fuel bunkers.

No attempt was made to sail the little ship to the Columbia River under her own power; the distance was much too great for her fuel capacity. Her paddle wheels were stowed in the hold as freight; the paddle guards and sponsons were left in place. The boiler was used as an additional water storage tank for the long voyage to the Northwest Coast, and she was rigged as a barkentine.

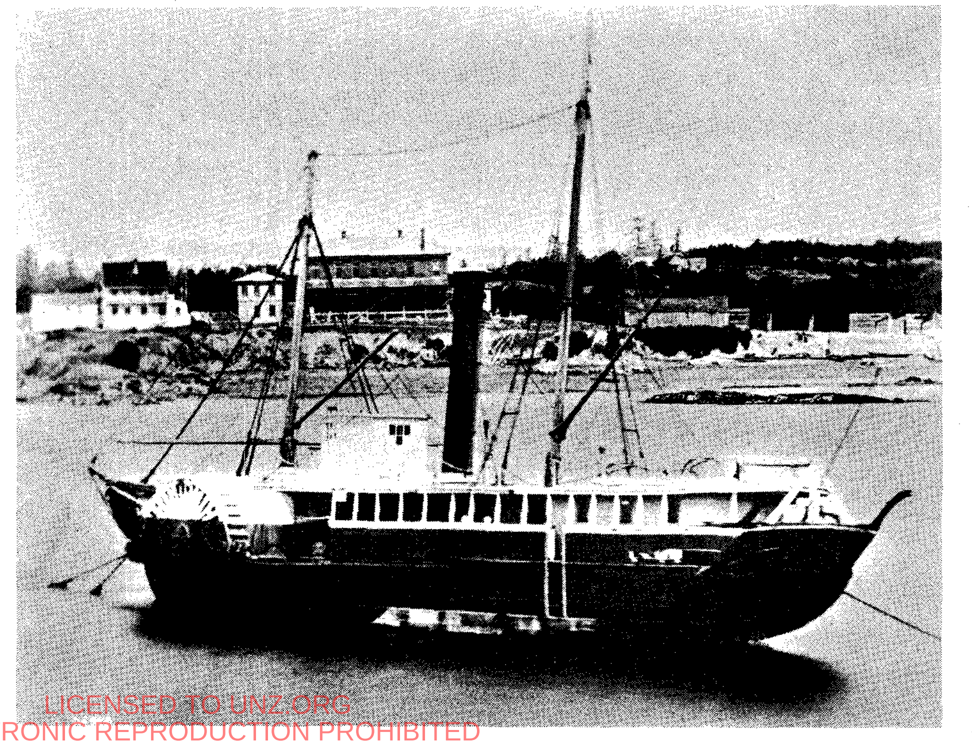
The *Beaver* voyaged around the Horn, along the coast of Africa, and across the blue Pacific to the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) where the captain anchored off-shore for a crew rest and to take on more fresh water and provisions. The Sandwich Islands were a regular stop for ships sailing the Pacific, and their crews were treated like royalty by the natives. There was feasting and dancing. Polynesian maidens, beautiful and shapely, entertained the sailors. Sometimes the captain had a difficult time rounding up his men to continue the voyage.

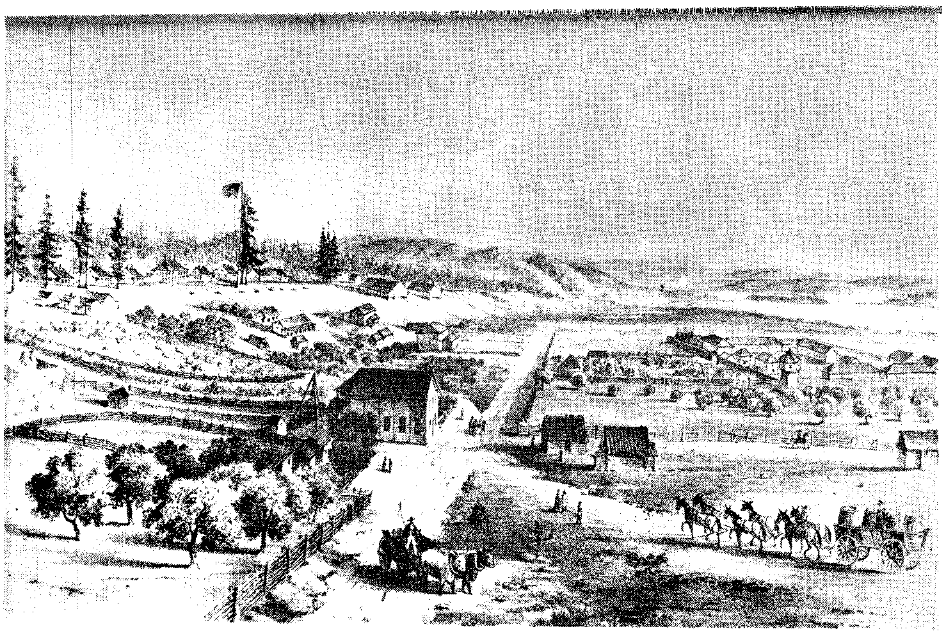
The *Beaver* was accompanied on her long voyage to the northwest coast by a bark called the *Columbia*. The voyage from Liverpool took 163 days, with the faster *Beaver* reaching the Pacific Coast well ahead of her escort.

At the mouth of the Columbia swift currents and off-shore winds kept the *Beaver* at anchor for days waiting for favorable conditions to negotiate the treacherous bar. The crew was not impatient; the sailors were well aware of the many ships which had foundered in these waters.

It was this same river mouth which had proved so disastrous to the crew of the *Tonquin*, the sailing ship bringing the Astor party to the Columbia in 1811. The captain, in his stubborn hurry to put ashore men and supplies to establish a trading post (Astoria), sent a longboat with three crew members to search for a suitable channel through the dangerous waters of the bar. The men and boat were lost in the mountainous waves at the river's mouth. The captain of the *Beaver* was not taking such chances.

When the wind changed, the *Beaver* sailed into the Columbia toward the dis-





At left, early drawing of Fort Vancouver. The actual fort is the group of buildings at right center. This was how the fort looked shortly after the Americans took over from the Hudson's Bay Company.

tant Hudson's Bay Company fort. It took another two weeks to sail the hundred miles of swift flowing river, bucking strong currents every inch of the way.

"Just wait till we have steam in this old girl," the crew members would tell one another. "Watch out then, old man river!"

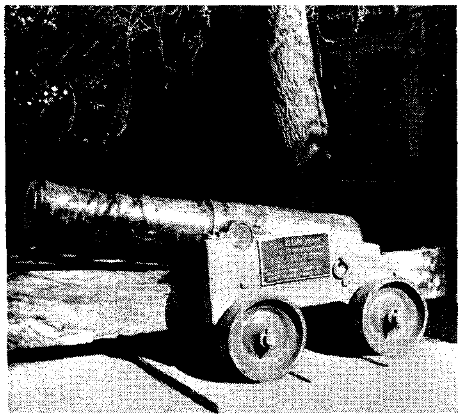
A WILD WELCOME met the *Beaver* when she sailed into the water below Fort Vancouver. Informed of her coming by Indian runners the inhabitants of the fort had been eagerly awaiting her arrival. Everyone, that is, but Dr. McLoughlin who still looked askance at ships using anything but sails. Still, he had his orders; the *Beaver* was to be re-outfitted for steam and he would carry out the orders of the company.

By WILLIAM J. BETTS

Photos Courtesy Author

Sound

Left, steamship *BEAVER* at anchor in Puget Sound. The exact place is unknown, but probably at Victoria, B.C. From an old print, copied by Asahel Curtis. Below, one of the old brass cannon from the ship *POLITKOFSKY*, another early steamship on the Sound. This is the same type of gun which was mounted on the *BEAVER* when she patrolled against marauding Indians.



The little ship's masts were removed and paddle wheels installed. The *Beaver* was soon ready for her maiden voyage. Great stacks of pitchy Douglas fir to stoke her boiler was stowed in the bunkers. Then the great day finally came for the test run.

Soon steam pressure was up and black smoke belched from the *Beaver's* solitary stack. Slowly at first, then faster, the engines turned the paddle wheels and the steamship edged away from the dock. A great shout went up from the dockside crowd as the ship moved down the river.

"Look at her go!" someone shouted.

"Three cheers for the *Beaver!*"

The sturdy little steamer soon became a familiar sight on the Columbia as she plied those waters like a veteran. She was, however, an abject failure as far as the purpose for which she was built was concerned. The *Beaver* was no better at crossing the Columbia River bar than the sailing ships had been. She was too small, and her engines did not have adequate horsepower to breast the currents and monstrous waves which often occurred there. She, too, had to wait until conditions were favorable for her crossing.

The *Beaver* was a failure in another respect. True to McLoughlin's predictions, she was very expensive to operate. Her boiler consumed forty cords of wood every twenty-four hour period, all she could hold in her fuel bunkers. It kept a crew of ten men busy just cutting wood for her. The great space needed for fuel storage cut down her freight capacity. Her payload was too small. In addition to the woodcutters, it took another twenty men to run the ship. To cap it all, her draft was too great to operate on the upper Columbia where she was sorely needed.

EVEN with all her shortcomings, the *Beaver* was soon as busy as her animal namesake. Although she could not be used on the upper Columbia she could be put on a passenger run between Fort Vancouver and Fort Nisqually, located on the upper Puget Sound. Dr. McLoughlin couldn't get rid of her entirely, but at least she would be out of his sight most of the time.

The *Beaver* became the first steamship to navigate the waters of the Pacific Coast. She didn't remain long on this run, because her operating expenses were far too great for the number of passengers carried. The Hudson's Bay Company transfered the *Beaver* to Puget Sound where the runs were shorter and if need be, the little steamer could pull in to shore for the woodcutters to replenish her fuel. In this way more freight space could be utilized.

Essentially the *Beaver* became a trading and patrol boat in the great inland seas of the Puget Sound and Straits of Georgia—then all a part of Oregon country. The crew was well disciplined and trained in the dual role of trading and operating a man-of-war. The *Beaver* boasted four six-pounders, later augmented by a long nine-pounder borrowed from the battery of the bark *Columbia*, her former escort ship.

In 1838, in an effort to produce more speed, all excess equipment was stripped from the *Beaver*. The ponderous old nine-pounder went back to the *Columbia's* battery and anything not strictly needed was removed. Although the little steamer only climbed from 7¾ knots to a top of 9 knots, still what speed she could muster was not dependent on the vagaries of the wind. The *Beaver* could sail anywhere she desired; a most important feature as it turned out.

Most of the coastal Indians were peaceful in their dealings with the white traders, content to come aboard and trade their furs for the white man's goods. This was only true of the upper Puget Sound Indians, however. The tribes farther north were not so trustful. On Queen Charlotte Sound there lived a particularly fierce and warlike tribe, the Haidas. Traders on board the *Beaver* had to take every precaution against the possibility of attack from them when the ship was in their trading area.

A netting was placed around the *Beaver's* rail to keep the Indians from swarming aboard. Only a few families—men with their wives and children—were allowed on deck at one time. Too many could very well overpower the crew and plunder the ship—it had happened to other vessels in the past.

THE INDIANS were held in check also by the impressive six-pounders whose devastating power had been demonstrated to the Haidas. The Indians were additionally awed by the fact that the *Beaver* used a mysterious means of propulsion. Sails they were familiar with, but the belching black smoke from the little steamer was big medicine; strange spirits moved the ships of King George's men.

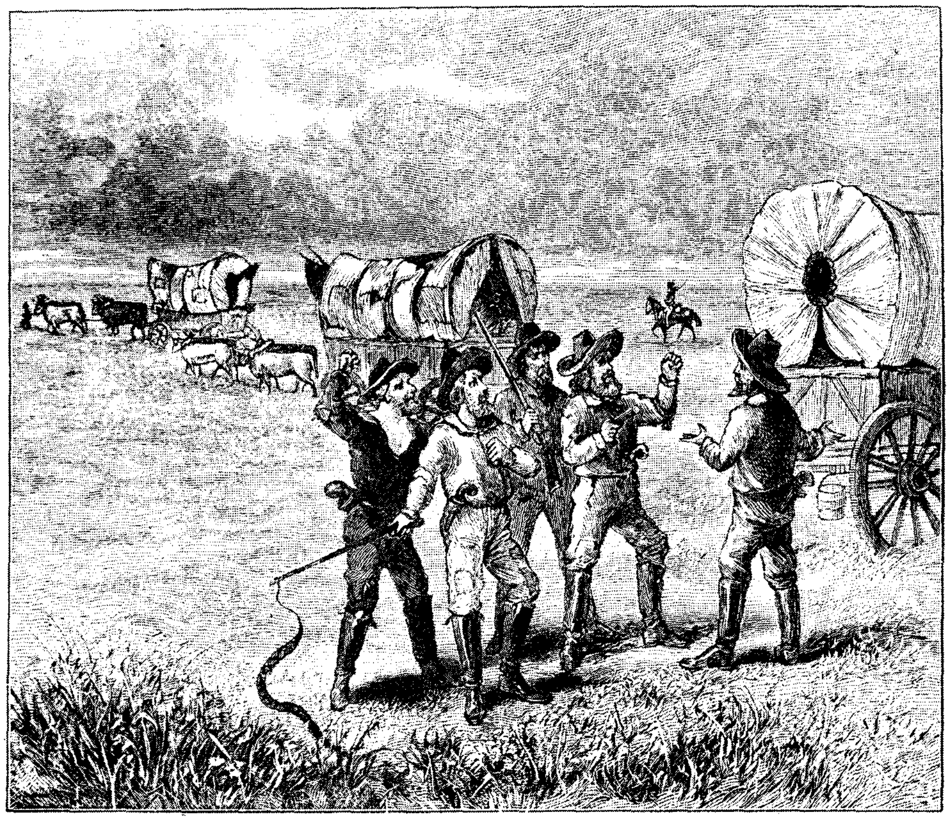
The Haidas were a marauding maritime people. They used huge war canoes paddled by as many as fifty warriors,

(Continued on page 62)

OAKES RHYMES WITH HOAX

By C. B. HOUSE

Photos Courtesy Author



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Perils of D. C. Oakes, from William N. Thayer's "Marvels of the West," published in 1889.

LATE in May, 1859, Daniel C. Oakes of Iowa stared with shock at a dismal grave beside the lonely Platte River trail. His diary records two harsh epitaphs, crudely lettered with charcoal and axle grease on buffalo bones strewn on the low mound. A disappointed, angry goldseeker, returning from the so-called Pikes Peak Gold Rush, had written: "Here lies D. C. Oakes; dead, buried, and in hell!"

And a pestiferous would-be prairie poet had inscribed nearby:

Here lies the remains of D. C. Oakes,
Who was the starter of this damned
hoax.

Early records mention other graves and epitaphs. One was:

Here lies the bones of D. C. Oakes,
Killed for aiding the Pikes Peak
hoax.

While this dummy grave, and others that followed, bothered Oakes, being branded a humbug bothered him more. The loss of people's respect was worse than death.

He had proved the previous autumn that there was gold at Cherry Creek and in the nearby Rocky Mountains. "Any man, willing to work, can pan ten dollars worth of gold a day," was how Oakes answered inquiries about the new Kansas Territory goldfields at the foot of the Rockies. The thirty-four-year-old Argonaut had reached that conclusion before leaving Denver in November, 1858, to winter in Iowa with his family. But it was a guidebook to the new goldfields which he helped author, rather than word of mouth, that caused his name to be roughly bandied about on the prairie. Because of this guidebook he was cursed, threatened with death, and lynched in effigy.

OAKES was no greenhorn when it came to mining and roughing it in the wilderness. He and his friend, Abram Walrod, both twenty-four years old, had driven an ox team to California in the 1849 gold rush. That slow, long, and dangerous trip across plains and mountains had been an education.

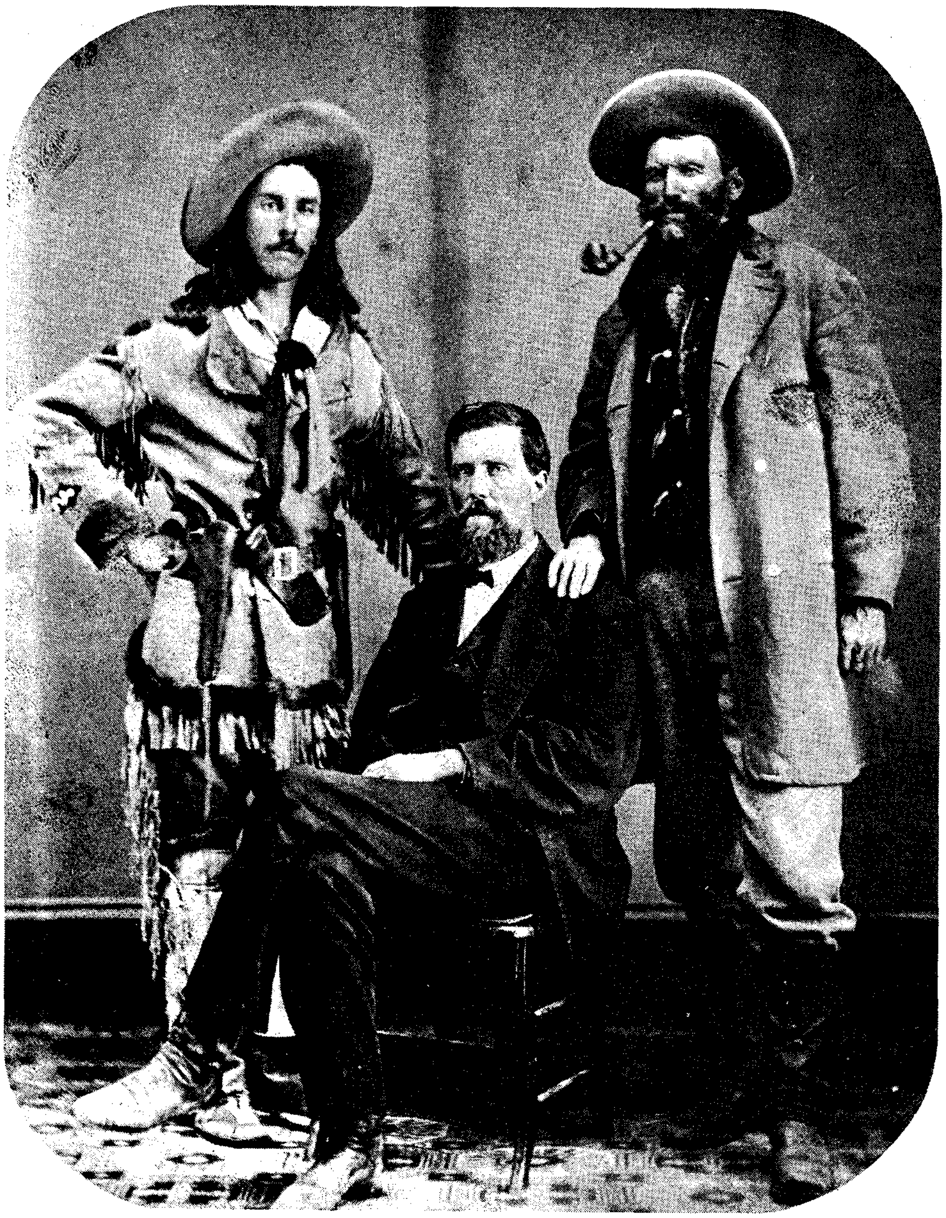
In California, Oakes learned much about placer mining and where to find gold. Yet, while he did very well, he failed to strike it rich, and in a few years he returned to Clinton, Iowa, by way of Panama.

This trip home was no easy thing. Once their sailing ship was becalmed in the Pacific. The crew and passengers were near death from thirst and starvation when a Dutch ship appeared on the horizon. Their soaring hopes for relief fell as the vessel ignored their distress signals, and most were in despair when, all else failing, the captain gave the Masonic signal of distress. To everyone's joyful surprise, the Dutch captain was a Mason, and changed course. It took several days for the two ships to come together. This grim episode prompted young Oakes to join the Masonic Order upon reaching Iowa.

At twenty-eight, Oakes married Olive Maria Martin whose father, Joseph Martin, had piloted Perry's victorious fleet in the battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812. Oakes prospered through building and contracting until hard times came with the panic of 1857. He was looking for greener pastures when word came, in the summer of 1858, that gold had been discovered near Pikes Peak.

Oakes headed a party which left Omaha on September 14 for the Rocky Mountains and gold. He was accompanied by his old California partner, Abe Walrod; also by H. J. Graham, George Pancoast, and Charles Miles. Almost a month later, October 10, they arrived at the mouth of Cherry Creek, a tributary of the South Platte.

The next day Oakes' party established the first permanent settlement in what is now Denver, Colorado. Four miles up the South Platte they met a Georgia party of gold miners headed by Green Russell and two brothers. Included in the Russell party were a number of Cherokee Indians. The two groups joined



Colorado State Historical Society

Above, D. C. Oakes, seated. At left is Charles S. Stobie, a scout; Jim Baker, famous mountain man, is shown at right.

forces for a week or two.

Though the gold was in small flakes, and much dirt had to be handled to get it, the goldseekers made from three to ten dollars a day each by washing it in rockers.

Oakes knew that this flaky float gold came from veins in the mountains. His party prospected for several weeks along the foothills, and found float gold in most of the streams. While not in paying quantities, it promised fortunes for those who ventured into the mountains next spring. Oakes left the latter part of November and returned for the winter to his family in Iowa, full of enthusiasm for the new gold region.

A KANSAN, Luke Tierney, had kept a daily record of the Russell party's gold discoveries. Oakes brought this interesting journal home, and added *A Guide of the Route* to the *History of the Gold Discoveries on the South Platte River* by Luke Tierney.

Stephen W. "Kearney" Smith, had the material printed in book form in Pacific City, Iowa, and distributed it far and wide. Smith was called Kearney, because his first name and middle initial were those of General Stephen W. Kearny.

While this guidebook boosted Pacific City as the place to buy one's outfit, it also detailed the best route to the new goldfields. If its sound advice and accurate directions had been heeded by the thousands of inexperienced goldseekers, they could have spared themselves much suffering. Oakes carefully listed the equipment and provisions necessary for a six-month's stay—yet men foolishly started out on foot with a small sack of cornmeal and a little bacon.

Being the first guidebook published by men who actually had been to the Kansas goldfields, it caused quite a stir in the land. According to early records, "each wagon train bought from one to a dozen copies." Oakes declared, however, that he never made enough from the books to pay the publisher, and that Smith did all the distributing.

This guidebook was quickly followed by less reliable ones which gave full rein to their writers' vivid imaginations. Many of the authors had never been west of the Mississippi River. They imitated and borrowed freely of Oakes, as well as one another. Gullible fortune hunters were led to believe that Pikes Peak was coated with gold. Hundreds of them imagined that the South Platte River banks were covered with golden pebbles, free for the picking up.

Though these guidebooks played a big part in stirring up the gold fever, Missouri River towns added fuel to the flames. Trying to recover from the panic of 1857, these places became outfitting points for the goldseekers. Merchants hired men to go among the pilgrims and advertise the easy riches to be gained in the new goldfields, and suggest the best places to buy equipment for the journey. Editors, not to be outdone, published glowing newspaper accounts about recent discoveries.

When the motley tide of disappointed fortune hunters swept back from their reckless journey, D. C. Oakes was paid in curses, unfavorable publicity, and grim threats of violent death.

Perhaps his association with the first guidebook made Oakes a scapegoat for other men's lies, mistakes, and follies. More likely, because his name was easily remembered and rhymed with hoax, he made an easier target.

Oakes, however, was not doomed to suffer alone. William N. Byers started *The Rocky Mountain News* in the Cherry Creek diggings on April 22, 1859. He enthusiastically boosted the gold discoveries and helped write a guidebook. Soon after, his name was coupled with D. C. Oakes in a bitter slogan:

Hang Byers and D. C. Oakes
For starting this damned Pikes
Peak hoax!

Oakes spent many sleepless nights wondering if he would go down in history as a great charlatan, yet clung to the hope that a fair trial would prove him right.

THE NEW goldfields needed lumber. Most log cabins had dirt roofs and floors. Men tore up their wagon boxes

—and when Pikes Peak failed to be solid gold, the fortune seekers never let him forget it . . .

to build sluice boxes. All that was needed was a sawmill, and vast stands of pine grew near the diggings.

After wintering in Clinton, Oakes started back to Denver on March 20, 1859, with a steam sawmill. One of his two partners in the venture, Dr. Street, went along. His other partner, Luther Mullen, remained in Iowa. Oakes held Mullen's proxy so he was boss of the sawmill and the expedition.

Their outfit consisted of two ox-drawn wagons with the sawmill machinery, a lighter mule-drawn wagon with camping equipment and provisions, several riding horses and ponies, and a pack mule or two. Oakes and Dr. Street were accompanied by four or five men as drivers and helpers. They started out like conquering heroes amidst the cheers and well wishes of their relatives and the townspeople.

Oakes' party was slowed down by the weight of their load, by poor forage for the oxen, and by bad weather. Hundreds of persons passed them the first 200 miles. The grass, just getting green, would not make good grazing for the thousands of westbound animals until May, but some hay and grain could be purchased at scattered farms and trading posts along the route.

A month's slow traveling—averaging fifteen miles a day—took Oakes' party through raw windy weather, snowstorms, and cold rains to the Platte River fork. The Oregon Trail followed the North Platte. They kept to the south bank and began crawling up the South Platte.

On April 22, Oakes wrote his wife from a sandy stretch of low, hard-to-cross ridges known as O'Fallon's Bluffs. Wagons often sank deep in the sand here, requiring much doubling of teams. This famous landmark was some forty or fifty miles northeast of present-day Colorado's northeast corner, and was the jumping-off place for almost 200 miles of treeless plains. There was a trading post by the river.

Oakes' letter described his slow progress and frustrations. He wrote that Dr. Street, Aron (probably the Haines mentioned later), and himself were riding ahead in the morning, leaving the oxen and the wagons to follow. He noted also that discouraged men were returning from the goldfields without giving the mines a fair trial. Oakes reported silencing one group by offering to bet his entire outfit—sawmill and all—that he could dig out ten dollars a day in gold. But "they went on home." Nothing he could say would change their minds.

Thereafter it was curses, threats and warnings whenever Oakes was recognized. Hostile stampeders warned him to turn back. He would be killed if he continued on to the diggings. Several times he realized that discretion was better than valor, and excused himself in a hurry when the growling became threatening.

At a noon camp the second day after leaving their ox-teams, the three Iowans met John Hill and Eli Long, two friends from the goldfields. Hill and Long were heading east on business. They advised the trio to turn back and combine forces with the sawmill party. It looked pretty bad ahead for Oakes.

Oakes, Dr. Street, and Haines camped that night with Hill and Long. But Oakes did not give up easily. Next morning he continued west, with Hill and Long riding ahead as scouts.

ONE eastbound train, late in breaking camp, appeared to be having difficulty. Oakes, Dr. Street, and Haines hid behind a small hill until it had moved on. Hill and Long, waiting for them to ride up, were soberly looking at a new grave beside the road.

Oakes' first thought was that the wagontrain had delayed to bury one of its members. So he was startled to discover it was his own grave—the one described at the beginning of this article.

He no longer felt like the conquering hero—the man who had been to the goldfields and knew all the answers. Now hundreds of strangers hated him, and some would plant him in a real grave—if given the chance.

Oakes' lowered morale was boosted a notch when Hill and Long promised to stand by him, come what may. Then one of Hill's horses suddenly became sick. Hill decided to bury his wagon and its cargo. The men had unloaded the wagon and were taking it apart when Hill's teamster amazed them by climbing on a horse and dashing off down the road.

The teamster's strange action was explained next morning when George Eyre, one of the three men left behind with the sawmill, came riding up the road. He had come looking for their bodies, and was much relieved to find them all alive.

Eyre told them the teamster had ridden into the sawmill camp with a wild yarn. It was plenty scary and the frightened man went on east. According to him Oakes, Dr. Street, and Haines had been murdered by angry stampeders, who would next destroy the sawmill and take the other stuff—after killing everyone connected with the Oakes' party.

Eyre and another man of the sawmill party had taken the provisions to a ranch ten miles down the river. The third man drove the oxen to some bluffs and hid them. Then Eyre had ridden back to look for the dead bodies.

Again the laborious journey up the South Platte was resumed. Human beings gave Oakes more trouble than all the prairie-dog holes, sloughs, floods, storms, wolves, quicksand, and prickly pears they encountered.

Next day the Oakes party met some acquaintances who had wintered in Denver. The newcomers painted such a drab picture of the "worthless" gold country that Dr. Street was all for returning to Iowa. But Oakes was more determined than ever to reach the goldfields. With the sawmill working, he would prove the truth of everything in his guidebook.

Oakes had the final say. He held the absent partner's proxy, in addition to his own interest in the sawmill. As a compromise with Dr. Street, it was decided that Oakes and George Eyre would ride on to the mountains and have a look, while Dr. Street and the other two men stayed with the parked sawmill.

OAKES AND EYRE apparently reached the Rocky Mountains with little difficulty. New rich diggings had just been discovered on South Boulder Creek, about twenty-five miles northwest of Denver, so the pair did not go farther. They staked out some claims and hurried back for the sawmill and more provisions.

Down along South Boulder Creek and the St. Vrain River they rode; then along the South Platte's north bank to where Evans is now located. They expected to get provisions from some mountaineers who were reportedly camped there. Failing to find them, Oakes and Eyre had to live on antelope meat. After crossing the river, they continued downstream to Fremont's Orchard, but still found no sign of the mountaineers.

A friendly emigrant traded them some flour for antelope meat, and that night they obligingly gave the rest (plus the flour) to some starving wretches in the ruins of an abandoned fort.

The sawmill was gone when Oakes and Eyre returned to the place they had left it three weeks before. Wearily they read Dr. Street's note which was nailed to a tree trunk. It stated that Street and the men had left for home with the sawmill. Street seemed certain Oakes would willingly follow—when and if he returned from the hostile diggings.

Leaving the "played out" ponies with George Eyre, Oakes did follow, but not willingly. He "walked all night, cheered on by the hooting of the screech owl and the lady-like laughter of the lonesome coyote." The road stretched before him "like a great dusty ribbon in the moonlight." Wearily he entered Street's camp at daybreak.

Seeing him alone and on foot, Street's party supposed that Oakes had been run out of the diggings. He quickly informed them to the contrary and roundly cursed Street. Finally he told about the gold claims on South Boulder Creek, and ordered the oxen yoked and headed west—right after breakfast. Street, ashamed of himself, took all the blame for not waiting.

Oakes' party apparently reached the goldfields without any more trouble, and the bad feeling against him died down. The South Boulder Creek claims were bypassed for a site on Plum Creek, about the same distance beyond Denver. There was more pine in that location. Oakes steam sawmill sawed the lumber of Denver's first frame house.

During the Indian scares, Oakes built a large log fort for the settler's protection. He became a member of Colorado Territory's second Legislative Assembly in 1862, representing Arapahoe and Douglas Counties. In 1865, he sold his sawmill interests to become the Mountain Utes' first Indian agent. In 1869, he left that position to become deputy U. S. land surveyor, and held this job until his death in 1887.

On the day after Major Daniel C. Oakes' death, *The Rocky Mountain News* of Thursday, March 10, 1887, said among other things: "He was a man highly respected and his death removes a prominent figure from the pioneer ranks."

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

LOMAX'S BEST

John A. Lomax's *Cow Camps & Cattle Herds* (The Encino Press, $7.50) was written in 1945 for a book that was never published. It is good that it turned out that way—it would have been a pity for this fine yet realistic account of cow country doings to have been buried in a huge book of folklore. Here it has the dress it deserves—illustrations by the talented typographer and publisher Bill Wittliff, an interesting and informative introduction by John A. Lomax, Jr., beautifully printed and handsomely bound in an edition of 750 copies signed by John, Jr. Those who expect Lomax to have something to say on cowboy songs will not be disappointed—they are here. But he writes best in this book, it seems to this reviewer, about the trail herds and the cowboys who went north to the market with them. He lived hard by the trail in Bosque County, Texas, as a boy and his interest in cowboys and the songs they sang on the trail and around the campfire lasted a lifetime. Strongly recommended.

ALL ABOUT PADRE ISLAND

Padre Island, Treasure Kingdom of the World (Texian Press, $6.95) is by treasure-hunter explorer William Mahan. His firm manufactures metal detectors widely used by treasure hunters and, of course, by the author. Padre Island, 350,000 acres, is about 125 miles long and is the largest in the chain of islands off the coast of Texas stretching from Galveston to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Spanish treasure ships were wrecked on Padre and some of the treasure has been found. Lafitte buried pirate booty on the Island, it is said. Pat Dunn was a succesful rancher on Padre. It was once the site of a meat packing plant. All these things the author discusses in this book, plus much more. It includes the first complete translation of Fray Marcos de Mena's account—he was shipwrecked on Padre in 1553. He was one of two survivors of the 300 who were stranded on the island and his story was published in Spain in 1560. The author also writes of his own experiences on Padre and closes with some comments on the current rules and regulations, particularly those having to do with treasure hunting, and of the National Park Service since most of Padre became a National Seashore Park. The book is illustrated with photos and the maps are interesting. This is a fine addition to Texas history—Bill Mahan lost his amateur standing when he wrote this informative book about one of the least known parts of the State.

INDIAN AMIGO

Indian Agent in New Mexico (Stagecoach Press, $4.50) is the journal of special agent, W. F. M. Arny, in 1870. Lawrence B. Murphy wrote the introduction and provided the notes about the people and places mentioned in the *Journal.* Arny had served as Indian Agent. His job in 1870 was "to visit every Indian village, take the Indian census, examine land titles, inquire into the need for schools and settle reservation disputes." He did a job—his journal entries are often brief but he submitted eight lengthy reports and the census. It is summarized in this book and is of great historical importance. Arny was pro-Indian and did much to enlighten his superiors and the American people of the problems of the Southwestern natives. There is a frontispiece portrait of Arny in frontier costume plus an index. This is volume five in the Stagecoach Press Southwestern Series and a good one.

AND WE FOLLOW!

Red Man's Trail (Naylor, $3.95) is by Dr. Louis Thomas Jones, author and educator, now of Whittier, California. He traced Indians trails in Maine, Florida, Indiana, California and Arizona and a lot of his exploring was on foot. He pieced out his personal experiences with much research on Indian trade (and other) routes. Many of our trails, roads and highways now follow, in part, the old Indian trails. There are maps and a few good photos. The collateral reading list is good and there is an index.

ROPERS AND THEIR HORSES

13 Flat—The Rodeo, Horses and Riders (A. S. Barnes & Co., $8.50) is by Willard H. Porter, editor-publisher of *Hoofs and Horns* since 1957. Actually this book concentrates on the calf and steer ropers —thirty of them—and seven great roping horses. The author knows the riders he writes about—he watched them work, interviewed them as a working journalist, and was and is a roping buff. Only one roper, from the author's adopted state, Arizona, rates a sketch in this book—Billy Hamilton, a great team roping competitor, who operates a 72-section ranch near Joseph City. However, many of the others who are covered made Arizona rodeos and Porter did not always lose money reporting roping contests (he spent $40 and got $7.50 for his story when he traveled to Clovis, N. M. for his "first"). Nineteen of the thirty ropers are from Texas (ten) and New Mexico. Idaho has a single representative—but what a winner—Dean Oliver, Champion calf roper in 1955, 1958, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963 and 1964. Six Oklahoma and three California ropers round out the thirty. These are the great ones—not all were national champions but all were ropers' ropers. Seven horses—nay, dozens of fine roping horses are in this book since each of the ropers had his favorite mounts. The teamwork between rodeo roper and mount is particularly important. The photos are great—glossary, index and lists of the professional roping champions since 1929 further enhance this fine job of reporting.

QUANTRELL'S SCOUT

Three Years with Quantrell (Buffalo-Head Press, $10.00) was written in 1914 by O. S. Barton for John McCorkle, one of Quantrell's scouts. This is a facsimile reprint of that quite scarce edition and is bound in cloth—it is the first (so far as your reviewer knows) book issued by a new publisher, J Bar M, Inc. and distributed by the young but knowing New York dealer in Americana, James F. Carr, 41 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003. The first edition has been most difficult to find in recent years and the price is usually well over a hundred dollars when an occasional copy does come on the market. John McCorkle settled down after the war and was a highly respected Missouri farmer and citizen. He told the story of his days with Quantrell a half century after they were over but it is a straightforward account with the ring of truth—this was the way he remembered it. His memory may have been faulty on some minor points but his recollections check out quite well with established facts on major events. Some of the illustrations did not reproduce well and an index would have been helpful, still it is good to have McCorkle's account readily available again. Recommended.

WHO WAS WILL JAMES?

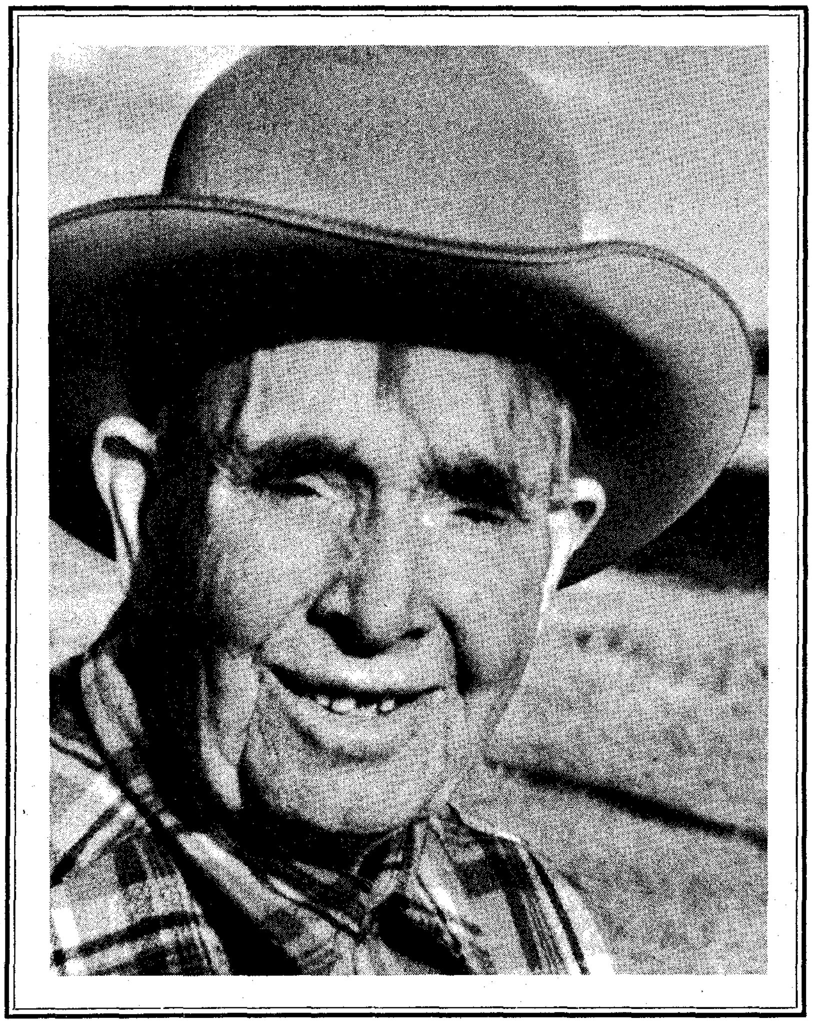
Will James, the Gilt Edged Cowboy (Westernlore Press, $7.50) is by Anthony Amaral of Nevada—it grew from an article to a book as his research uncovered more and more facts about the talented but sly writer-illustrator. Will led everyone to understand that *Lone Cowboy, My Life Story* (N. Y., 1930) was autobiographical—Amaral shows that this minor classic is mostly fiction. To be sure, Will used a few incidents from his past in *Lone Cowboy* but twisted them to earn the sympathy of readers. J. Frank Dobie said of him, "Will James knew his frijoles, but burned them up before he died in 1942." He was certainly skeptical of *Lone Cowboy*—"without a date or a geographical location"—and how right he was. Amaral did a remarkable job in back-trailing Will and he pulls no punches in telling the story. It doesn't seem quite fair to reveal in a brief review the numerous secrets that Amaral uncovered. If you want to know who Will James really was, why he went to prison, the truth about his drinking, and achieve some understanding of the complexities of the man, this book is for you. The book is illustrated with photos of Will's family and friends and with a number of carefully selected drawings showing his progress and growth as an illustrator. There is a bibliography plus an index and Westernlore has provided its usual good job of book making.

LAST DAYS GREAT NORTHERN

It's appropriate that the men who were there at the finish were Charles Russell, Sid Willis and Kickin' Bob Kennon

By "KICKIN'" BOB KENNON
as told to
FLORENCE BOYD FRANKLIN

Photos Courtesy Author



Kennon in his last years. He still wore his smile of amusement listening to a friend telling a humorous story.

MANY PLACES still have the marks of the great buffalo herds. Arrow Creek, Shonkin Creek in Montana's Highwood Mountains, all around Great Falls, near Vaughn, and out at Sand Coulee near Great Falls may be seen some very good buffalo jumps, often with many hunting arrows recoverable near the sites. There were four big herds in this country. Our Northern herd was one of the largest in the West. Another was called the Great Texas herd; then another known as the Arkansas, after the Arkansas River; and one the Republican, named for that river.

The Northern herd extended up into Alberta, Canada and, of course, it lasted the longest. I often rode the western country and admired this Flathead herd. The buffaloes were grand to look at when in prime but got awful seedy looking when the last of January came along, for they faded awfully fast.

Often we riders would talk of what it must have been like when those great big fellows thundered over our prairies; we'd wish we could have seen such a sight. We'd get lost in thoughts like these at times. The hump ribs were choice parts of the animal, and grand when roasted.

Indians never wasted any of the buffalo for they used it not only for food but clothing and robes and for shelters of many kinds. Even the bones were made into many kinds of articles and I remember once seeing a child's sled made from the ribs and other bones.

Some of the most wonderful and true stories of the buffalo hunts were told to me by my life-long Indian friend, Jack Guardipee. The Indians called him "Zack." His father was old Eli Guardipee, famous hunter, who lived and worked with Joseph Kipp, noted Indian trader of Fort Benton and most of this part of our country. Kipp has written in his books that Eli Guardipee was a great man and the most reliable shot he ever knew. He simply had no equal with a rifle, and buffalo hunting was their main business at the time Eli and Kipp were together.

Jack said that his father was of the Pikunis, and his people gave Eli the name of "Takes Gun Ahead." When Jack spoke it, this is how it sounded but I am, of course, not sure of the spelling: "Is-in-a-ma-kaw."

Eli's mother was Shoshoni and Jack told me that stories handed down to him described his grandmother as not only good looking but quick-witted and brave. Many places in the north country were named for the Guardipee family, such as Guardipee Crossing. Beyond the Belly River north to the Bow River, one will often come across this name.

JACK said that his father followed the buffalo herds which were, of course, steadily being chased farther and farther east toward the Dakotas. That was about the time that Jack Guardipee was born, but the family returned to Montana when Jack was still a small boy. He could remember the buffalo herds quite well as he was then old enough. This was about 1879 and buffaloes were still roaming the prairies.

Jack would tell of the squaws preparing hides and of their secret way of doing a beautiful job on them by their own Indian methods. He was my friend but, even so, he never revealed this secret, though he did prepare some beautiful deer hides once for a present to me. Jack was good at a lot of things and had been a famous stage driver in his

# of the HERD

young days. He was certainly a master with a team of horses and one of the finest I ever saw pull the ribbons. His stage driving was done at Zortman and all through the Little Rocky Mountains.

Often we sat out under the big trees in my yard at Square Butte and remembered all these days we once knew, and sometimes it would be at night when the moon washes everything with silver. Once he said to me, "Jesus, Bob, I wish we could see a herd of buffalo come down to drink and then scramble up the bank and start to eat grass out there on that prairie." Then his old eyes would fill with tears and we wouldn't talk for a while as we both were afraid our voices would fail us.

Jack and I had many experiences together as he once operated the ferry at Rocky Point, and also was one of our riders at the Circle C the day Parley-Vous, another Indian boy, almost drowned while we were taking the Coburn cattle across the river to the north range.

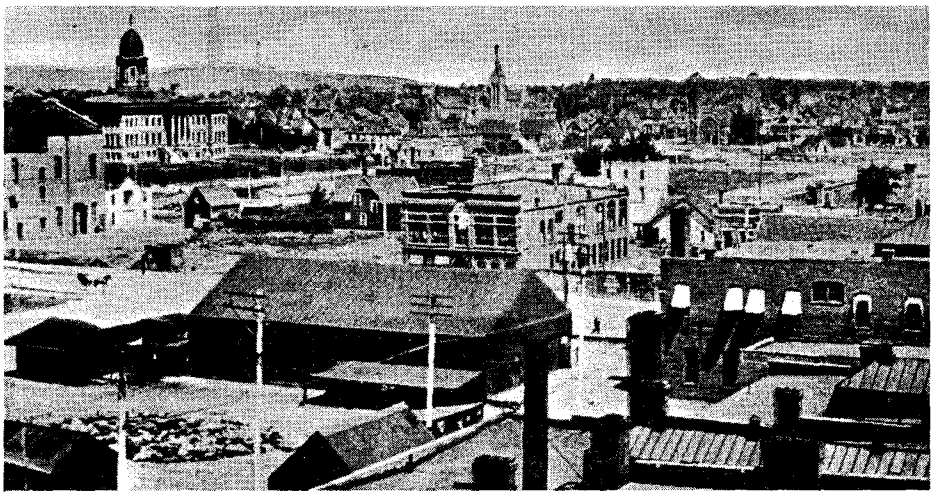
Jack had a rather sad life as his father was killed by a grizzly up in the Snowies. His father was buried in Forest Grove and Jack always worried about this as he wished to have him sleeping in the cemetery at Lewistown where his mother lay.

One day he took a gunny sack from the ranch and rode away, returning later with his father's bones which he had dug up. He reburied them beside his mother in Lewistown. "Now I am glad, as they will be together always," he said.

IN 1908-1909, the Canadian Government bought the buffalo herd which once roamed the Flathead Indian Reservation. This land had been thrown open to white settlers who were coming in fast. Officials of Wainwright Park in Canada invited Charlie Russell to be their guest for six weeks while the buffaloes were being gathered for transfer to their new home across the border.

Well, you all know how Charlie loved the great herds and how he put them on canvas for future generations to enjoy. When he heard the news of this sale, he was sitting with us in Sid Willis' place, having a good time with his friends, and had not as yet opened some letters which he was carrying around in his pocket.

He drew out this one and handing it to Sid, said, "Read this, Sid, and tell me if I read it right. Hell, I hope I'm wrong in what I think it says." But he had read it correctly as it was an invitation to come up for the last buffalo hunt.



Early photo of Great Falls, Montana, in the horse and buggy era when Sleepy Tom and Charlie Bowlegs had their experiences.

With tears in his eyes, Charlie said to me, "My God, Bob, I didn't know Montana was broke and it's a damn good thing that us cowpunchers are on the way out, too, like the buffalo."

Speaking of Sid Willis, owner of the old Mint Saloon, who was a pioneer cowboy of my time and also a sheriff and a U. S. Marshal, I wish to say that he was also the "Old West," and it would take a full lifetime of collecting from his friends and associates if the whole story were written about him.

The entire world knows of the fame of the cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, and that he was Sid's very close friend. But even Russell was not more a typical true Westerner than Sid Willis. From 1889 to the last days of the artist's life, these two men were close.

Willis owned a fine collection of valuable Russell paintings, and these hung in the old Mint until he sold out. Although the building was old, and never was fire or burglar proof, nothing ever touched these grand pictures. Sid welcomed everyone, and the Mint was really the center of activity in these parts. Young and old rodeo riders loved to come here even in later years, for here was the flavor of the old cattle country.

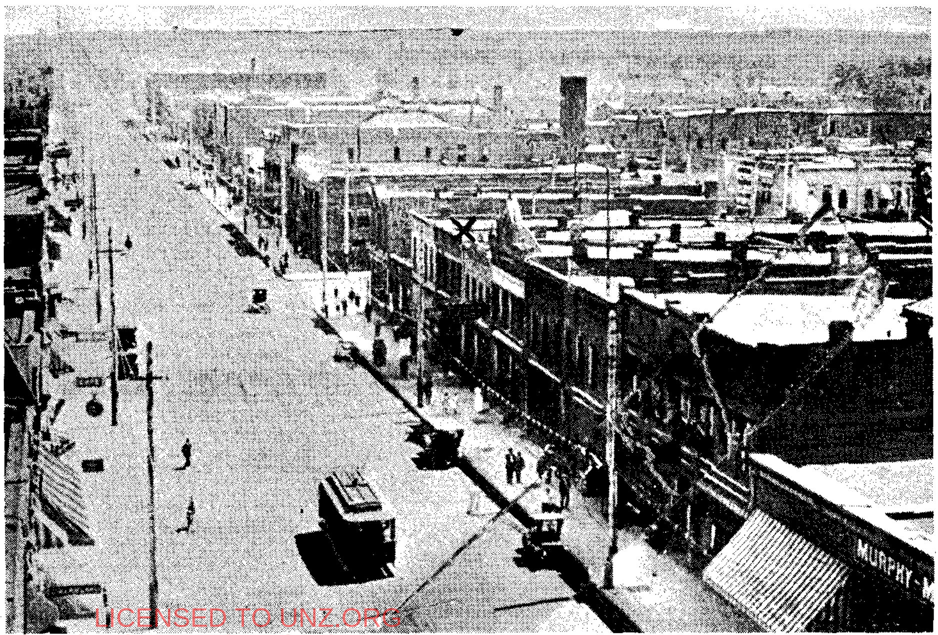
Charlie had lived and hunted with the Blood Indians and he said that was why he could do a good job painting them. He knew all the stories of the great hunts and adventures from these Indians. His buffaloes are perfect and you can tell what time of year it is in his pictures. The buffalo fur primed in November and the cows had the most beautiful color, being a rich dark red. It stayed that way till after Christmas time.

A short time after our talk in the Mint, Sid, Charlie and I traveled north to see Charlie off on the train which would take him to Canada. He was sad, of course, and as we sat in the smoking car, talking, he said to me, "Kickin', it's my last chance to see a great herd on the move, so I'm takin' my painting stuff to put them on canvas."

He had a storehouse of memories which helped him finish his sketches and he put it all down there, just as it really was in life.

Just take a long look at his pictures called "Where the Great Herds Came to Drink," "When the Land was God's," and "His Heart Sleeps." It's nearly like being there yourself.

Below, X indicates the famous *Mint Saloon* at 220 Central Avenue, Great Falls, where Sid Willis displayed C. M. Russell's originals for years.

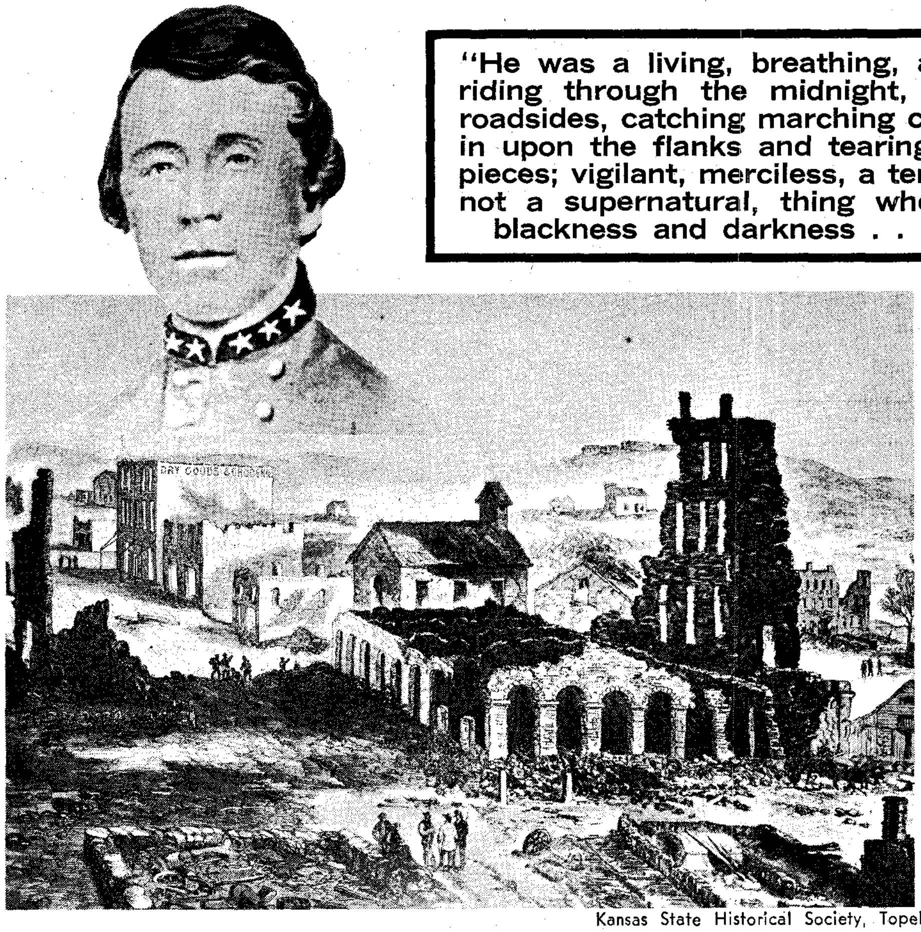


> **"He was a living, breathing, aggressive, all-powerful reality, riding through the midnight, laying ambuscades by lonely roadsides, catching marching columns by the throat, breaking in upon the flanks and tearing a suddenly surprised rear to pieces; vigilant, merciless, a terror by day and superhuman, if not a supernatural, thing when there was upon the earth blackness and darkness . . ."—Major John N. Edwards**

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" WAS NOT

By RAYMOND W. SETTLE

Photos Courtesy Author



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Top photo, William Clark Quantrill. Above, ruins of Lawrence, from Harper's Weekly, September 19, 1863.

IN THE SUMMER of 1863, Brigadier General Thomas Ewing, commandant of the District of the Border with headquarters at Kansas City, ordered the arrest of several dozen women—wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of William Clark Quantrill's relentless guerillas —on a vague charge of disloyalty to the Union, acting as spies, and supplying their men with food, clothing and ammunition, all of which was more or less true. They were taken to Kansas City and imprisoned on the second floor of a dilapidated brick building at 1409 Grand Avenue.

Early in August, 1863, the captain of the post guard in Kansas City, Lieutenant Frank Parker of Company C, Eleventh Kansas Regiment, asked Lieutenant John M. Singer to make an examination of the building. Singer pronounced it unsafe. Upon receiving this report, General Ewing sent his adjutant to examine it. That officer disagreed with Singer.

Early in the afternoon Lieutenant Parker and Thomas Barber of Singer's company made another examination of the building and found the conditions so alarming that Parker ordered an immediate evacuation of the prisoners. He was too late. With a thunderous crash the floors collapsed and the walls fell in on top of them.

Josephine Anderson was killed instantly. Her ten-year-old sister, Janie, tried to escape through a window but a twelve-pound cannon ball attached to her ankle restrained her. Both legs were broken and it is reported that she died. Charity Kerr was killed by a falling timber. Some writers add the names of Mrs. Nan Harris McCorkle and Mrs. Susan Vandiver to the list of the dead.

News of the catastrophe quickly spread through town and a crowd rushed to the scene. Some of the survivors and spectators charged that General Ewing had ordered the removal of beams and girders, causing the building's collapse. This story, which spread rapidly, reached the guerillas hiding in Jackson and Lafayette Counties. They believed it, and swore vengeance on the Union Army.

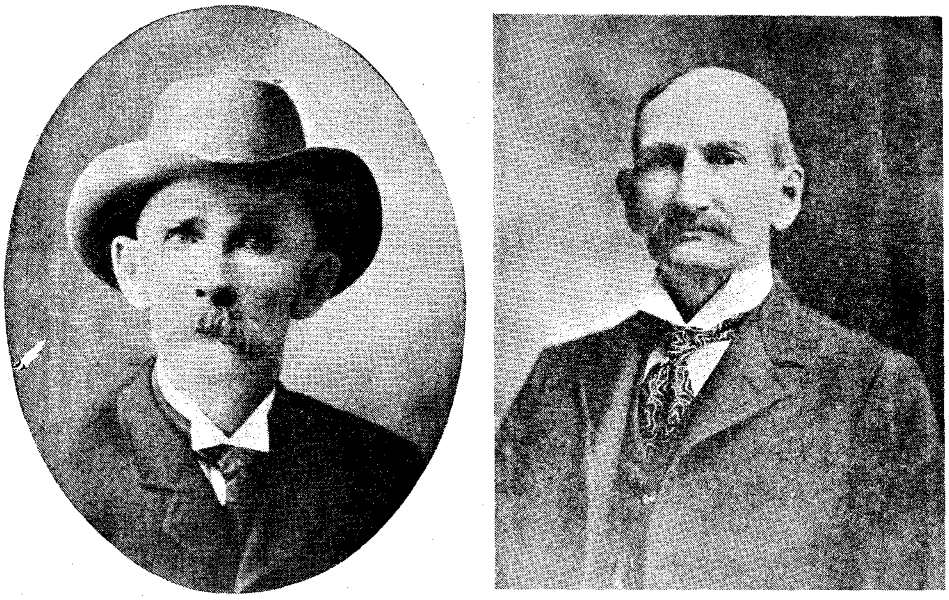
Quantrill ordered a rendezvous at the Captain Purdue farm on Blackwater River in northeast Johnson County, sixty miles east of the border. By the night of August 18 the guerillas were at full strength, ready for whatever their leader had in mind. Among them was Bill Anderson, who vowed he would slay every Union soldier he met to avenge his sister's death. When he was killed near Orrick, Missouri, on October 26, 1864, the silk cord upon which he kept score contained fifty-four knots. Also present were Bill Gregg, George Todd, John Jarrette, Harrison Trow, Dick Yager, John McCorkle, Cole Younger, Frank James, and others.

IT IS difficult to believe that General Ewing intentionally plotted the murder of more than twenty defenseless women. Nevertheless, the incident intensified the animosity already existing on the Kansas-Missouri border.

Two years before, General James H. Lane and his Kansas Redlegs had raided Osceola, Missouri, where twenty persons were said to have been killed, the bank robbed of $8,000, the town burned, and hundreds of wagons and teams stolen. Under Lane, Charles R. Jennison, and James Montgomery, "Jayhawkers" had been stealing Negroes, robbing houses, and burning barns in Missouri since 1860. "The evidence of their crimes is unquestionable," General Halleck of the North admitted. But neither he nor any other Union commander had been able to keep Jayhawkers out of Missouri.

ABOUT seven o'clock on the evening of August 20, a farmer rode into Captain J. A. Pike's patrol camp near Aubry, Kansas and informed him that a body of seven or eight hundred heavily armed men claiming to be United States soldiers had passed his house and told him they were bound for Paola. The description the farmer gave fitted Quantrill's guerillas. While the farmer was still at the camp, Pike sent couriers to Captain Charles F. Coleman at Little Santa Fe, twelve miles to the north, and to Lieutenant Colonel C. S. Clark of Coldwater Grove, thirteen miles to the south, with the information he had received. Clark, in turn, sent orders to the commandants at Trading Post and Rockville to march at once to Coldwater Grove and join him.

That was exactly what Quantrill wanted him to do. Turning west, Quantrill led his command toward Gardner, certain that no Union troops lay between him and Lawrence. At eleven o'clock that night the marauders burned a few houses



Left, William H. Gregg, who signed his name as First Lieutenant and aide-de-camp to Quantrill. Right, Frank James, older brother of Jesse James, who joined Quantrill's band early in the Civil War.

ENOUGH

and killed several men in Gardner, then swung northwest toward Hesper, twelve hours ahead of the nearest pursuing detachment. A mile west of the village they stopped at the farm of Joseph Stone. George Todd recognized Stone as the man who had caused his arrest at Independence in 1861. Todd clubbed him to death with his musket.

For some strange reason, none of the guerillas were able to guide the band across the open prairie toward Lawrence. Instead, farmers along the route were awakened and forced to accompany the column. Any identified by the guerillas as free-state men were shot and their bodies left upon the prairie. Bill Gregg said ten such unfortunates were killed that night.

Although Quantrill had been in Kansas twelve hours when he reached Hesper, no word of his approach was conveyed to Lawrence. Neither had Pike sent messengers to Paola, Olathe, or Lawrence, although it was plain one of them would be attacked.

A boy living near Gardner begged his father to let him mount his pony and take a byroad to Lawrence, but was not allowed to do so. J. Reed, who lived in the Hesper neighborhood, set out full speed for the town. Before he was halfway there his horse fell dead and he himself was so badly injured he died the next day.

At daybreak on the morning of August 21, Quantrill passed through Franklin, four miles from Lawrence, with many of the men asleep in their saddles. They had been on the road twelve hours and had marched approximately thirty-five miles. An early-rising physician who counted them said they numbered 450. Soon after the guerillas passed through town, Bill Gregg and five men were sent to scout Lawrence and report whether it was safe for Quantrill to attack. On the summit of a ridge west of Franklin, the column halted for final instructions. Quantrill divided his command into squadrons of forty-five and assigned specific tasks to each. His final order was, "Kill every man big enough to carry a gun!"

TWO MILES from Lawrence the marauders came to the farm of the Reverend S. S. Snyder, a lieutenant in the Second Kansas Colored Infantry, who was in his barnyard milking a cow. They riddled his body with bullets and passed on.

A mile later they chanced upon Hoffman Collamore, young son of George W. Collamore, the mayor of Lawrence. Some of the guerillas stopped to talk to him, then began shooting without warning. The lad ran into a field but was brought down with a bullet in his thigh. He had the presence of mind to lie still, and deceived his assailants into thinking he was dead. While they rode laughingly on, he crawled to a house and got help.

Next they hit a camp of sleeping Fourteenth Cavalry and Second Colored Regiment recruits on Massachusetts Street. The terrified soldiers leaped from their blankets and rushed outside their tents. Some gained safety in a nearby cornfield.

"Scarcely any resistance was made," wrote one of the raiders later, "as every time they stuck their heads out of a tent it was met by a bullet."

Ridden over, shot in their blankets, paralyzed with fear, what could they do against the quickest and deadliest pistol shots on the border? In a few minutes it was over and the killers rode on, leaving fourteen of the Fourteenth Cavalry Regiment and twenty of the Second Colored Volunteers dead. The poor men never knew who their executioners were.

Quantrill, with Bill Gregg beside him and one of the squadrons behind him, thundered along Massachusetts Street shooting into houses. Men and boys who rushed outside to see what was happening were killed in their dooryards.

Quantrill halted at the Eldridge Hotel but did not attack it for fear it was fortified and garrisoned by soldiers. Captain A. R. Banks, Provost Marshal of Kansas, waved a white bed sheet from a window as a token surrender and shouted a request that civilian guests be spared and treated as prisoners of war. Quantrill agreed and, after robbing them, herded them to the City Hotel, which he said would not be destroyed because the proprietor, a Mr. Stone, had treated him well some years before. Then he ordered the torch applied to Eldridge House.

The vandals next galloped to the Johnson House, forced the male occupants across the street and shot them. A man named Hampton, badly wounded, feigned death. When the assailants left he crawled to safety. Three Dix brothers, all seriously hurt, tried to escape through a window. Two of them were killed but the third got away and hid.

Mayor Collamore, who did not know his son had been seriously wounded, saw a detachment coming toward his home and with a friend, Pat Keefe, lowered himself into the well. The raiders set the house afire and rode on. When the guerillas were gone and the flames had died down, Mrs. Collamore went to the well and called her husband, but got no response. Captain J. G. Lowe began to descend to see what had happened to Collamore and Keefe. Before he had gone far he slipped, fell to the bottom, and died. The Mayor and Keefe were already dead, suffocated by fumes and smoke from the burning buildings.

In a nearby house lived Dr. Griswold, State Senator S. M. Thorpe, Josiah Trask, editor of the *State Journal*, and Harlow Baker, with their wives. They were armed and determined to defend themselves until one of the assassins promised they would not be harmed if they surrendered. Taking him at his word, they walked out and gave up their weapons. They were remorselessly shot down. Griswold, Thorpe and Trask died instantly, but Harlow Baker, though badly wounded, lived to tell the story. The assailants looted the house of everything they could carry, then burned it to the ground.

Another detachment caught Judge Lewis Carpenter in his yard and chased him into the house, wounding him seriously. First he hid in the cellar, but later went back into the yard, possibly seeking aid. His wife threw herself upon him to protect him from further violence. Finally a raider jerked her arm aside, and shot the judge in the head. They set fire to the judge's home but his sister-in-law put out the flames.

When a man named Fitch opened his door in response to loud knocking he was killed without knowing who shot him or why. Seeing he had on a new pair of boots, his executioner calmly removed them and put them upon his own feet. Another detachment entered the country store where James Eldridge and James Perine clerked, and promised that if they would open the safe their lives would be spared. The young men complied, the safe was robbed, but both were brutally gunned to death.

Ellis, a blacksmith, fled into a cornfield carrying his infant child. He probably would have been safe had the child not begun to cry. The sound betrayed his hiding place and he was shot through the head with the infant in his arms.

The home of a sick man was invaded and set on fire. Members of the family carried him outside and placed him upon the ground. One of Quantrill's desperados killed him in the presence of his wife and children. A man named Palmer, proprietor of a gunshop, was talking with a customer when the attackers surrounded his place and opened fire. Both men were hit and the building set on fire. Though the wounded men managed to get outside there was no safety for them. The killers bound their hands together and threw them back into the flames.

The Reverend H. D. Fisher's name stood high on Quantrill's list of the doomed. Fisher had been chaplain of a Kansas Regiment serving in Missouri. When his house was attacked, he crawled into a partly excavated cellar. The house was set on fire but his resourceful wife poured water upon the floor just above the spot where he lay. When the flames finally compelled her to flee from the building, Fisher crawled out through a window. His wife rolled him in a carpet and with the help of a neighbor dragged it into some weeds and piled furniture and household utensils upon it. By this strategy he escaped death.

George Sargent was shot with his wife clinging to him. The same bullet which snuffed out his life wounded her so severely in the neck that she bore an ugly scar the rest of her life.

GENERAL LANE, whose name headed Quantrill's list of wanted men, was asleep when the attack started. Hearing the rattle of pistol shots and suspecting what was happening, he leaped from his bed and fled barefoot into a nearby cornfield.

The vandals ransacked his home, took an elegant flag which had been presented to him by the women of Mexico City in appreciation of his service as Provost Marshal during the War with Mexico, and a gold mounted sword given him by the officers and men of the Fifth Indiana Infantry, his command during that conflict. When they had taken what they wanted, they set fire to the house.

About nine o'clock, after four hours of indiscriminate carnage, Quantrill halted the blood-bath and led his weary ruffians out of town. South along the Fort Scott road they rode in a compact body, a long string of stolen horses burdened with loot following them. Almost 200 buildings had been reduced to rubble and ashes. One hundred and eighty-five men and boys lay dead, eighty women had been made widows, and two hundred and fifty children left fatherless.

Not a single shot had been fired in defense that day (few of the inhabitants even possessed guns of any kind). Two guerillas were accidentally wounded by bullets fired by their comrades. After the raiders had left the ruined town, Larkin Skaggs, apparently dissatisfied with the division of plunder, returned in a raging fury. Riding up to the City Hotel, whose occupants were staring at the ruins about them, he shot and killed the proprietor, Mr. Stone, whom Quantrill had promised to spare. As he wheeled to gallop away again, young John Speer, Jr., whose older and younger brothers were among the victims, seized a rifle and shot Skaggs out of his saddle. A little later his body was dragged through the streets and tossed into a ravine. Thus the raiders' only casualty was brought down by a grief-crazed boy.

Cole Younger, one of Quantrill's lieutenants. At one time he held a Captain's commission in the Confederate Army.

One squadron of raiders had seized the ferryboat, preventing Union troops on the north side of the river from crossing to give aid. They came to the water's edge and fired long range at every guerilla they saw but with no effect. They could have been a thousand miles away.

LEAVING LAWRENCE, Quantrill marched due south along the road that led to the Santa Fe Trail. He ordered two detachments of twenty men each, led by Bill Gregg and Bill Anderson, to ride parallel with the main body and burn every house along the way. This arson and homicide culminated in the razing of the village of Brooklyn. About a mile farther south, he came in view of Union scouts and swung south a short distance, then turned back to Brooklyn. From there he headed for the broken country along Middle Ottawa Creek.

Northern troops had been pursuing Quantrill since his feint toward Paola. By this simple strategy he had succeeded in confusing the Union commanders. Captain Pike had told Captain Coleman and Lieutenant Colonel Clark that the invaders were traveling southwest toward Paola; Coleman, in turn, had made that report to Kansas City.

Upon receipt of Coleman's message, Major Preston B. Plumb, General Ewing's Chief of Staff, set out for Olathe with fifty men, arriving at daybreak on the morning of August 21. There he learned that Quantrill had passed Gardner going toward Lawrence about six hours earlier. In keeping with this latest information, Plumb turned northwest, marched twelve miles to the neighborhood of Palmyra, six miles southeast of Lawrence. There he met Coleman and Pike and learned that Quantrill was marching south along the Fort Scott road on his way back to Missouri. At Palmyra General James H. Lane, with fifty to a hundred citizens, joined Plumb and the others. Their combined forces now numbered about 330 men but the horses in all the detachments were nearly exhausted.

Nevertheless, Major Plumb sent Captain Coleman with his command to the west to intercept him. The major himself marched south to Prairie City parallel with and about two miles away from the guerilla column. Coleman reached the Fort Scott road not long after Quantrill had passed, and turned to follow him. Almost immediately he had a skirmish with the guerilla rear guard under Bill Gregg. For eighteen miles, and throughout the afternoon, they waged a running fight which ended at Bull Creek Crossing west of Paola. There Coleman abandoned the pursuit.

He and his men had been in the saddle twenty-four hours and their horses, which had marched one hundred miles without rest, food, or water, were exhausted. He reported that they had killed or wounded thirty guerillas during the afternoon—a fantastic overstatement.

Quantrill made camp five miles north of Paola. Meanwhile the whole pursuing force, which included the commands of Plumb, Coleman, Clark, Lane, militia, and citizens—at least 500 men—assembled in the town.

Though they knew the exact location of the guerilla camp, the Union forces made no attempt to attack it that night, and the raiders were fifteen miles away in the woods and brush along Grand River before the Union forces took up the pursuit again.

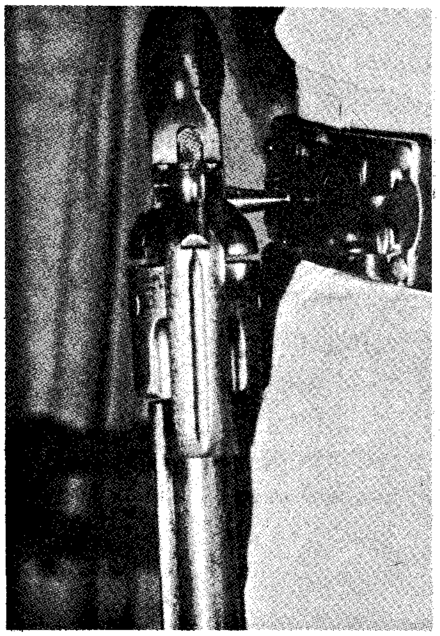
In his report to General Schofield on August 26, General Ewing said, "There has been no failure to exert every possible effort to catch Quantrill, except at Paola Friday night when a great occasion was lost. I shall see that the censure for that falls where it belongs." The blame, of course, fell upon Lieutenant Colonel Clark, the ranking officer. Some of his men and horses were close to exhaustion, it was true, but so were Quantrill's. Had Clark cut off the guerilla's retreat into Missouri during the night, he could have made an early morning attack and ended the bloody raider's career.

ON THE MORNING of August 22, Quantrill left Kansas at approximately the same place he had entered the state two days before. Upon reaching

(Continued on page 53)

TRICKS of the TRADE

Some men know a lot more about guns than any peaceful feller has a right to know!



Six-gun attached to swivel device.

By CHARLES F. ECKHARDT

IT WAS a hot, dry day in Tombstone. Suddenly half-a-dozen shots and a wild yell rang out. City Marshal Fred White and Deputy Virgil Earp discovered Curly Bill Graham (the name has been recorded as William Brocius Graham, William Graham Brocius, and Red Curly—although his hair was black) enjoying the grand old sport of can-rolling in an alley. The object of the game was to hit the can or hit just under it, keeping it rolling or hopping crazily, until the shooter and his ammunition were exhausted or the can was shot to pieces. The sport could be downright injurious to nearby property, not to mention dangerous to any innocent bystanders who blundered into the line of fire.

"Gimme your gun, Curly" the marshal ordered.

Curly Bill seemed ready to comply when Deputy Earp, noticing something peculiar, grabbed the outlaw from behind. The pistol cracked and Fred White fell, a bullet in his belly and an amazed look on his face.

The coroner's jury ruled accidental death on the strength of Curly's statement—he hadn't meant to shoot White, the pistol had a hair-trigger and the jolt of being grabbed by Earp had touched it off. The jury ignored the obvious. Even if the gun had had a hair-trigger, it would have had to have been cocked and pointed at White in order to kill him. Fred White, a seasoned lawman, would never have taken a loaded revolver, cocked and tendered muzzle first, from a man of Curly's reputation.

This was the heyday of the "quick draw," the "border roll," and the "tony rigout." Men's lives depended on the way they handled their guns and there were no Marquis of Queensbury rules (nor electronic gadgets) to control the devices and tricks which gunfighters such as Curly Bill developed in order to get the drop on an opponent.

But the West wasn't always that way—because guns weren't always that way. Until 1875 a really fast draw wasn't possible. A look at the history of the six-gun will explain why.

Prior to 1815 and the invention of the percussion caplock, pistols had about the same reliability as a fifty-cent cigarette lighter. The British Army tested the old Brown Bess flintlock against a caplock musket just prior to the adoption of the caplock as its official weapon. The reliability factor of Brown Bess was six to one—out of 6,000 shots she misfired 1,000 times. The reliability factor of the caplock, on the other hand, was 1,000 to one. Out of 6,000 shots it misfired only six times!

Even the tremendously reliable caplock was no real improvement on the old flint-and-steel in pistols, though. Pistols still shot only once or at most twice and men still depended on careful aim, since an empty pistol was a pretty poor club. In 1836 Samuel Colt produced his five-shot revolving pistol. The market paid no attention and Sam Colt went broke. But fortunately, about a hundred of his funny-looking five-shooters wound up in the hands of Captain Jack Hays of the Texas Rangers. The Rangers swore by the pistols and Colt became a household word in Texas. But the Paterson lacked a trigger guard and a trigger guard was essential for the evolution of the fast draw.

General Zach Taylor took a hard look at the Patersons in 1846 and demanded some of the weapons for his own troops. Captain Sam Walker of the Texas Rangers went to Colt, presented him with a government contract, and aired a number of gripes the Rangers had about the earlier weapon. Walker's ideas and Colt's genius produced a foot-and-a-half long, five-found, .44 caliber belt cannon known as the model 1847, or Walker, Colt. The Walker had the necessary trigger guard but a bunch of mechanical doodads, including a seven-inch loading lever, impeded its smoothness and it was too big for anyone smaller than Paul Bunyan to toss around with ease.

IN 1848 the Walker was superseded by the Dragoon which was smaller, had a latch for the loading lever, and the necessary trigger guard, but was still too heavy for easy manipulation. This was followed in '51 by a smaller, lighter pocket pistol in the .36, or Navy, caliber (actually, this was about .357, give or take a couple of thousandths).

The .36, or .38, as it came to be called, was the first revolver which could be used for really fast gun work. All the model 1851 lacked was the proper harness.

Since the revolver was a military weapon, civilians looked to the Army for a way to carry it. And the Army treated this wonderful machine exactly as it treated the caplock single-shot. The primary weapon of both Dragoons and Artillery was the saber. For this reason, cavalrymen wore their six-shooters in left-handed, flap-top cases over the right hip.

It was expected that the good mounted soldier would reach for his steel first, whack the attackers' heads off until the enemy started to run, then stuff his trusty toad-sticker back into its scabbard, reach around behind his back with his right hand, corkscrew his six-shooter out of its backward case, and fire into the retreating enemy. Exactly how long it took some enterprising civilian to figure out the bugs in this system is the measure of time between the production of the first light revolvers and the evolution of the first fast draw.

Who was he then, this first fast gun? His name isn't known but here is his description. He was born in the South between 1825 and 1830. He invented the fast draw between 1850 and 1855 either in California or Texas. He was intelligent, probably of the gentry class—a second or third son gone West to find his fortune. He may have been a lawman but chances are he lived by his wits. He was very probably a professional gambler.

I'll explain my guess. He would have had to have been young and not a plodding farmer or hard-rock miner, since big, heavily calloused hands don't make for fast gun-work. He had to have time to experiment with his gun-harness, so he must have lived well. He had immediate and demanding reasons to want a pistol with speed and dexterity. A young Southerner in California during the gold rush, making his living as a professional gambler, would exactly fit these requirements.

Our young gambler must have decided that the idea of wearing a gun with its butt forward was foolish. He went to a Mexican bootmaker and had a right-handed holster constructed. Since the flap on the top of the Army case got in the way, he dispensed with it. Possibly he experimented with a tight fit around the pistol to hold it in place, but greased the leather so it wouldn't bind the weapon. It didn't take him long to realize that a belt-high holster was awkward, so he let the weapon sag to his hip. There it tended to flop and bounce, so he cinched the belt tight across his hips. This was uncomfortable; he loosened the belt and tied the bottom of the holster to his leg with a latigo. He wasn't very fast by later standards, but he was faster than anyone else at the time and that's what counted.

AT FIRST the straight "drag-her-out-and shoot" system probably was satisfactory. The first fast gun yanked his hardware clear by pulling straight up, leveling the pistol and cocking the hammer when the muzzle cleared leather. This was fast, but it had certain limitations. A little experimentation showed the advantages of a stiff-leather, canted case. And with this would have come the idea of letting the pistol's weight cock it as it was dragged out. Perhaps the front sight scraped and hung in the leather. He filed it away. The trigger pull was a little stiff. He filed the action, perhaps tied the trigger back, or even removed it altogether. And there, in all probability, the art of the fast draw ceased development until sometime after 1875.

Way up north in the Oregon country, in Montana, Wyoming, and the Dakotas, men were doing some almighty fast unleathering from a harness that closely resembled the old Army rig. The pistol was worn belt high with the butt to the front, but in a right-hand holster on the left side. The right hand yanked it out from under the coat and fired after a much shorter and more natural pull than the hip rig. Why the difference?

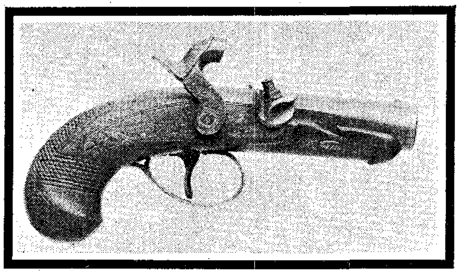
In the north country, it got a mite cool, come winter, and the only way to keep gun oil from thickening and "freezing up" was to keep the weapon as warm as possible. Considering this, the best place for the gun was up under the heavy mackinaw, cinched in as close to the body as possible. It was faster to dig under the heavy coat from right to left and to unlimber across one's belly, than to paw the coattails up over the hip and jerk clear that way. Since he who was fastest lived, the cross-draw prospered in the North.

The cross-draw was more natural than the hip draw and afforded a more easily concealed weapon. It moved South and was adopted by many of the fast Southwestern gunfighters.

The year 1875 marks the final development of the fast draw and is the point of beginning for nominations for fastest gun. Anyone whose career ended within a year or two of 1875 should not be considered for the nomination. This includes Wild Bill Hickok, who got his in '76, and Bill Longley, who died of hemp poisoning in '77.

Why 1875? That was the year that Colt's Frontier Six-shooter, caliber .45, five-inch barrel, was released to the public. This perfectly balanced weapon made possible the advance known as gun-rolling, the ultimate development of the fast draw.

The forefinger was placed in the trigger-guard and the pistol jerked forward against the edge of the holster. The gun spun around the forefinger, the hammer was caught by the second joint of the thumb, and the momentum of the pistol cocked it. As the butt slapped into the palm, the hammer slid from under the thumb and the hand closed on the grip and the trigger. The whole synchronized movement was completed in a few hundredths of a second.



A true "Henry Deringer" muzzle-loading pocket pistol.

Range, however, was a limiting factor in a fast-draw shoot-out. The maximum range for accuracy without direct aiming seems to have been about seven yards or twenty-one feet. Beyond this distance, speed no longer was more important than accuracy. Many gunfights were won because the man who shot second took the time to shoot straight.

JUST being fast wasn't the only criterion, as Curly Bill proved that day in Tombstone. Or as a cocky Texan named Wes Hardin showed Wild Bill Hickok. Ordered to surrender his guns, Hardin took the pistols from his holsters and started to hand them over butts first. Suddenly they reversed and Hickok found himself staring down the oversized muzzles of a pair of cocked six-shooters. The affair ended in a Mexican standoff. Hardin became a minor miracle overnight—a mere kid had beaten Hickok!

At Willis, Texas, two Negro State Policemen got the drop on Wes Hardin. He started to hand over his guns, reversed them, and—in his own words—"Two men tried to take my pistols. They got the contents thereof, instead."

They called it the Curly Bill, the Border Roll, the Texas Roll, Texas Spin or Texas Flip, the Road-agent's Spin, the Wes Hardin, the Hardin Roll, or the Arkansaw Spin (Hardin's nickname was Little Arkansaw). By any name, it was one of the deadliest tricks of the gunfighting trade.

The roll did not originate with Curly Bill, or with Wes Hardin either, for that matter. There is a possibility, even a probability, that it was used by the Henry Plummer gang in Montana in the 1860s. The Paterson Colt, the Walker's immediate predecessor and the first Colt marketed, had no trigger guard. The Walker had one, but the Walker Colt was nearly two feet long and weighed over four pounds empty, so it is likely that the Border Roll came along with the Colt Navy .36 in 1851.

Whenever it started, by the 1890s the roll was standard procedure in every Wild West and Medicine Show on the circuit. It was fancy, it was flashy, and it had been used to kill a half-dozen men. It has even occasionally turned up on the modern counterpart of the Wild West Show, the TV Western.

Just exactly what is this fantastic stunt? The Border Roll is a trick by which you hold a gun, apparently harmlessly, its barrel pointing toward you, its butt toward your opponent, then reverse it, cock it, and shoot your opponent before he can collect his wits and nail you.

There are four ways of doing this. The first two start with your index finger in the trigger guard, the weapon dangling below your hand. To "roll" the weapon, you push the barrel down with your fingers. The barrel goes down, then up, the butt falls into your palm, you thumb the hammer and fire. To "spin" you start from the same position, then jerk your hand down and back. The pistol twirls backwards, bringing the hammer up under your thumb. The gun cocks itself with its own weight and momentum and you pull the trigger and shoot.

The other two methods for this man-killer are both deadly and deceptive. The first is only a modification of the above. You grasp the pistol around the cylinder, the butt pointing out. Your index finger reaches around under the trigger guard. If you let go without moving your index finger, the weapon drops below your hand, and you can roll or spin as desired. It's clumsy at first but with practice it can be done very, very fast.

In a test using dummy guns, seven of the ten people facing the roll were unable to snap their own pistols within one second after the start of the roll, and of the three who did only one snapped quickly enough to do any damage. He knew the trick and beat the roll.

For variety, grasp the pistol as above but with the index finger through the trigger-guard. Release the weapon and it pivots down, coming to rest upside-down. The single-action hammer hits the heel of your hand with just enough force to ear it back slightly. When it falls the weapon fires from the upside-down position. It's completely unorthodox and completely efficient, providing your opponent hasn't seen it before. None of the ten people tested even knew what had happened, including the feller who beat the Roll and claimed he knew 'em all.

At least one old-timer believed in the Roll. "Hair-trigger, hell!" he exploded.

"Twas th' Road Agent's spin killed Fred White." And backed down Bill Hickok, we might add.

NOT ONLY the spin, but the holster in which he carried his gun, made Hardin famous. The "Hardin Holster Vest" was used throughout the West. Captain Jim Gillette of the Rangers tried one, and a crusty old veteran of years of border service is supposed to have cracked, "Thats a real tony rigout, Cap'n. We'll bury you in it later in the week."

It looked cumbersome but those who learned its advantages swore by it. The vest, made of leather, contained a pair of holsters which could conceal two revolvers under a man's coat. A shoulder holster can be a fast rig if used correctly; the vest simply had the holsters built into the garment. I have been unable to find out if Hardin was wearing such a vest when he was killed or if he ever actually wore one.

A holster is merely a detachable leather pocket to hold a pistol. The secret of the draw is largely the arrangement and construction of the pocket. Dallas Stoudenmire, legendary marshal of El Paso, Texas, carried his pistols in specially made leather holsters which slipped inside the regular hip pockets of his pants. Since he stayed alive, he must have been fairly fast with them.

Ben Thompson is supposed to have had a special leather holster which attached to a suspender button and hung down inside his pants. The Cherokee lawman Tom Threepersons had a holster which covered only the barrel and front half of the cylinder of his revolver. It looked fast and probably was.

Some years ago, as a gag, a movie prop man designed the ultimate in gun rigs. When a button at the waist was pushed, a powerful spring shot the pistol from the "gunfighter's" knee into his hand. He caught it, flipped the muzzle up, and fired.

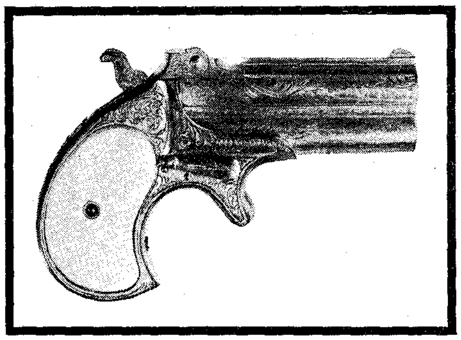
While no such gadget existed on the frontier, some spring rigs were used. They usually consisted of a steel spring which, by tension, held the pistol in a specially constructed holster. The holster itself could be open at the back for a cross-draw or in front for the standard pull-and-shoot. Using one of these "half-breed" rigs was awkward at first, but with practice one becomes very fast.

A later modification of the same principle had only a toe to support the muzzle of the gun and a clip-spring over the cylinder. This rig couldn't bind and was very fast but if the clip spring ever got sprung, the rig was ruined.

Nobobdy knows who first flipped up and shot through the bottom of a holster but he invented the swivel holster on the spot. A swivel holster is a soft leather pocket, open ended, worn high, with a leather or metal swivel which attaches to the belt. The idea was to flip the muzzle up and let fly without uncorking; it was fast when it worked. It was also a good way to powderburn your belly.

An adaptation of the swivel, constructed by a Texas Ranger, turned out to be very fast and deadly. The hammer-screw was removed from the Colt and a special screw with a long shank put in its place. The head of the screw was slipped into a slot in a metal plate in a wide belt and the rig was complete. No leather, no nothin', to impede the shot. The gun could be removed with a slap of the hand or fired without unhooking.

A more modern rig used by a number of police forces today is the clamshell, or breakaway, holster. When pressure is applied on the pistol, the side of the holster falls away, leaving the weapon free from impediment. Fast, easy, and dependable, it's something even the crusty old Ranger would have approved.



A "Derringer" favored by many was this Remington two-shot garter, cuff or vest pocket pistol.

ANOTHER "survival" trick flashed into public attention on the evening of April 14, 1865. An actor named John Wilkes Booth fired a single shot from a stubby caplock pistol into the head of Abraham Lincoln. The gun, manufactured by an obscure Philadelphia gunsmith, made the name Deringer a household word across the land.

Henry Deringer specialized in caplock Plains rifles, beautifully matched dueling sets, and big single-shot horse-pistols. As a sideline he turned out a few short-barreled pocket pistols, mostly on special order for the eastern carriage trade. One such pistol, a .41 caliber single-shot about five-inches long, fell into the hands of J. W. Booth. The rest is history.

As soon as the news got around, everybody and his brother wanted a "shootin' arn like that'n," and Mr. Deringer found himself deluged with orders. To make matters worse, every crossroads gunsmith was turning out stubby pistols, many of them marked "H. Deringer, Phila." Some of these monstrosities would shoot, some wouldn't, and many were more dangerous to the shooter than to the target.

Soon the major arms firms also got into the act, turning out one-, two-, three-, and four-shot, stub-barreled pocket pistols labeled "Derringers." (The extra "r" was intended to prevent any lawsuits by Mr. Deringer and still cash in on the Deringer fame.) Today the term "derringer" has come to mean, except among those people who make it their business to make distinctions, any pistol small enough to be concealed in a pocket.

Other names for the same pistol, as well as for true derringers and small pocket revolvers like the Colt Cloverleaf, Colt Pocket Police, and Root's patent Colt, were "stingy gun," "hold-out gun" and "Sneaky Pete." The same pistols, elegantly engraved, silver or gold-plated, with ivory or mother-of-pearl grips, were known as "garter guns." Prosperous young women of questionable virtue carried such weapons in needlepoint-embroidered, heavy velvet, or stiffened, decorated satin scabbards attached to their garters.

By 1870, when the derringer really came into its own, it was a rimfire cartridge pistol, .22 to .41 caliber (usually .41), single-action, one-to-four shot weapon not over five-inches long. The name derringer was applied to products of Colt, Remington, National Arms Co., Sharps, Starr, and Southerner Arms. The Colt was a sawhandled single-shot; the Sharps and Starr were four-barreled weapons with rotating firing pins.

But the weapon which most often comes to mind when the word "derringer" is mentioned is the Remington two-shot, the double-barreled .41 carried by all the villains in all the westerns since the days of Bill Hart. This pocket cannon was loaded by tipping the barrel back over the hammer, and had a movable firing pin which discharged the twin barrels top first, bottom second, and reset itself when the pistol was broken for loading. According to legend, Bill Hickok killed a chicken with one at twenty yards, shooting so accurately that he cut the bird's jugular vein without breaking its neck. If he did, it was pure luck. Hickok shot Phil Coe in the back with one at about six feet and hit him, which was about as good as anybody could hope to do.

At pointblank range, say the width of a saloon table, the little pistol was sheer murder. Even so, it carried a tiny powder charge and accidents did happen. One hammerheaded Arizona cowboy got shot in the forehead. The slug entered at an angle, glanced off his skull, traveled around his head between skull and scalp, exited over his ear, and left him with a whale of a hangover and nothing else. A Wyoming man was accidentally hit in the groin at a range of almost fifty feet. The big slug ricocheted off his pelvis and lodged in his heart, killing him instantly.

Not only was it a pistol. The heavy (11 ounce) gun could be held in the hand and the steel butt, parrot-bill shaped, made a darned efficient set of knuckle-dusters. That may have been the real reason for the peculiar shape of the butt.

The derringer could be carried in any number of ways. The watchpocket of a man's trousers made a perfect sized holster for the Remington derringer, as did the pocket of a vest. Most coats made in the '70s and '80s had small pockets near the waist on the left side. These were called "pistol pockets" and were designed with concealed weapons in mind. A "wrist holster" was a buckle-on leather cuff with a clip-spring which held the derringer just behind the coat-cuff. At least one ingenious cowpoke toted a Remington on a string supended from his shoulder. As long as he kept his elbow bent, the pistol stayed up his sleeve. As soon as he straightened his arm, it fell into his hand, cocked and

(Continued on page 56)

Noah H. Rose, Frontier Cameraman

(Continued from page 35)

a little over five months before. These two pictures give us one before the flood, and one during the flood, from the same viewpoint, of Menardville. . . . "

ROSE'S fame as a photographer of the old West brought him wide recognition. Among his customers were Zane Grey, Dave Coolidge, Gene Cunningham, Stuart Lake and Emmett Dalton. The ex-badman ordered many of Rose's photographs, and also had him make copies of the photographs of his four brothers. Emmett was the only one of the Daltons alive at that time.

Rose further increased his collection when he bought the rights to all the photographs taken by Brack's Studio, owned by A. A. Brack of San Antonio.

Though photography was Rose's livelihood, he had other accomplishments, not the least of which was his fiddle-playing. "When I was large enough to use a pocket knife," Rose wrote, "I began making crude fiddles from any piece of flat or thin board I could get my hands on, such as shingles, cigar boxes, etc. I learned to make the tops and bottoms fiddle-shaped, tacked small blocks about an inch in thickness on each corner, then pasted newspaper, or some other tougher kind, all around the sides, one sheet on top of another until it was thick and strong and could not be broken through easily. Thus the top and bottom was sealed up tight, which made a nice looking violin body, and, of course, I did not forget the 'f' holes on each side of the bridge, nor the sound post underneath.

"The neck and head of the fiddle were carved from a larger and more suitable piece of wood that was tough, but not too tough for me to whittle the holes for pegs. In time I became quite adept in shaping it all very much like a real violin. The strings at first were made of sewing thread twisted to different sizes for the G, D, A, E set of strings. This far along in making the instrument, it was easy to make a bow, and get long hair from the tail of an old gentle white horse. My trouble then was getting rosin, and when I could not get it from a tinner's supply, who used rosin for soldering, I'd use gum from mesquite trees, which acts very much like rosin when it is dry and brittle.

"ONE TIME a small show came to Menardville, the place I had my violin making 'factory' located, and the showman did some 'fiddle-playing tricks,' and I ventured to let him see a sample of my product. He fell for it, and gave me twenty-five cents for my fiddle. That night I gave him back the quarter to see his show, and hear him play on it. It was a thrill to me, but only a few persons in the audience knew that I was the maker of that fiddle.

"Since the time I was eleven or twelve years old, I was in possession of a real store-bought fiddle, though too poor to buy a good one. I managed to pay a dollar and with some trade-in, it became my property. All the strings were steel wire. I was able by that time to get steel strings for my homemade fiddles also, and was used to them. At its best it was not much to be proud of, yet it was the pride of my heart. One thing in particular about this fiddle, the varnish had been scraped off, which left it just bare-looking wood. There is no telling how many others had used it, nor why someone had taken such a notion to peel it in that fashion. Even to this day my young friend, J. Marvin Hunter, as he often heard my playing then, will ask me if I can still play:

Ducks in the mill pond, can't swim
across,
Devil on the hillside, trottin' like
a hoss.

"Finally, I found myself somewhat dissatisfied with playing 'Turkey in the Straw,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and 'Cotton-Eyed Joe,' for I had seen somebody playing a violin and reading notes from a sheet of paper, and that was the thing I wanted to know all about. When I saw a music store advertisement, and a small booklet called 'How To Play Violin,' for the price of twenty-five cents, I lost no time in ordering it. I tied into this self-instructor course with earnestness and learned about the rudiments of music, especially violin music. Then when singing teachers came along, as was usual in those days, organizing singing classes and singing from books with shaped notes, I was among the first to join. But I could not be reconciled to shaped notes, for my 'instruction book' did not have that sort. However, I began to play some of the child's selections written for practice, with my sister who was learning to play an old-time organ we had traded for. . . . "

PLAYING the violin continued as a hobby throughout Rose's life. While in Del Rio, he met Ethel Schwalbe, a school violin teacher, and she persuaded him to take lessons. "In about three months," he reported, "I found myself lined up with her music class on the stage in the auditorium in recital. The reader can now laugh at the 'man' with those children in that recital, if you care to; I will never know about it now, and will feel no embarrassment. We made a fine showing for our teacher, which she appreciated very much, as well as for the audience."

Rose later played in the orchestra of the Lakeview Baptist Church in San Antonio. "Who knows but that orchestra helped the Lakeview Church get its most glorious reputation," he commented. "One dear little girl, Laura Lee Robin, who was taking violin at her school, was a great help. A few times we had five violins in the orchestra, but seldom less than two. She was always at my side. We learned in a very fine way to handle the bow perfectly together, which made it appear 'professional'."

One of the most annoying and repetitious problems which confronted Rose in his later years involved the unauthorized reproduction of his prints by publishers and private individuals. This once led him to file a lawsuit against a man still prominent in Texas affairs. This gentleman had let someone else have copies of photos he'd obtained from Rose. A company then used these prints for advertising purposes without giving Rose credit or payment. He won his suit.

"But all was not smooth-going for the humble photographer," Hunter recorded. "Misfortune seemed to select him as her special victim. Sickness, fire and flood at various times combined to pull him under, but always, with characteristic grit and determination, he would stage a 'comeback.' He sold his studio in Del Rio in 1919 and moved to San Antonio, where one misfortune after another piled upon him, and he found hard-sledding in the Alamo City. He had a severe spell of illness and was sent to a hospital for an operation. He had barely recovered from it when, while taking a picture on the street one day, a reckless woman driver of an automobile ran into him, knocked him to the pavement and he sustained a fractured skull. Again he was sent to the hospital where his life hung by the merest thread for days. For some months he was not able to make pictures, and when he finally recovered he found himself heavily in debt, with the future looking darker than ever."

When Rose finally recovered, he realized his days of travel and photography were over and he turned to his collection as a source of income. With Hunter, his life-long friend, he issued *The Album of Gunfighters*, a classic among pictorial records of the early West.

In 1935, Hunter wrote, "It is indeed gratifying to us to know that our old friend and life-long companion, Noah Rose, is becoming famous throughout the nation for the work he is doing. It is valuable from a historic standpoint for, through his keen vision, many of the old scenes and characters of the old days have been preserved, which otherwise would have been lost entirely. He certainly deserves a rich reward, and we hope every collector of old and rare photographs will soon be found on his list of patrons. He has the pictures everybody wants, and he sells at very low prices. We have known him for over fifty years and we do not hesitate one moment to testify to his honesty and reliability. You can absolutely trust him when placing your orders."

Shortly before Rose's death an author had written a magazine story about his career and the article ended with the statement that after a long and useful life the old cameraman was headed for the "last roundup."

Rose was deeply affected by the story, and wrote the author, "Your story about me, in referring to my heading for the last roundup, brought tears to my eyes, for it struck me square in the face—the thought of parting with my negatives. I am so very much in love with them, but few think of them in values."

Noah Rose passed away on January 25, 1952. Fortunately, almost all of his photos are intact. Ed Bartholomew, a Texas publisher, owned the collection for several years, and recently sold it to the University of Oklahoma, where it now is housed.

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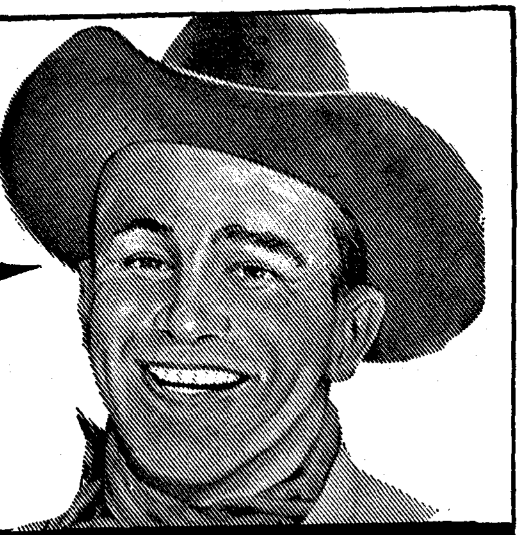

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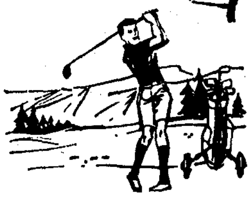

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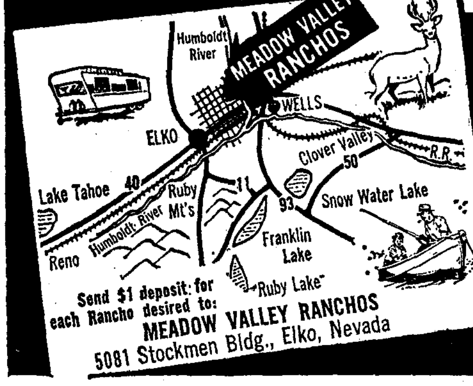

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Foster Child of the Kiowas

(Continued from page 24)

the tinkle of their moccasins. The Indians would wind very narrow strips of tin around the fringe of their moccasins and these made a tinkling sound as they walked."

After dark, the family crept out and went home. They found everything sacked. The feather beds were ruined and the ticks were taken by the Indians. A newly made woollen suit for Mrs. Bragg's son had been taken along with other things. Fortunately the house was not burned and the spinning wheel and the loom were left. Mrs. Bragg immediately set to work to spin and weave cloth for another suit for her son; it took her ten days to complete the garment.

Just north of the Bragg ranch, the Indians met a party of Texas Rangers (then a part of the Confederate Army) who had been following an old Indian trail from Paint Rock leading up to Pease River. They were returning, after having lost the Indians sought, when they ran into Little Buffalo and his warriors. A furious fight took place. Five Rangers and several Indians were killed. Little Buffalo fell, dead, but the Indians retrieved his body and fled. The Rangers then buried their dead and retreated. James and Miles McCoy, father and son, were slain and scalped by the Indians a half-mile north of the battleground of the Rangers.

AT THE Fitzpatrick ranch, Grandma Fitzpatrick saw the Indians coming and gathered her family and the servants into a picket defense. She yelled at the Indians and warned them not to take her horses. They paid no attention and charged the picket fence.

Mary, the Negro mother, fired on the Indians. The Indians broke through the fence and killed Sue Durgan and Jimmy, one of the Negro boys. Sue Durgan had previously hidden Millie under a bed in the house. The Indians then charged the house and looted it. Those still alive were taken as captives. Then the house was set ablaze. One Indian, Aperian Crow (Kind of a Quiet Fellow) or Ausoant-sai-mah, ran back into the blazing house and found little Millie Durgan crawling out from under the bed. Mokeen saw him rescue the small child.

Aperian Crow said, "Ah, I find a child," and he took her with him to present to his recently acquired wife, Ah-mate (Medicine Hunt Girl).

Those captured, in addition to Millie, were Lottie Durgan, Grandma Fitzpatrick, Joe Carter, Mary Johnson and three of her remaining children, Jube, Lottie, and John (one daughter was away from home). With their captives the Indians moved across the Red River. The next day Joe Carter got sick and couldn't keep up. The Indians killed him.

Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

Kiowa children (family of Big Bow, Jr., Zepke-setle). Photo by James Mooney, 1893.

When Britt Johnson returned from the settlements, he found the place in ashes and the bodies of the slain scattered about. Then he discovered that one of his children, Sallie, who had gone to try on a dress at the time of the raid, was left. News of the raid spread and Britt learned that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, her boy, and grandchildren were captives along with the rest of Britt's family. Alone, he heroically started out to find them.

Eventually, after a long search he met a Mexican friend who had lived with the Indians. The two men had punched cattle together and the Mexican volunteered to help him, warning Britt that his life would be in danger if he went alone among the Indians. The Mexican then gave Britt two horses and told him to go home and get blankets and other provisions to trade with the Indians for the captives. Britt was told to return to the Mexican's place while he would go to the Penatekas to arrange for the barter.

Britt returned to the settlements and received help from many people in gathering materials for the ransom. The Mexican, a Comanche chief (probably Asa-Havey), and Britt met and talked over the trading venture. This was later consummated near present Verden, Oklahoma. Britt gave ten ears of corn for his boy, John, and blankets and other supplies for the rest. During the time his wife was a captive, a new son had been born. All were ransomed except young Millie.

The captives were taken to Paul's Valley, Oklahoma, where settlers and government officials helped them to get home. Grandma Fitzpatrick returned and later married Isaah Clifton and moved to west Texas. Lottie Durgan later married Dave Barker and lived in Mobeetie before moving to New Mexico. (Sallie Reynolds Matthews knew Lottie as a child when they were in school together. She said that Lottie had a dime-sized tattoed circle on her forehead which the Indians had placed there.)

Two more children were born to Britt Johnson and his wife. One of them, C. T. Johnson, was living in Dallas, Texas, in 1931. Britt played a heroic part in the rescue of the captives. While the Kiowas consented to trade with him, through the intercession of the friendly Penateka Comanches (they knew Britt when they were on the Clear Fork Reservation in Texas), and allowed him time to leave with the captives, nonetheless the Kiowas hurled threats at him and warned that if they ever saw him again they would kill him. This they did—a few years later.

Returning on the road crossing Salt Creek Prairie from a trip to Fort Richardson for supplies, Britt Johnson and several companions were attacked by Kiowas. Britt and his Negro friends killed their horses, "forted up" behind their bodies as breastworks and fought an unequal battle. They were killed and scalped. Thus ended the life of Britt Johnson, a free Negro and pioneer of tremendous courage, highly regarded at Fort Belknap and Newcastle and Fort Griffin.

MILLIE, given up for dead by her relatives, led a new life—the life of a Kiowa Indian child. Her foster parents asked a friend to name her. It was considered good medicine to name a child for a feat of valor and the friend named her after an arrow that had saved his life—an arrow with a detached head, the last he had in battle and which he used to kill his enemy. The name was Sain-toh-oodie (Killed with a Blunt Arrow).

Millie was told early that she was white and that she had been adopted. Occasionally she resented some slurring remark that she was a captive, for her family stood high in the tribe. Her mother guarded her carefully and even refused to let her go to the Sun Dance festivities with young men, one of the few occasions when "dates" were permissible. Her mother said, "She is not like the rest of you."

Her father was one of the last of the Kiowas to come in to surrender during the wars which forced the Southern Plains Indians onto the reservation in the 1870s. For a while, he moved far out on the Staked Plains. Eventually, the army forced the hostile Kiowas and Comanches to settle down. Sain-toh-oodie said of the western excursion that she was like a puppy dog "that had gone out with a bunch of coyotes and grown wild," according to George Hunt. But she feared the whites after the wars on the Plains and kept away from them.

Sain-toh-oodie married a young man named Goombi from an honored family. He became a government scout as did a number of the Kiowas at Fort Sill. Upon his death, she married his cousin, in keeping with Kiowa custom. It was believed that a kinsman would appreciate the care of the children.

Settled on her allotment, Millie refused interviews with white people. Many sought to obtain her story and establish her identity but she would have none of it. Only after the death of her beloved young son, Joseph Goombi, did she begin to listen attentively to the missionaries' desire to learn the identity of her white parents. At the Parker unveiling, the first steps in that direction were taken.

MILLIE DURGAN GOOMBI had a large family. She had nine children, and (in 1931) thirty-two grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren. Among her living children were George Goombi, Mrs. Minnie Oybei, Mrs. Lillian Hunt, Mrs. Jane Poolant, and Mrs. Ellen Sator. Her deceased children were Mrs. Mary Poor Buffalo, Miss Jennie Goombi, Mrs. Sarah Tanahoode, and Joseph Goombi.

For many years she lived in a little house on the side of a hill, close by the inevitable brush arbor which all Indians treasured from the old days. And near her were the homes of her children.

Millie made one trip to Texas with Harry Stroud and her son-in-law, George Hunt, who served as her interpreter. They visited with relatives and also stopped at about fifteen schools on the way to Austin, the capital. She told the schoolchildren something of her early life. Then she said that she had given up the old gods and had become a Christian and, "I stand before you unafraid."

In the Governor's office at the State Capitol, Millie was invited to sit in the Governor's chair. Governor Dan Moody was out of town, but his secretary welcomed Millie back to her native state and asked what Texas could do for her. Millie replied that God had been good to her and all that she wanted was to go back to her family in Oklahoma.

Millie Durgan Goombi lived a full and happy life—through wars and troubled times to seventy-two years of age. She died January 14, 1934, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lillian Hunt, near Mountain View, Oklahoma, and was buried in the Rainy Mountain Indian Cemetery. Officers from Fort Sill, Colonel C. S. Blakely and Captain F. H. Black, and friends and relatives attended, including some of the old pioneers from Newcastle who were present at the time of Millie's capture in 1864.

"An Eye For An Eye"

(Continued from page 46)

the headwaters of Grand River, the guerillas broke into small groups and scattered like quail. Clark divided his force, and combed the country as far east as Pleasant Hill and Lone Jack, twenty-five miles from the border, and north to the Sni Hills and Missouri River. They killed and wounded a few of the guerillas but the rest disappeared completely.

The chief result of Quantrill's raid upon Lawrence was General Ewing's famous Order No. 11, issued on August 25, 1861, which directed all persons living in Jackson, Cass, Bates, and the north half of Vernon County, except those living within a mile of a Union military post, to vacate the country within fifteen days. Union people, upon establishing their loyalty, could live at military posts, but all others were exiled. Cass County, which had a population of 10,000 people before the war, was left with only 600. Fewer than that were able to remain in Bates County.

The Fifteenth Kansas Cavalry under Redleg Charles R. Jennison was sent out to help enforce the cruel order. Within two weeks the counties named in it had been robbed, plundered, and burned so effectively they were known as "The Burnt District" for years afterward.

On October 1, Quantrill called 400 guerillas together at the old rendezvous on Blackwater River in Johnson County and prepared to march to Texas for the winter. They fought a battle at Baxter Springs, killing nine men, and another in Indian Territory with Indians and Negroes who were securing horses for the Union Army. When it was over, 150 lay dead upon the field. They marched on to Mineral Wells, Texas, and reported to General Sterling Price.

By spring, Quantrill's prestige as a leader was gone and Confederate officers did not want him around. The gang deposed him and elected George Todd as his successor. He was placed under arrest by General Ben McCulloch but escaped and returned to Missouri in the spring of 1864 with about a hundred of his old crew. But his glory days were over.

He divided his band into small groups in June, 1864, and turned the leadership over to George Todd and Bill Anderson. After spending the summer in Missouri, he went to Kentucky with thirty-three men, robbing and murdering as he always had. On May 10, 1865, during a fight with Captain Edward Terrill and a detachment of Union rangers, he was hit and completely paralyzed by a rifle ball. He died June 6 in the military hospital at Louisville, Kentucky.

Climb The Blackjack!

(Continued from page 29)

and rabbits and dogs after I tired of studying.

Suddenly there was a noise familiar to all pioneer kids, a wagon! A wagon was coming down the lane from Edna, the little town where we went to school.

The cattle were getting to their feet to look the intruder over and my brother hurriedly called out, "Hey, Uncle Davie, get us down." It was Uncle Davie Knight, the full-blood Creek on whose land allotment we lived.

Stoic, as all Indians were, Uncle Davie never said a word, just pulled his team to a halt, looked the situation over, clucked his horses and pulled the wagon directly under the tree. The steers scattered readily before the wagon but refused to go more than just a few yards, as though they felt cheated out of their rightful prey.

"You drop 'em in wagon box plenty quick," Uncle Davie said. "You no climb down tree, you swing 'em off limb into wagon box."

Uncle Davie knew if we tried to climb down the tree one of the steers might lunge and run a horn right through us. (My grandmother died from having one of those sharp horns pierce her stomach.)

We were home from school that day a little bit early and from that time on Brother drove us to school and back in the buggy. No more walking. No more having school in "our school tree" as we, to this day, call that old blackjack that saved us from a terrible fate.

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LETTER RIP!
Beitz

Dear Sir:

After reading the story of the "Big Whirlwind" in the Fall 1967 OLD WEST, I thought you might be interested in hearing what happened to me.

Let me set the scene. The house, a sizeable story-and-a-half dwelling, sat south of the road about 150 yards. Inside the fence, and in line with the house, was a Ford tractor. About seventy-five yards due north of the house were two galvanized grain bins. One was empty and the other contained 600-700 bushels of oats.

It was Saturday afternoon, a bright sunny day. All of the family, except the youngest son, had gone to town. This boy had a baseball game scheduled that night and had decided to stay home and sleep to be ready for the game. All the doors and windows were open.

When the boy awoke and went outside, he was shocked to find that both grain bins were gone. The one containing the oats had been torn loose from its moorings, leaving the grain in a pyramided pile. Apparently both bins had been carried directly over the house. The one without a bottom scraped over the tractor, tearing off part of the instrument board and the steering wheel. Then it had dropped on the fence and in the bar ditch but did not block the road.

The other tank was carried almost half-a-mile south and fell among some trees along the creek. The pyramid of oats, the house, the tractor and the bin in the trees were all in a straight line. But as nearly as we could tell, not a shingle was disturbed on the house! Furthermore, no one saw this whirly!

Coming from the south as it did, the dust devil had crossed over grassland and probably wasn't carrying much dust. Another thing, it was the custom in the neighborhood not to work on Saturday afternoons, except during harvest, so the few people who live thereabouts were probably in town.—Albert S. Gilles, Sr., 310 West Apache Street, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

Dear Sir:

It was early summer in 1915 in southeast Colorado. We had not been on the homestead but a short while. My mother had gone to Caddoa fourteen miles away for a load of lumber. We four kids, me being thirteen and the oldest, decided we would explore the place. We went across the draw and up and over the hill through the rocks and soapweeds, then down again to the upper end of the same draw.

It had rained and there were several mud puddles we played in. This was a very warm and quiet day. Towards evening the wind came up at times. I noticed clouds coming up fast in the north, then the wind got very quiet again. I was beginning to feel uneasy. The clouds, getting higher and higher and blacker, seemed to be rolling. I suggested we better go home.

Before going inside I could see some green mixed with the fast moving black clouds. The house seemed spooky—the quilt hung up as a door was waving like a flag. First thing inside, I told the kids to get their coats on, then we just stood in the middle of the one-room shack. At times it was so quiet one could hear a pin drop, I think.

Then the wind would come up, blowing through the cracks, and it started to rain. Soon the hail came down. It began to sound like everything was happening at once. The old quilt was blowing straight out. Then the big one came; the roof sailed off in a southern direction just like one sailing a bucket lid. The south side of the shack went down and so did the east side.

As we left out on a dead run, the west side was coming in, also the north side. We were long gone—still barefooted—down across the draw and up through the rocks and soapweeds. We were very well soaked and the hail gave us a beating we wouldn't forget for a while. We squatted down behind soapweeds, which was our only protection from the wind. We then saw that our pet lamb had followed us. Our small dog probably had dived under a bed. Brother Jess said he thought there were some rocks one could get under or around a little.

After the hail had quit and the rain had let up some, we were up and running, and sure enough there was shelter but we had to lie end to end. We had lizards for company. Now the problem was what to do. The closest neighbor's house was a mile from ours and the only one in sight. It was getting a little dark so we decided to go to the neighbor's. Well, their barn had blown away and so had their chicken house. Their well had been drilled and the big heavy rig was lying flatter than a dead giraffe. Their house was scooted around a little. They had stayed inside pushing against the wall but some of it did blow in.

The womenfolks had left for a son's place down in a well sheltered spot, so we were sent down there, too. During the night two young women came in. They had a homestead way on over south somewhere. Their shack had left with the wind. Next morning my mother was there. A widow woman was with her. She had been hurt in her blown-down stone house. My mother had got within six miles of home when the wind struck.

Of course, the horses got away. I spent days hunting for horses and harness. That night there were at least fourteen of us in that little two-room stone house. Other places had blown away. A large cottonwood nearby on the creek went down. A cattleman, 1¾ miles east up high on a rise, lived in a narrow, two-story house. I couldn't ever figure out how it stayed upright. This man was the father of Festus—the Festus on the Matt Dillon show.

After this storm we dug a cellar, and many times we made a run for the cave when a storm came up, even if we had to stand in several inches of water that had run in.—Marshall Bullard, Savage Creek Road, Grants Pass, Oregon.

Dear Editor:

I was much interested in Ed Bogart's "Day of the Big Whirlwind." It brought back memories of sodhouses, cyclone cellars, the green grass of spring, and the plains of western Kansas.

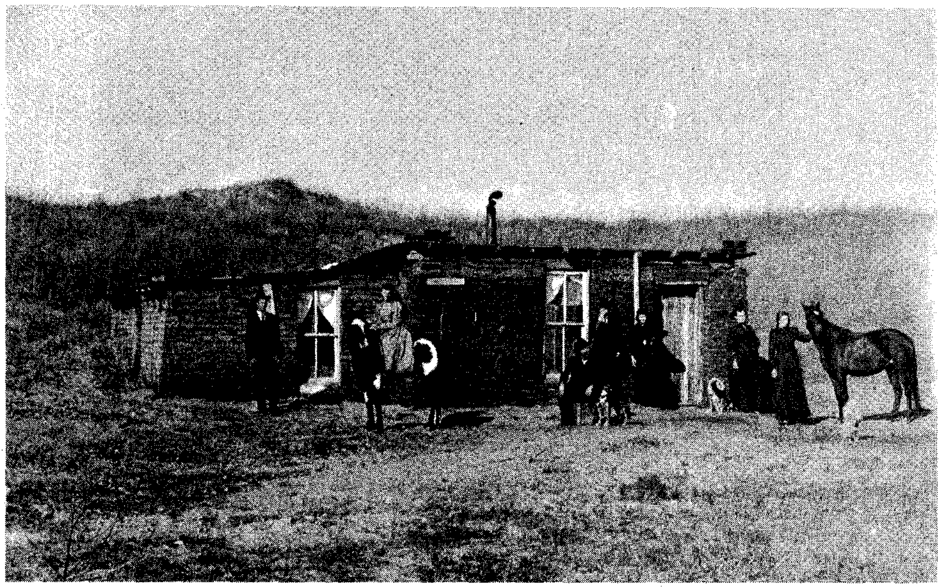
The summer of 1910 in Kansas was really something! How well Bogart presented it in his beginning sentence! I was there, too. I lived it along with him as he wrote. I was farther out west, out in Gove County, but it was Kansas in perhaps its driest of summers, and that is really something.

I was one of about thirty-five kids in a one-room country school out on those plains, which were just as flat as a floor. Our nearest arroyo was six miles away and in that arroyo our nearest tree, too. The visibility was excellent, providing the dust wasn't blowing; it usually was.

When I was in the second or third grade I remember our teacher was the wife of a dry farmer who had a shack about six miles from the schoolhouse. Early in the spring of 1910 we were visited by one of the twisters, a tornado like the one so vividly described by Ed Bogart. It roared past us, not quite making contact. It plucked a goodly number of shingles from the old roof of the schoolhouse, but its main damage was to the "sanitary" facilities of our school. The two "johns" were tumbled across the prairie and as they rolled they also broke into pieces.

When the whirlwind had passed we assessed the damage. At first it looked like a 100% job of destruction. Several of the school patrons helped gather up the pieces and managed to wire together a suitable outhouse for the girls, but the boys' sanitary facility was almost a total loss. In fact the only substantial remnant was one of its sides—this about 5 x 7 feet.

The school was on a plain as level as the sea. There was just NO COVER, period! Here we had a crisis facing the plains school. Like Solomon, or someone else, said, "When you gotta go, you gotta go!" As far as I know there was no idea of rationing the remaining facility, giving the boys "equal time" with the girls. Instead, the teacher, an ingenious farm woman, simply dismissed the gents two at a time. Always one of the two was one of the half dozen *big* boys. This boy stood



Courtesy Dr. E. R. Harrington

Early photo of sod house near place where Dr. E. R. Harrington and his brother were born in southern part of Gove County, Kansas.

the salvaged side of the gent's facility on its edge and steadied it against the wind. The other boy crouched behind it. After all, you just do what you have to do!—Dr. E. R. Harrington, 223 Cedar Street N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a letter written by my great-great-great-grandfather in 1779. You might like to publish this letter for your readers since a great grandson of John Williams was a western man. His name was John Franklin Williams.

"N. C. Guilford Co., [Pennsylvania] the 12th day of the second month, 1779.

"Respected Father and Mother: These are to let you know that I and my children are in good health at present hoping these few lines may find you in the same state and enjoying peace and plenty. But I have had the misfortune to bury my wife who departed this life the 12th day of the 12th month last, after a very short illness of two nights and one day. Tho having had a long spell of the ague for about two months but had got brave and hearty again, but as we thought catched a little cold, she took to swelling in her limbs and body and a shortness of breath so that she could not lie down; and being in very great misery often expressing her great desire to be taken out of this trouble in the world and so left it going to sleep which has been a very great loss to me and my poor children. Not being in a circumstance to keep the house causes me to be separated from my children one from the other which has been a sore trial to me here in this strange land being so far from my relatives and friends. And living among good neighbors has been a great satisfaction to me in my troubles. I have to inform you that I received the letters from Brother Isaiah which was a great satisfaction to me and as he wrote to me to send him some account of them to his brother Daniel in Ga.

I did it but having had no account from him but I heard that he and his family were well about five weeks ago and that he now lives at Joseph Mattocks for the Indians have been so troublesome this fall that he could not stay at his place and all that lived on the new purchase was obligated to move off. And Wm. Benson and John Benson and Robert Benson was killed by their cruel hands and John Bensons youngest daughter was taken captive and his son struck down for dead, and scalped but is likely to recover. Not having much more to write but conclude with my kind love to you and all the rest of the family and friends. John Williams.

"N.B.—I would be glad that thee would send account by your opportunity to let me know how you are for I shall spare no pains of writing to you when ever I have a chance of sending them."—Mrs. Luella Sullivan, 50 Carroll Street, Binghamton, New York 13901.

Dear Mr. Small:

I thought your magazines were trash reading! You see, I am a teacher and was brought up in Maine and have never been out West. This summer I was taking courses at the University of Florida and my mother and I were living in a little trailer near the campus. Every day when I came home from classes, I found Mother with her feet curled up under her in a rocking chair reading your Western magazines. I said, "Mother, I am shocked at you! Let me get you some decent books from the University library. Here I am trying to improve myself and get a master's degree and I come home to find my mother reading this stuff!"

She never said a word but continued to read your magazines. One day, out of desperation, I picked up one of your issues and boy! was I hooked! I had a hard time reading the seven books a week required by my classwork and even had a hard time attending classes because all I wanted to do was read about the West. The magazines are fascinating, educational, and authentic. I would dearly love to correspond with any sourdough who would care to write to an eastern lady. I could tell them lots about fishing these eastern waters as I have caught sixty-five-pound drums, thirty-two-pound red bass, lots of blue crabs and have lots of recipes to swap.—Louise Cooney, P.O. Box 63, Oceanway Branch, Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear Sirs:

I am a Norwegian exchange student working in Peace River, Alberta, Canada, this year. I discovered your magazines and think they're marvelous.

In 1930 a Norwegian author, explorer and anthropologist, Helge Ingstad, organized an expedition to the Sierra Madre Mountains in Arizona in an attempt to find "the last of the Apaches" living on "the mother mountain." He had information that when Geronimo surrendered in 1886, six Apaches—three men and three women—fled to their old home and remained there.

Ingstad had a couple of Apache Indians and a Yaqui Indian named Mora with him. They did not find any Indians; however, they found many signs showing that Apaches, in 1930, were still very much alive. Ingstad was told that not long before his arrival, some Apaches had stolen both cattle and horses at different places in the Sierra Madre. I wonder if his book, *The Apache Indians*, was ever printed in the United States?

Are there today still wild Apaches living as their forefathers did in the heart of Sierra Madre? Ingstad found it impossible to estimate their number in 1930—it could have been five or fifty. I would like to hear from anyone who might know something about this possibility.—Oystein Notnes, Box 160, Peace River, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Editor:

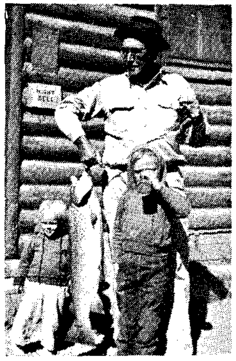
I'm not only a rail fan, steam fan, free-lance photographer and amateur historian, I'm also an honorary member of "CHAOS"! That's "Cannon Hunters Association of Seattle."

Most historians know that Colonel Steptoe buried two howitzers on Steptoe Butte, near St. John's, Washington, before he escaped from Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas. I've been told that somebody did find and dig one of these weapons up but that the other is still buried on Steptoe Butte. The State Park Service doesn't seem to have any information about it, however.

There are supposed to be one or two howitzers buried in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains west of Lake Wenatchee, Washington. These were buried or abandoned during the last fight between the cavalry and the Indians in the Wenatchee area. The fight started where the Wenatchee River empties into the Columbia and the cavalry pursued the Indians into the mountains, apparently leaving the artillery pieces behind.

Last year Manfred ("Slim") Nelson of Leavenworth, Washington, found what he thought was a cannonball near the old battle site. But to me it looked more like a large "grinding ball" from one of the old "ball mills" (perhaps the Red Mountain mine's). Maybe some old-timer will read this and give me a clue on the cannons. I hope so.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

(Continued on page 59)



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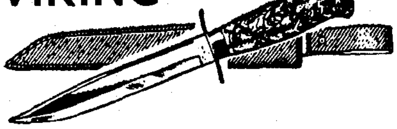

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Tricks of the Trade

(Continued from page 49)

ready to go.

A certain shady lady wore a one-shot Colt suspended around her neck on a gold chain. The pistol hung inside her bodice. Uncle Billy Tilghman, lawman in Oklahoma, was killed by a Remington he missed in a hasty search. The killer suspended it on a string between his shoulder blades. I have seen a design for a harness which held a Remington under a man's armpit and fired through the coat by tripping a wire in the pants pocket. It was cocked by another wire, so two shots could be fired without undressing. I don't know that it was ever used.

Before we leave the little ones, three real oddities must be mentioned. One was the Chicago Palm Pistol. This was a five-shot, drum-shaped affair with a short cannon-shaped barrel in about .32 caliber. It had no sights and could not be aimed. The drum was held in the palm of the hand, the barrel projecting between the middle and ring fingers. The drum was rotated and the concealed hammer cocked by a pair of levers at the front. The weapon was fired by squeezing the drum against the heel of the hand.

Another was the Knucks Derringer. This four-shot revolver looked like a misshapen adjustable box wrench and was used both as a pistol and brass knuckles.

The third was the Apache. This import from Paris reached the West in the 1880s. The pistol was an 8-shot double-action job which fired directly out of the cylinder—no barrel at all. The grip was a hinged set of knuckledusters, and a folded spring-knife lay along the top of the cylinder. The ultimate argument in anybody's brawl!

They Called Him Coyote

(Continued from page 7)

Years after John and Coyote Smith had separated near Central City, Colorado, John was walking down the street in Tombstone; this was probably in 1880. Off in the distance he saw a lone rider coming, and he didn't have to take a second look to know it was Coyote Smith. No man ever sat as tall in the saddle as Smith. With him were a pack horse and two hound dogs.

Montgomery waited until Smith was abreast of him, then yelled, "Coyote Smith!"

Smith pulled up, looked John over and said, "Howdy, John," just as though they had seen each other yesterday. Coyote Smith was not an emotional man.

Smith engaged a room at the hotel and later met John in a saloon. They re-hashed old times. This fling of Smith's lasted about a week; he had several fights, nothing serious, then decided to go prospecting. John saw him several times in the next three months; they'd have a drink, then Coyote would pull out. He just wasn't a city man.

One day after Coyote had been around about a year John met him on the street. Coyote looked at him rather sheepishly and said, "John, I met a Mexican woman and got myself married." John could hardly believe his ears, but he congratulated Smith. Even more amazing was the news that Smith had purchased a home near town where he intended to settle down for life.

About six months passed before John saw his friend again. His marriage wasn't doing well, he told John; his wife wanted him to remain at home and he still had a hankering to go prospecting now and again—and alone.

The next he heard of Smith, his old partner was in jail, charged with murder. John called on him and wanted to go his bail. But Smith dissuaded him, saying, "John, you know damned well if they turn me out I'll go back to that Kansas prairie, and all the devils in hell couldn't find me." So they let it go at that.

John promised to come and see him often, which he did. Smith, it seems, had returned home unexpectedly and found his wife entertaining an old friend. An argument ensued between Smith and this man, and Smith proceeded to rid the West of another man who needed killing.

One day an unscrupulous lawyer called on Smith. "Coyote," he said, "you probably don't know it, but these Tombstone people figure on hanging you. They are aware of your reputation, and everything is cut and dried—a fair trial and then the rope. But there is one alternative; if you can come up with $1,000, and can keep your mouth closed, I can get you off. They'll let you escape, and you'll be out of the state before anyone knows you're gone."

Smith produced the money and waited for several days for the lawyer's signal before it dawned on him that he'd been rooked. John Montgomery could have stopped this transaction had he known about it in time.

FINALLY Smith came to trial and was acquitted. The first thing he did was to start hunting for Fred Sales, the lawyer. Smith found out he'd gone to Santa Fe. From Santa Fe, Smith traced him to Kansas City, Missouri. Kansas City was pretty close to Smith's hometown of St. Joe where they held a murder warrant for him; he didn't intend to go home.

After days of searching he found Sales' name in a Kansas City paper; he had defended some individual in court.

One night Sales heard a knock on his door and when he opened it there stood Coyote Smith. The man was scared out of his senses, but he invited Smith to enter. How, he asked himself, did this half-witted prospector find him this far away? It would have taken some good detective work. Nevertheless, he was here.

Smith demanded his money or Sales' life. The lawyer asked Smith if he'd leave town immediately if he got the money for him. Smith said he would. Sales said he'd have to rob a saloon; he knew where a friend kept his money hidden.

Smith wrote a letter to the local police and told them about Sales robbing the saloon. He kept this in his pocket until he got his money, then mailed it. He probably told Sales it was to his mother.

Smith forced Sales to accompany him as far as Lawrence, Kansas. There he turned him loose. He told the lawyer that if their trails ever crossed again he'd kill him on sight.

When Sales reached Kansas City he was immediately placed in jail. He tried in vain to put all the blame on Smith and was sentenced to a short term in prison. Sales wrote an account of his doublecross in 1896, but his version was considerably different from that of Smith.

After Smith's affair with Sales, nothing of any great importance happened to him until 1899, when he got into a fight in Hays, Kansas, killed an army sergeant and was sentenced to life in prison. He was received at the state prison at Lansing, Kansas in 1900. His prison record could not be found among the thousands of records stored away. I had access to all records, old and new, when I worked at the prison as classification officer.

Emmett Dalton stated that Smith was pardoned at the same time that he was, and that Smith returned to St. Joe and that was the last he heard of him.

It is also said that Smith returned to Colorado and was hired by the cattlemen's association to get rid of rustlers. There is no record of any killings by Smith after he killed the soldier. He returned to St. Joe in 1913 and died there in 1915.

Some people may find Coyote Smith very hard to believe but my doubts no longer exist for two reasons—one, the reliability of my grandfather John Montgomery's word, and second, my interview with the old scout's daughter. At ninety-four she kept her own house, cooked, tended the yard, worked like a horse. She was very tall and thin, exactly like her father. Her right arm was broken but she refused to carry it in a sling. In all my years I have never seen a woman like her. Had she been a man I believe she would have been another Coyote Smith.

Climax Jim

(Continued from page 31)

sheriff and disappeared before the sheriff awoke.

"Many times," the attorney went on, "the defendant has cleverly spirited away witnesses who were to appear against him, and he has never served a term in prison!"

He reminded them that Jim had been indicted in Graham County, Arizona, for rustling cattle. Yet the rustler produced witnesses to prove that the offense was not committed in Graham but in Apache County. Jim had been acquitted. Later he was indicted in Apache County for the same charge but witnesses proved that the offense was not committed in Apache County but in Graham County. Again he was acquitted.

The attorney turned and pointed a stern finger at Climax Jim as he told of misdeed after misdeed. He pleaded with the jury to do its duty.

Finally the judge ruled that the best evidence of guilt they had was the check which had been altered and cashed. A witness from the bank was sworn in and identified the check. The attorney prepared to introduce it as evidence.

The young lawyer defending Jim jumped to his feet, waved his arms and shouted objections. The county attorney sprang up, and a bitter argument began. The check was placed on the table so that the attorney might have full use of his hands in clinching his argument.

The judge and jury were intensely watching the attorney, but the blue eyes of the defendant were elsewhere. Reaching into the folds of his shirt, Jim withdrew a black, moist plug of tobacco. After biting off a sizeable chunk he deliberately laid the sticky plug on the table and stroked his shaggy mustache. Jim chewed complacently for a moment, then reached for the rest of the plug. This he restored to the bosom of his shirt as he crumpled a paper that had adhered to the sticky tobacco. Stroking his black mustache again, he placed the crumpled paper in his mouth.

The argument of the attorney continued as Jim chewed on unconcernedly. When the judge finally called for order in the court, the defendant swallowed quickly the evidence which supported the Territory's indictment.

After this narrow squeak, Climax Jim buried his running iron with his past. "Honesty is the best policy," he said. He settled down to become a respected citizen and began courting a school teacher. They went for long horseback rides in the foothills of the White Mountains. He told her fascinating tales of Arizona's badmen who rustled cattle and cunningly escaped the law. He watched her lovely eyes grow large and round as he explained in detail how a man could easily remove his handcuffs and leg irons. But it was long years afterward that he told her he had been one of these badmen.

Climax Jim—Rufus Nephews—filed on a homestead in the lower land not far from the town of Morenci, Arizona. He knew that the mining interests of that flourishing copper camp would some day want his homestead. Climax Jim was always a patient man. In due time he sold his holdings for $10,000. In the romantic and fabulous State of California, he settled down with his bride to live happily ever after. Who would ever believe it?

Why Bad Men Were Bad

(Continued from page 25)

West, we lived in northeastern Texas in a district of small prairies and big woods. There were heavily timbered bottoms and canebrakes on Red River and in the bayous that branched from these streams.

A ferry on Red River at the mouth of Mill Creek was a crossing from Arkansas to Texas of great importance. The so-called road went through the county seat. A noble old lady had made her home there from girlhood, treating all comers with generous hospitality. She told me of many men whose acquaintance she had made; one was David Crockett. Her mother would embarrass her some-

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times when she was enjoying the conversation of these strangers—who had seen so much more of the world than she—by calling from the loft of their log house, "Girls, get your skins and go to bed." They slept on bear and deer skins.

The lady mentioned had a son who commanded a company in the Southern army. One of his Texas recruits objected to the captain's ways and cut him in the neck, causing a deformity ever after. Another son shot a man, fled north to relatives, and got a college degree.

No yarn of this sort would be complete without some account of the manner of living when outlaws banded together for mutual protection and assistance in wild forays. Their habits of life were regulated very much by climate. In Texas the clean, healthy habit of camping out was marred only by wet northers, and generally the outlaws had admirers and friends willing to furnish shelter and information, well repaid by the lawless ones, when in funds.

Texas had many caves and canyons in the western part. The eastern part had places like the famous Jernigan Thicket where conscripts fled to avoid army life and preyed on adjacent territory. Canebrakes, swamps and heavily timbered river bottoms were homes for men who traveled as far off as Missouri to steal mules and good horses for disposal to Texas plantations. The Indian Nations were a haven of rest and happiness—if they were ever happy—to many men seeking safety for a time, or desiring a corn patch, cabin and squaw.

In the northwest, an outlaw rendezvous was quite different. The climate caused shelter to be necessary; a rendezvous often consisted of several log cabins, stables and corrals, located near water in some more or less inaccessible place known to very few. If the robbers did not molest the cattle or horses of the neighboring ranchmen, they were quite safe when home from a train robbery or a raid on small towns in the settlements.

THE FOLLOWING are some incidents that occurred in eastern and northern Texas among a people who respected the culture and learning of old Virginia and Kentucky, who read the *Courier-Journal* and believed Henry Watterson was infallible, yet they had the wild Texas spirit and furnished the men for the Snively Expedition in 1843, and many of them were with Scott in Mexico.

One old chap of Irish birth related to the writer his experiences on the Snively raid and in Mexico. He wished another war would start so he "could steal some more of the little silver Jesuses out of Mexican cathedrals." He took a homestead of 160 acres in Grayson County, but got disgusted with the quiet life and traded it for a pony and some chewing tobacco years ago. I presume it was worth $100 per acre.

Another neighbor, being slashed with a Bowie knife, said, "I could see the eggs I had for breakfast." This man had a son who was an out-and-out desperado, yet no man could be more genial and hospitable than the old man himself. Another jovial old scamp had a son on the dodge; this boy was an admirer of a doctor's daughter who lived in the settlement and was married to a good looking wanderer from Florida. The neighbor boy shot him with a derringer as they sat on a log at the country store.

One particular season brought disaster to several boys in the county seat. The son-in-law of the newspaper editor was shot by the son-in-law of the criminal lawyer; two other men were killed with shotguns from behind store doors; one young merchant was shot on a hunting trip; another was shot in the hotel owner's yard, mistaken for an enemy.

Before the writer left for western Texas he was in the hill district of Arkansas. A friend told him of how men met at the country grocery on Saturday afternoons, got warlike on "whiskey skins" (pelts were traded for drinks), and settled their troubles with knives. He knew a song, fragments of which came to memory.

Whilst the short sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bulldog pups, cheered up the din.
We piled the stiffs outside the door,
I reckon they made a cord or more.

Two of us left the country of summer camp meetings, double log houses with airy chimneys, big fireplaces, where the women cooked in skillets, pots and frying pans, and the mantel bore empty and full bottles of "log cabin bitters," vinegar bottles, empty and full, and whiskey.

We traveled west by Pilot Point, where men lived who could describe the unknown expanse that stretched to the mountains. From there on everything was strange—a revelation of what Texas was. Denton Creek was out all over the bottom, and deer and turkeys were plentiful along the edge of the timber.

We laid over waiting for the flood to fall, but one morning some swarthy men riding fat horses, with double-cinch saddles and fancy bridles, rode up to the bank and plunged in, swimming it easily. We followed their example, and went on west, meeting freighters with loads of buffalo hides who had come from the *terra incognito* of old Fort Phantom Hill.

Then began a life that caused us to meet, or hear of men whose deeds were red. We listened with keen interest to the deeds of Quantrell's men, of the James and Younger boys, of Hickok's and Horn's killings and dangerous adventures, of Ben and Bill Thompson.

Of the former (Ben), one of Littlefield's men related an incident to us. He had forded the Colorado below Austin and had taken his cook and chuckwagon into town for a supply of provisions. Their thirsty souls longed for a tinkling concoction in a big, cool barroom. As they poured milk punch down their alkalied throats, two men entered and the screen doors had not quit slamming until Ben Thompson, then marshal of Austin, entered. Bang! Bang! The two men went down.

Thompson said to the cowboy (who dreaded being a witness; his place was with his beloved longhorns), "Did you see that?"

To which was replied, "Naw, Ben, I didn't see nawthin', wasn't lookin'!"

We also gained lore about John Chisum, his jingle-bob rail cattle, his fighting men, included Billy the Kid; his enemies, the "Seven Rivers" cattlemen. We absorbed false and true tales of the Taylor and Sutton feud, where John Wesley Hardin was trained and graduated—I suppose with a diploma as a sure and careless shooter. Some of these western boys had met the brave and intelligent Luke Short and a few other worthies of Dodge City, and men of that stamp.

In after days we had closer experiences of deeds, such as the killing of Thompson and Fisher; the troubles of the Olive brothers with settlers on San Gabriel and Brushy, and the killing of one of the brothers on South Loup in Nebraska. Of the men on the Milletts Ranch there were weird romances told. We know of one who shot three men in one of the Fort Griffin dives (built of split mesquite slabs and inhabited by girls who had followed the U. S. cavalry out there), trying to protect a comrade who was wounded. The boy escaped and remained at Dodge City all next summer, ostensibly cutting strays from trail herds, but he "stood in" with a local butcher. He wore a red silk sash and a beaded buckskin jacket and pearl-handled Smith & Wesson. He and a few more were cleaned up the next winter by a mob at Sidney on the U.P.

WE ADMIRED Joe Collins and Sam Bass and their followers. Mistaken Sam died at Round Rock, Texas, repeating, "This world is all a bubble; there is nothing here but woe, hardship, toil and trouble." One's heart bleeds for many of these misguided, mistaken boys who would have made energetic, successful men if they had not taken the wrong turn at one time.

Many, many of these hardy, adventurous spirits still harbored the idea that guerilla warfare on all dwellers above the Mason and Dixon Line was perfectly legal and patriotic.

"I'm a good old Rebel," was a song often heard then, but now spoken of with bated breath.

How would it do before those in the "know" have all "passed over" to erect a monument somewhere to "The unlucky and mistaken ones who died suddenly in the bloody and powderburned '70s," as Daly, the stage driver and scout, dubs that decade.

One cannot but feel some regret for souls that passed out in that arid period. There were many cold-blooded killings, and the perpetrators escaped punishment by some legal quibble. Such killings were for political or religious reasons, or jealousy of a man's standing. We saw a stage driver shot because he wouldn't make room for a bad-tempered fellow who had ridden his horse to death.

Speaking of Chisum's Jingle-bob cattle, many of them were bought by Hunter & Evans and held in Nebraska and Wyoming. They employed some of the old hands from the Pecos. One of these was a tough, intelligent "horse wrangler." He knew every horse in a remuda of 150 head. A ne'er-do-well dude from Kansas City shot him in his bunk and escaped.

As a rule, the town gamblers and pimps were anathema to the men of the range. The old Chisum men told stirring tales of fights at Seven Rivers on the Pecos. One of them met a fellow one morning dragging some cottonwood planks by his saddle-horn and explained he had fixed a fellow the evening before at the roadside grocery and wanted to make a box for him. Kipling's lines might apply to these men's qualities:

> So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,
> At your 'ome in the Soudan;
> You're a poor benighted 'eathen
> But a first class fightin' man.

Letter Rip!

(*Continued from page 55*)

Dear Sir:

I have never tried writing till I started reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and believe me I don't know what I would do without them as I am a widow and live alone. I was born in Texas and raised in Oklahoma near Idabel and close to Glover River, by my father and three brothers.

My folks were married in Clarksville, Texas, in 1903—went to Oklahoma in 1907. As a young man my dad was a cowboy in Texas. He met and worked with a cowboy named Clay Moore back in 1882 and was on a lot of drives to Dodge City, Kansas and did some fighting with the Indians.

He talked a lot about Belton, Texas; also Waco and Baird. He was a bronc buster and guide. Part Cherokee Indian, he was a fine man who got along well with everyone but no one pushed him around. After my mother passed away, Father used to sit way into the night telling me about what he did in the old days and about his trips by horseback to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

After he married he lived in Mena, Arkansas. I was there once and saw a man who knew my father many years before I was born. This man saw my dad walking down one street and he was on the other street but he ran over and said, "Is it really you, Dave Gordon?"

My father said, "Yes, after all these years I came back to show some of my children where I, or you and I, hung a big black bear." And right around the corner was a fine white house and in the yard a big oak tree, and believe it or not there was that dry dead limb about fifteen feet up where they'd hung it.

It was in 1927 that we were in Mena. My father passed on in 1952 at the age of ninety-two.—Mrs. Oma Gordon Whalen, Rt. 1, Box 841-L, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001.

Dear Joe:

"Glick" Haigler still gets around pretty good despite the fact of a bad heart and the ever-present oxygen bottle he carries in his car. Glick is up in his seventies somewhere and has run sheep and cattle all over the San Luis Valley in southwestern Colorado, to say nothing of his early days in Kansas.

One day I strapped Glick into my four-wheel drive vehicle, put the oxygen bottle in the back seat where he could reach it and headed for the rugged La Veta Pass area and the old town of Russell. This is where Glick used to have his base camp while running sheep high along the slopes of the Sangre de Cristo range.

If Glick Haigler had a reputation for feeding prize-winning sheep, his reputation for raising fine horses and telling the truth still stands today in his home town of Monte Vista, Colorado.

Glick said he rode fence one day and found a young bull elk that had tangled its hind leg in the bobwire and had died about a day before he rode up on it. Several days later, he said he rode back that way and the young elk was missing. Not a trace of a hair or anything. Glick started looking around and when his horse started acting skittish, he spotted the half-eaten remains of the elk about thirty or forty yards away. Lots of bear tracks were around and being satisfied he rode his reluctant mount out of there.

This in itself is not unusual in the Colorado Rockies. However, Glick said he had occasion to be back through that part of the mountains about two weeks later and found all the clean-picked bones of the young elk right back in the same spot by the fence where it originally got all tangled up.

Glick said he had never told anyone this and admonished me not to say anything about it either. Naturally, being a newspaper man I wouldn't dare say a word about such a tale. However, if you call Glick a liar, you'll have me to whip and the whole town of Monte Vista, Colorado.—Kirby Ward, Monte Vista *Journal*, Inc. Monte Vista, Colorado.

Dear Hosstail:

Have you run anything in your magazines about C. L. ("Buffalo") Jones?

Buffalo Jones was born in 1844 in Bloomington, Illinois. After two years at Bloomington University he went West to look for work, building a nursery business in Troy, Kansas, farming in Osborne, Kansas, promoting the townsite and helping to build Garden City, Kansas, among his other efforts. But his real love was hunting.

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Like all great hunters, Jones engaged in the slaughter of buffalo. But one day he saw in his mind's-eye a picture of the prairie, devoid of life, the bleached bones of the once-countless herds drying in the sun all the way from Canada to the pampas of Texas. Immediately he conceived the idea of preserving and protecting the few scattered members of the fast disappearing species. After two trips into the Texas Panhandle he was able to bring to his ranch in Kansas the nucleus of a herd. Their descendants are now scattered all over the U. S.

(*Continued on page 66*)

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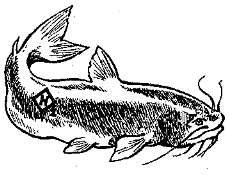

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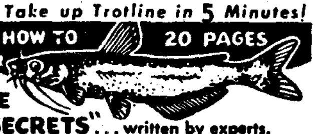

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Goodhearted and Unlucky

(Continued from page 11)

wolf on the dodge, and Long George, hailed as World Champion Cowboy, was a well-known figure in that part of Montana.

FOR ALMOST two long years Long George lived the uneasy, dangerous life of a man with a bounty on his hide, holing up in the badlands, staying clear of towns, depending on the loyalty of the close friends he could count on not to turn him in.

No man who has never been on the dodge can possibly begin to realize the tensed-up feelings of a cowboy with a bounty on his hide, and it was with a feeling of relief that Long George received word that it was time to return to Havre and give himself up to the law. The dance was over and it was time he paid the fiddler.

The word was that there was no chance or hope for a new trial. He would have to serve from six to twelve years in the penitentiary, a dismal outlook at the age of forty-eight. Wasted years. But he'd had a bellyful of what he'd gone through for the long hunted months, looking back across his shoulders like a damn coyote, sleeping with one eye open and his ear to the ground, scared to sit around his lone campfire of a cold night for fear of being shot where his galluses crossed. Sometimes scared to light his supper fire for fear some bounty hunter would sight the smoke. Wrinkles in his belly and lonesome for somebody to talk to.

But he couldn't afford the luxury of conversation. Every stranger was a potential enemy that might turn him in to the law. Every friend he had ever made was under suspicion. Now his attorneys had sent word it was time he came back to take his medicine, and despite the grim dismal outlook, it was good news, after a fashion, providing a feller liked the taste of crow meat.

The winter snows blanketed Montana the cold December day that Long George Francis, on his Tony horse, rode alone down the deserted main street of Havre. There was a gaunt look to his face, shorn of beard. His puckered eyes were cold blue as winter ice. But he still sat tall and straight with the same saddle swagger. And Tony, his sleek outline marred by a thick hairy winter coat, pranced high headed down the hard-packed snow of the wide street leading to the courthouse.

No one save his attorneys, the county attorney, the judge and the sheriff, were aware that George Francis, fugitive from justice for almost two years, had sent word that he was coming back to Havre to voluntarily surrender, and these men were awaiting his arrival. It was the same man, the Honorable W. B. Rhodes, who was presiding as judge of the District Court of Hill County, but Matt McLain was now sheriff instead of George Bickle. And C. R. Stranhan had been elected county attorney.

The thermometer outside the Last Chance Saloon registered below the zero mark, with a raw, bleak wind blowing. Storm doors protected the stores and saloons. A thick coating of winter frost covered every window. No saddle horses or wagon teams were tied to the empty hitchracks. Few pedestrians ventured forth from the warmth of buildings to face the cold and the frosty bite of the raw wind. So the return of Long George Francis, one time proclaimed World's Champion Cowboy, now branded an outlaw, riding his celebrated horse Tony, went unnoticed save for the lawmen waiting like so many buzzards to quarrel over the fate of their already condemned victim.

No man save Long George knew what mixed emotions dwelt deep within his being that bleak day of his return, but whatever bitterness lay within him was masked under a stoical calm that bordered on calloused indifference to his fate.

Long George Francis' only request of Judge Rhodes, who had sentenced him to spend from six to twelve years in prison, was that he be allowed to spend Christmas with the girl he loved—a schoolmarm who taught a little country school about thirty-odd miles northwest of Havre, near the Canadian border. The Judge granted his permission.

ON OR ABOUT December 20, 1920, Long George borrowed the loan of a Model T Ford from a friend. This he proceeded to load with Christmas gifts for the girl he'd been sparking before he quit the country as a fugitive from the law. Among the gifts was a large box of candy and a box of red apples.

Threatening storm clouds darkened the overcast sky, with all indications of a snowstorm approaching. Long George had all too few days of freedom to visit his sweetheart, and therefore time was counted off in precious hours and minutes. The threat of a heavy snowfall could delay him for those precious days of reprieve from prison, and while he knew that he might run into trouble he decided to make the trip. Behind the wheel of the Tin Lizzie, with the average run of luck, he could cover the distance in an hour's time and perhaps beat the storm to the remote schoolhouse.

Long George, barbered and dressed in his range dude garments, was gay of heart, full of holiday spirit. Never a drinking man, he refused the gift bottles of whiskey proffered by saloon keepers. Among the small group of loyal friends who gathered around the flivver to bid him farewell on his journey was the Reverend Leonard J. Christler, who told Long George that he had not, by any manner of means, given up his legal battle to free him from prison, a statement which gave the condemned man renewed hope. The staunch and loyal friendship between these two dated back to the time the Episcopal minister had first come to Havre to establish a parish.

HOTEL
ECHOHAWK

The preacher's words put a song in the heart of Long George Francis as he drove the car down the packed snow of Havre's Main Street and out on the wagon road into the threatening storm.

On that fateful day Destiny, from a marked deck, dealt Long George a dead man's hand. Long George had traveled about thirty miles and was on the last leg of the journey when the brunt of the icy wind-driven blizzard struck with all its fury. Visibility was zero. Drifting snow concealed any trace of the road. The black shadows of night were approaching to end the short December day. With only his cowpuncher instinct of direction to guide him, Long George steered the car across the blizzard-swept prairie, until there came a sickening lurch and car and driver pitched headlong over a steep cutbank.

Long George was pinned down under the wrecked car and the heavy jolting impact had broken one leg. A dull ache inside his body told of internal injuries. Alone, and all alone, the crippled cowpuncher's game heart and bewildered brain summoned up all the strength he could muster, there in the snow-covered wilderness. In the brief time before night closed in, he tore apart the crate that held the apples, with which he fashioned a crude splint to hold the broken bones of his leg in place. Fighting off panic, he set out to crawl and limp, fall and regain his balance, and fall again, dragging himself in a grim effort to reach the safety of the isolated schoolhouse. He fell for the last time on the frozen ice of Milk River, and there, with his strength ebbing fast, Long George Francis faced a slow painful death by freezing—or taking a quicker way out. His numbed fingers pried open the big blade of his stock knife.

LONG GEORGE FRANCIS' frozen body was found by K. L. Ackerman, a farmer living in that vicinity, on December 24, 1920. Mr. Ackerman traveled in fifteen degrees below zero weather to Havre, to notify Matt McLain, sheriff of Hill County, of the accident. The sheriff, acting coroner Judge W. B. Pyper, and funeral director James Holland went out to bring the body in.

The following information is contained in a letter to me from Mr. James Holland, dated February, 1967:

"It was a very cold night when Sheriff Matt McLain, Judge Pyper and I left in my car, a Hupmobile, with the farmer leading the way, to bring in the dead body of Long George Francis. Taking the funeral ambulance was out of the question due to weight, wheelbase, etc., as the roads were really snow filled and almost blocked. With the farmer leading the

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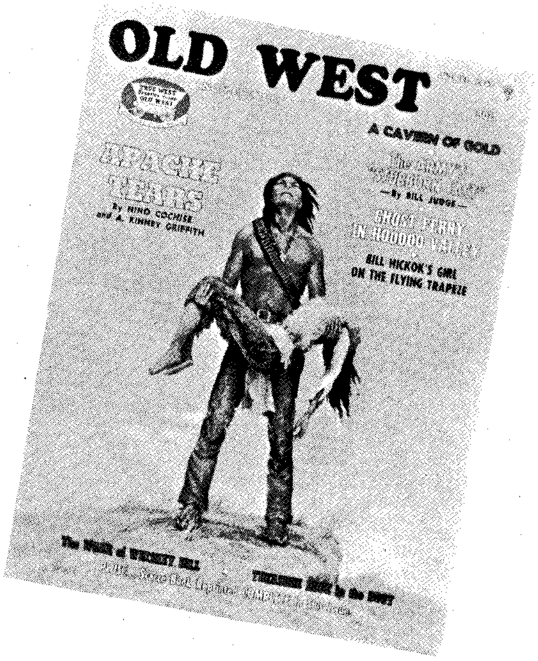
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way he piloted us down and around, some fifteen miles, to the location of the body lying on the ice in the middle of Milk River and frozen completely solid. He had dragged himself perhaps a mile before he was unable to go further, and knowing he was freezing to death, he tried, as I recall it, to hurry the end by slashing his wrists and neck. However, as I recall it, he was too weak to get in deep enough to cause his death. We wrapped his body in canvas and tied it to the right fender of the car, and returned to Havre without too much difficulty."

The funeral of George Francis was the largest ever held in Havre. His horse Tony, with empty saddle, was led behind the horse-drawn hearse in the longest funeral procession ever to make that final journey to the cemetery on the hill overlooking the town and the ice-bound banks of Milk River.

Under an overcast sky the Reverend L. J. Christler preached a memorable graveside eulogy before a large assembly of saddened men, women and children, with the horse standing tracked with lowered head as if he, too, were aware of the death of the man who had been his pardner in life.

Reverend Christler, the cow country sky pilot of Havre, made a striking figure as he stood beside the casket with the black-veiled mother of the dead man beside him.

"George Francis has fallen before the only foe he could not meet," the parson spoke quietly. "We feel with him the cold which benumbed, and listen with him to the winds which pierced, till our blood almost freezes. Minutes and hours passed, the sun rose and set, winter snows deepened, but they brought him not the sight of the long wished for hour of help and rescue.

"Tell me, men, with all combined to blast the last bud of hope, who could have mastered such a melancholy fate? It was as has been so magnanimously said, 'Game he lived, and game he died.' "

Although the preacher's voice had a gentle tone as he told of the tragic death of his friend, it changed abruptly and suddenly as Christler condemned the accusers of Long George Francis, the court of law, the judge and jury who had sentenced the prisoner to a long term in the state penitentiary, and he spoke with harsh clarity, his tongue a whiplash that stung and cut every man involved in the arrest and trial. If there were enemies of the dead man there at the graveside, those men must have felt the shameful burden of guilt.

Somewhere in the group of mourners was the schoolteacher, whose bowed head and stifled sobs betrayed her grief for the man who had journeyed forth to bid her a last farewell.

The saga and legend of the colorful life of Long George Francis has been told and retold countless times at round-up camps and bunkhouses and winter line camps, and is still recounted, after nearly half a century of time, by old-timers wherever and whenever they meet. Nothing in the eventful, adventurous, brave life of George Francis became him like the leaving of it.

Steamboat on the Sound

(Continued from page 37)

to make raids on the Puget Sound Indians, the Nisquallys, Duwamish, Puyallips, Squaxin, and other tribes. The purpose of the raids was to take as many captives as possible to their village on the northern shores of Vancouver Island.

The captive Indians became slaves in the strange social structure of the Haidas, although this practice was not restricted to the Haidas but was common among all the Northwest Coast Indians. In the ritual of the potlatch, an Indian slave or a number of them would be slain just to show how big a chief the owner was, or they would be given to another Indian, who in turn would be expected to give a potlatch and return what was given—plus a 100% interest! Slaves were not the only gifts at potlatches; any item—blankets, flour, canoes, weapons—were suitable. The potlatch was a sort of status symbol and kept the Indian forever debt-ridden.

The raids of the Haidas were strictly against the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company. It wasn't from a desire to change tribal customs nor did the company wish to impose a new way of life on the Indian; rather it was from an economic standpoint that slave taking was denounced. Tribes whose numbers had been decimated by such forays were certainly not very efficient fur trappers; sometimes there were not enough men left to maintain a village, let alone trap. The whole structure of the Hudson's Bay Company was based upon the fur harvest, consequently anything that hurt trade would not long be tolerated. It was the *Beaver*, as a patrol boat, that put a stop to much of the raiding by the Haidas and other tribes.

Before the coming of the little steamer, the highly maneuverable war canoes could escape a sloop or schooner by ducking into some narrow inlet where the sailing ship could not readily follow unless the winds were favorable. The *Beaver* could trail a war canoe almost anywhere, and since her speed was greater she could overtake and force the war party to turn about and return to its own tribal waters.

THE *BEAVER* continued on his combined trading and patrol duty until 1860 when she was put in drydock, overhauled from stem to stern, and refitted as a passenger vessel. She made the run between Victoria and New Westminster, British Columbia, for a number of years before her duties were once more changed.

Chartered by the Imperial Hydrographic Office as a survey boat the little craft helped with the survey of much of the coastal waters of British Columbia.

In 1874 the Hudson's Bay Company sold the *Beaver* to a group of Canadians who refitted her as a towboat. In those days, when sailing ships were still in the majority, a towboat met ships outside the harbor and towed them to a berth at sawmill docks or other berthing facilities. Under the command of Captain Rudlin, one of her new owners, the *Beaver* really earned her name in earnest.

Ownership changed hands again in 1877 and a Captain J. D. Warren took command of her. She was pulled from the water once again and overhauled as a towboat. Bad luck began to plague the *Beaver* about three years later. She caught fire and much of her cabin space was extensively damaged. But her owners rebuilt her and back to service she went. In 1883 she struck some rocks near the entrance to Burrard Inlet, and ran aground. For the first time, in all her service on the waters of the inland seas, the veteran steamer sank.

However, the *Beaver's* days as a steamship were not over. Her hull was raised, the damage repaired, and she again cut through the waters as a towship for the British Columbia Towing and Transportation Company.

The venerable old steamer was again fitted out as a passenger ship in 1888. Her run was between Victoria, on the lower tip of Vancouver Island, and the logging camps and sawmill towns located on Burrard Inlet to the north. She carried cargo, mail, and passengers. This new lease on life was not to last long, however, for in July of that year she again hit the rocks on a run to Vancouver near the entrance to the harbor. There were few markers or buoys in the channels and harbors to indicate dangerous waters; a navigator had to know where every hidden rock on his course lay. If he miscalculated he was in trouble.

Although the *Beaver* was not too heavily damaged by her latest mishap the owners were reluctant to salvage her. They left the historic old vessel stranded on the rocks where the tide rose and fell about her each day. Souvenir hunters soon stripped every obtainable object from the ship. Eventually the ancient iron boiler which had provided steam for the *Beaver* for over five decades was removed for use in another craft but fortunately found its way to the Washington State Historical Society at Tacoma instead, where one may see it today.

The final episode in the life of the *Beaver* came in the 1890s. The old hulk lay on the rocks, every tide and storm battering her a little more. The steamer seemed to hang onto the rocks tenaciously, as though she could somehow go on living in this way. Then one day, a new passenger steamer, shiny and fresh, twice as fast as the old derelict had been in her heyday, swept past the rocks on her way out of the harbor. In her haughty passage she came much too close to the rocks for safety's sake. It was as though the new ship wished to show the old wreck what a beautiful princess could do. The fast passenger ship left large swells in her wake and, rolling like some ominous bringer of doom, they swept over the rocks on which the *Beaver* rested.

For a long moment her hulk floated free, then almost without a sound, the old ship sank slowly beneath the roiled waters. The *Beaver*, the first ship to bring steam to the Pacific Northwest, went to her death in the waters she had sailed for so many years.

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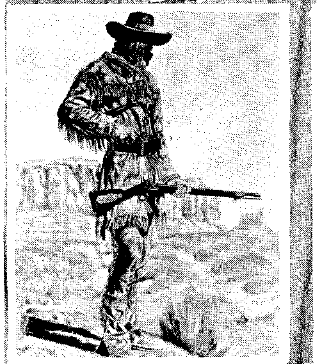
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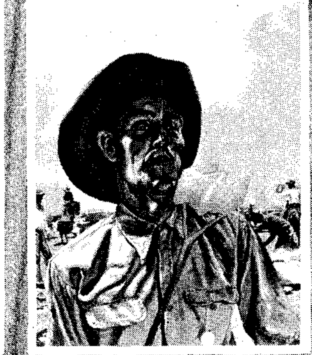
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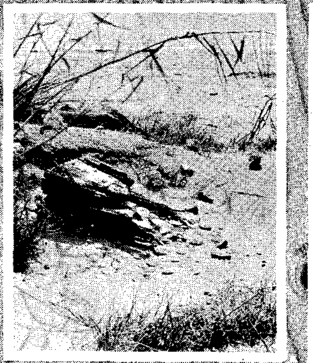
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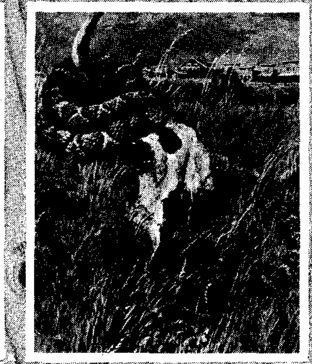
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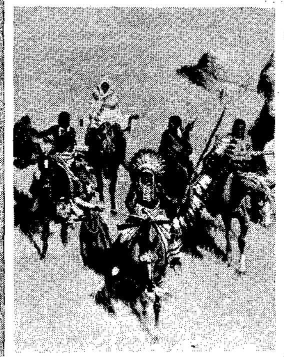
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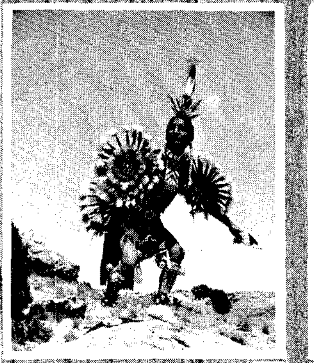
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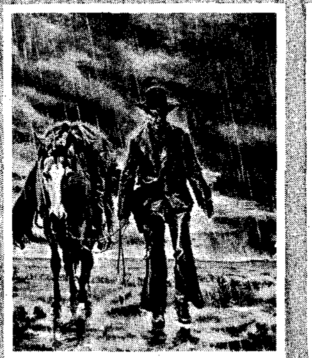
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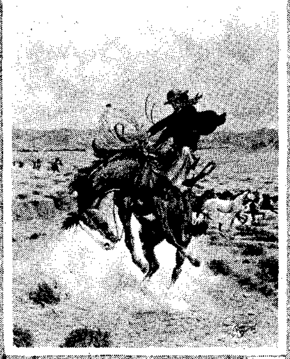
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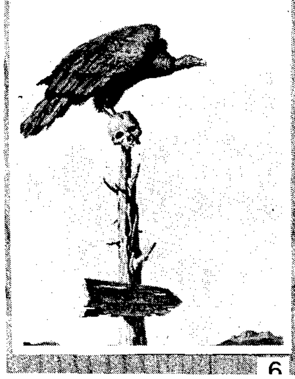
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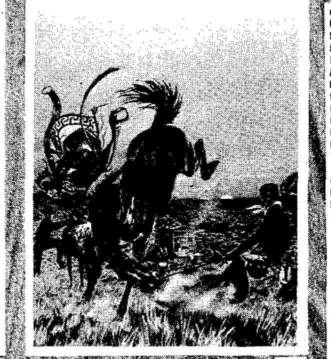
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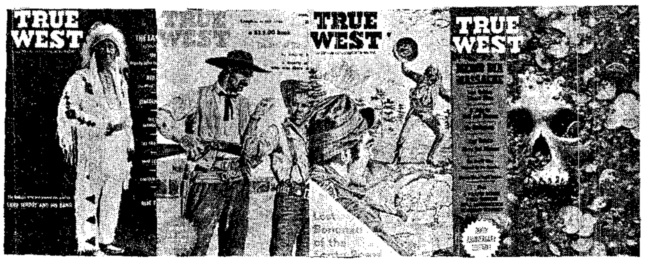

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THE WEST REALLY WAS!

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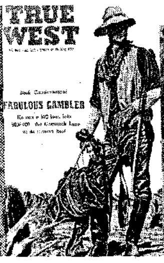
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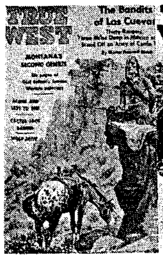
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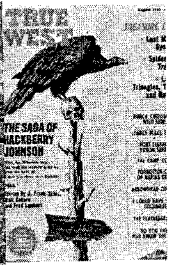
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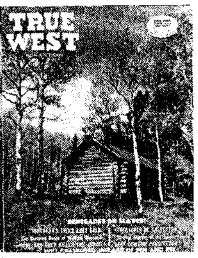
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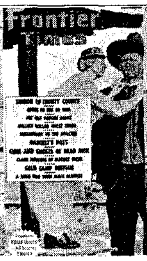
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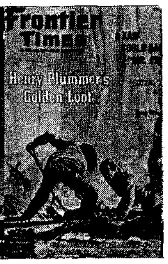
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JOHNY
SONTAG

ON THIS DAY . . .

by W. C. Carter

1820, Sept. 26—Died: Daniel Boone; American pioneer, pathfinder and discoverer of Kentucky, age 85.

1836, March 27 (Palm Sunday)—Slaughtered: Colonel James W. Fannin with hundreds of his Texas rebel soldiers by Mexican soldiers under the command of Colonel Portilla, near Goliad, Texas.

1860, Jan. 31—Died: Elizabeth Crockett; last wife of David Crockett who died fighting at the Fall of the Alamo. Age 70, buried at Acton community near Granbury, Texas.

1876, June 25—Massacred: General George A. Custer; by Sioux and other Indians at the battle of the Little Big Horn.

1876, Sept. 7—Killed: Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller; members of the James-Younger band of outlaws at Northfield, Minnesota, during an attempted bank robbery.

1877, Sept. 5—Killed: Crazy Horse, Oglala Sioux Indian Chief, while a captive, at Ft. Robinson, Nebraska.

1880, June18—Died: Sutter, John A.: Western pioneer; gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, California in 1848.

1883, Oct. 7—Died: Susanna A. Hannig who, with her fifteen-month-old daughter, Angelina, survived the Fall of the Alamo massacre when her first husband, Captain Almeron Dickinson, was killed during the fighting. Buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas.

1885, Apr. 14—Died: Richard King; founder of Texas' King Ranch, age 61, at San Antonio, Texas.

1889, July 20—Hanged; Ella Watson (Cattle Kate), age 28, female cattle rustler, by rancher-vigilantes near Casper, Wyoming.

1890, July 13—Died: John Charles Fremont; American explorer, soldier and political leader. Guide for Western exploratory expeditions in New York City.

1890, Dec. 15—Killed: Sitting Bull; Sioux Indian Chief, at Grand River, South Dakota, by Indian police, age 59.

1898, July 1—Killed: William O. (Buck) O'Neill; ex-Arizona lawman, at San Juan Hill, Cuba, as a Captain of the Rough Riders.

1941, March 7—Died: Asahel Curtis; Klondike Gold Rush photographer, age 67, in Seattle, Washington.

1953, Aug. 5—Died: Aten, Ira; ex-Texas Ranger, age 91, at El Centro, California.

1964, Sept. 18—Died: J. Frank Dobie; author, professor, historian, raconteur, age 75. Buried in Texas State Cemetery, Austin, Texas.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 59)

In 1896 he went on a hunting trip beyond the Arctic Circle in Canada to capture wild musk oxen but the beasts were killed by Indians before he could get them into the U. S. His next expedition was to Africa for lions, where he is said to have saved a native tribe from their depredations. Later he caught mountain lions in Arizona and in his declining years was appointed keeper of Yellowstone National Park, where he tamed quite a number of bears and introduced a herd of buffalo from his Kansas ranch.

He was buried in the Garden City, Kansas, cemetery. Only a mound of yellow clay marks Buffalo Jones' last place of rest.—Evelyn Renstrom, Cimarron, Kansas.

Dear Joe:

I'm just a "young buck" twenty-four years old, but I have a story my dad tells on my grandfather on my mother's side of the family.

Both he and my father's dad homesteaded near Lusk, Wyoming, about 1906 or 1907. My granddad's name was Arthur G. Gillett. Maybe some of your readers knew him then. Anyway, it seems my Grandpa Gillett was a bachelor and so only had a one-room claim shack out near Van Tassell, Wyoming. It served as a granary, tack room, living quarters, etc. He had a batch of seed oats stored in the shack which the gophers were very fond of. The door of his shack had a "cat hole" about four by four inches to allow his tomcat access to the shack as "preventive medicine" for the gophers.

One day along in the spring my dad's father (Liel H. Nicodemus) went over to ask Grandpaw Gillett to help him with some work. As he got close to the cabin he heard the crack of a rifle. Well, Grandpaw Nick hollered and asked was it all right to come in?

"Sure," was the answer.

Well, when Grandad Nick got to the door, there on the ground in front of the cat hole lay eight or ten gophers. Grandpaw Gillett told him, "You know, I've been trying all morning to shoot that one damn gopher and haven't hit him yet."

He'd been sitting in the shack shooting the gophers when they appeared at the cat hole. Pretty good "mouse trap," wouldn't you say?—Earl Nicodemus, Burbank, Oklahoma.

Dear Sir:

Last summer in August I made a two-week trip through the southwestern states. I am interested in ghost towns. While I was traveling south down U.S. Highway 95 in Nevada I came to a sign which read "Candelaria-seven miles." So I turned and drove to this almost forgotten town.

When coming down the dirt road and entering the old village, what interested me most was a sheepherder's wagon which was parked alongside of a cut-down '53 Chevy. A man's home is his castle, be it big or small, so I did not go close to it. In that windblown, dust-filled town, there was almost nothing but debris littered around from a bygone era.

There was a dugout cabin with the inscription "Club Candelaria" on the wooden door casing, which had been cut out by some forgotten miner. I deci to take a few pictures and leave, had started to do so when from out this wagon came a barrel-chested m His skin was almost black from desert sun. He spoke a word of greeti which I acknowledged.

After talking to him a while, I fou out why he had not shown himself fore. He was waiting to see if I was li so many others who, when in a desert town, turn thief.

He asked me if I would help him up a small headstone over his gran mother's grave. He told me he had spe most of the previous night chiseli the stone which was inscribed "ELOS LOPEZ, March, 1883." After we set t stone over the grave he then showed where vandals had desecrated graves.

This man only had six dollars in h pocket, and to some people he wou have been an object of contempt, but me he is a vanishing American. A m who would rather be free to be his ow boss so he could do a little prospecti than to be tied down to a steady, ulce creating job like most of us.

I don't know if he or the headsto he created (because someone stole t original) will be there this year, but am going again to this desert town a see.—Ronald Rathbun, 910 Highla Street, Ridgefield, Washington.

Don't Miss . . .

(Continued from page 1)

asking for trouble, then your heart wi beat a little faster at Olevia Myers' e perience. And, oh, there are others, b as I started out to say

DON'T MISS . . .

our book, reprinted in full at the back the magazine, about Rube Burrow. H was a train robber and a more daring on never punched the ribs of an enginee He had a sixth sense, too, that kept hi from ambush. After so many detective got on his trail, he had to quit thinkin like a man and think like an animal. H took to the swamps and the forest. H slept there, ate there, existed with th help of a network of kinfolks and friend who were as elusive as Rube himsel Burrow didn't get much good out of th money he got from holdups—in fac about the closest to luxury he ever go was a leaky barn loft, dining on a bi of fat pork smuggled in by his siste Still, Rube was as efficient a train robbe as the Old West ever knew and what h didn't think of in hairbreadth escapes, th newspapermen did.

I just had a thought. No cracks, please I know what's on your mind! After I'v gone to such scalawagging-much troubl to tell you about how sorry this issu is, what if you don't even pick it up o the newsstands or, if you're a subscribe a dog eats it? In either case, just disregard what I said above. We've got th dad-blamdest, letter-rippingest, con foundest issue coming up! Be sure an don't miss . . .

Oh, well—see you later.—Hosstail.

"Some hapless souls are led astray,
While some, themselves, seek out the way
Some fall, unthinking, in the pit,
While others seek about for it.

'Tis probable, if Satan should
Strive for the universal good,
And close his gates and bar them well,
Some souls would still break into Hell."

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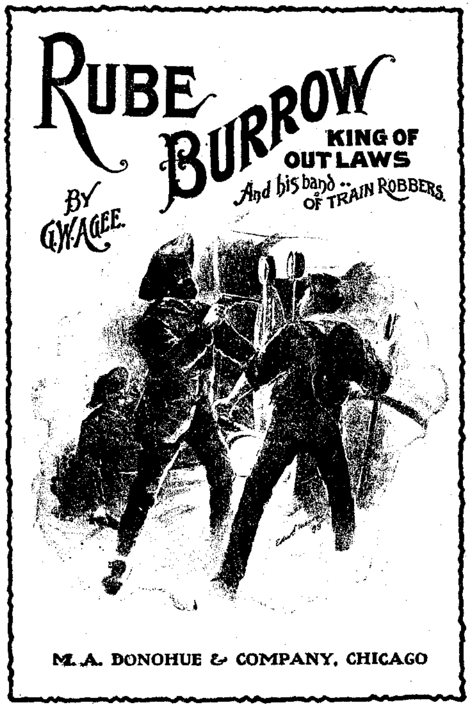

RUBE BURROW
KING OF OUTLAWS
And his band of TRAIN ROBBERS
BY G. W. AGEE
M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY, CHICAGO

RUBE BURROW
KING OF OUTLAWS
AND HIS BAND OF
TRAIN ROBBERS

●

By G. W. AGEE

Superintendent Western
Division Southern Express
Company

Published by M. A. Donohue and Company
New York and Chicago

PREFACE

Since the days of the James and *Younger brothers*, *bold types of Western* outlawry which were the immediate products of the late Civil War, no *banditti have challenged such universal attention* as those led by the famous outlaw, Rube Burrow. The press of the country has woven from the wildest woof of fancy full many a fiction touching his daring deeds, and manufacturers of sensational literature have made of the bandit as mystical a genius as the "Headless Hessian of Sleepy Hollow."

With the view of correcting the erroneous accounts heretofore given the public, I have yielded to the solicitations of many friends in the Express service and consented to give a faithful and accurate history, compiled from the official reports of the detectives, detailing the daring deeds, the thrilling scenes and the hair-breadth escapes of the outlaw and his band of highwaymen. Important confessions of some of the principal participants in the eight train robberies committed, covering a period of nearly four years, are also given without color of fiction or the caprice of fancy.

It is the province of this volume, therefore, not to laud evil endeavor, but rather to chronicle the hapless fate of those who, turning aside from the paths of peace and honor, elect to tread the devious and thorny road which leads on to the open gateway, over which is emblazoned in letters of living fire the accursed malediction, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

—G. W. Agee, Superintendent
Western Division Southern
Express Company, Memphis,
Tennessee
December, 1890

LAMAR COUNTY, Alabama, the home of the Burrow family, has become historic as the lair of a robber band whose deeds of daring have had no parallel in modern times. The halo of romance with which that locality has been invested has converted its rugged hills into mountain fastnesses, its quiet vales into dark caverns, and the humble abodes of its inhabitants into turreted fortresses and robbers' castles.

The County of Lamar, divested of the drapery of sensationalism, is one of the "hill counties" of northern Alabama and takes high rank in the list of rich agricultural counties of the State. It possesses a charming landscape of undulating hill and dale, watered by limpid streams, and amid fertile valleys and on the crests of its picturesque uplands are found the peaceful and prosperous homes of many good and law-abiding people, thus proving that good people are indigenous to every clime and land where the hand of civilization has left its kindly touch. "It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet."

Lamar County was formed from the most fertile portions of Fayette and Marion Counties, and has changed its name three times; first it was called Jones, then Sanford, and finally it was named Lamar in honor of the distinguished statesman and jurist who now adorns the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. This section of the State, though not until the last decade possessed of the advantages of development which more fortunate sections have long enjoyed, has always had an excellent citizenship. Here, in the olden time, were found ardent followers of the political faith of the founders of the Republic; from this section a large company of soldiers was sent to the Creek war, and a full quota of gallant men went forth to the Confederate Army, three companies of which were in the Twenty-sixth Alabama Infantry, one of the most superb regiments in the Army of Northern Virginia.

This much, in truth and justice, should be said in behalf of Lamar County, which has gained an unenviable notoriety as the birthplace of Rube Burrow, and later as the rendezvous of his confreres in crime. When metropolitan places, with well equipped police powers, give birth to such social organizations as the anarchists in Chicago and the Italian Mafia in New Orleans, and become asylums for organized assassins, the good people of these cities are no more responsible for the resultant evils than are the law-abiding people of Lamar County, Alabama, for the deeds and outlawry of which one of her citizens, by the accident of birthplace, was the chief exponent.

The Burrow family, however, were among the earliest settlers of Fayette

County, Alabama, from which Lamar was taken, and from their prolific stock descended a numerous progeny who by the natural ties of consanguinity formed a clan with whom the bold outlaws found ready refuge when fleeing from the hot pursuit organized in the more populous localities which were scenes of their daring crimes. Chief among Rube's partisans and protectors was James A. Cash, a brother-in-law.

ALLEN H. BURROW, the father of Rube, was born in Maury County, Tennessee, May 21, 1825, his parents moving to Franklin County, Alabama, in 1826 and who, in 1828, settled within the vicinity of his present home in Lamar County, Alabama. In August, 1849, Allen Burrow married Martha Caroline Terry, a native of Lamar County, who was born in 1820. From this union were born ten children—five boys and five girls.

John T. Burrow, the oldest child lives near Vernon, the county seat of Lamar. Apart from harboring his brother Rube, while an outlaw, he has always borne a fair reputation. He is of a rollicking disposition, possesses a keen sense of the ridiculous, is a fine mimic and recounts an anecdote inimitably and, though crude of speech and manner, having little education, is a man of more than average intelligence.

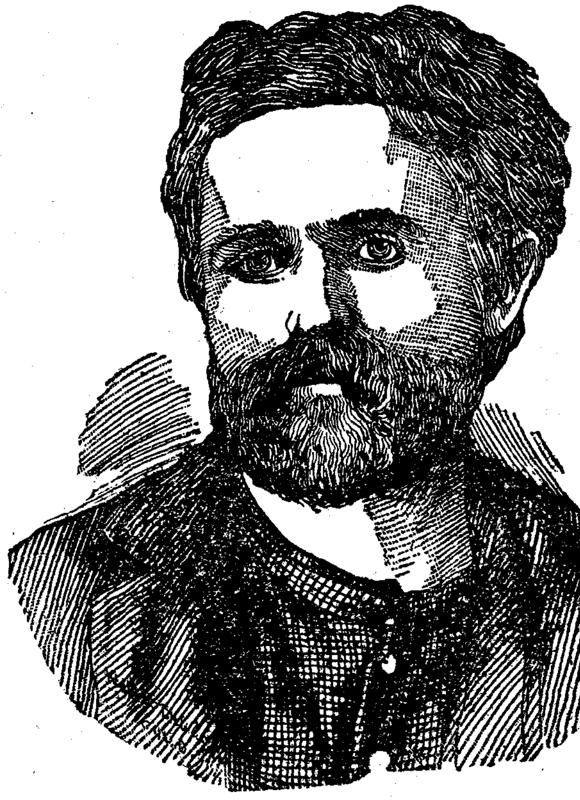
Jasper Burrow, the second son, is a quiet, taciturn man. He lives with his father, and is reputed to be of unsound mind. Four of the daughters married citizens of Lamar County. The youngest, who bears the prosaic name of Ann Eliza, is a tall blond of twenty summers, and is yet unmarried. She is of a defiant nature, has a comely and attractive face, and is a favorite with many a rustic youth in the vicinity of the Burrow homestead. She was devoted to Rube, afforded a constant medium of communication between the parental home and the hiding place of the outlaws, and was the courier through whom Rube Smith was added to the robber band while in rendezvous in Lamar County.

Reuben Houston Burrow, the outlaw, was born in Lamar County, December 11, 1854. His early life in Lamar was an uneventful one. He was known as an active, sprightly boy, apt in all athletic pursuits, a swift runner, an ardent huntsman and a natural woodsman. He possessed a fearless spirit, was of merry and humorous turn, a characteristic of the Burrow family, but he developed none of those traits which might have foreshadowed the unenviable fame acquired in after-life.

James Buchanan Burrow, the fifth and youngest son, was born in 1858, and was, therefore, four years the junior of his brother Rube, to whose fortunes his own were linked in the pursuit of train robbing, and which gave the band the name of the "Burrow Brothers" in the earliest days of its organization.

The facilities for acquiring an education in the rural districts of the South half a century ago were limited. Allen Burrow grew to manhood's estate having mastered little more than a knowledge of the "three R's," and yet talent for teaching the young was so scant that Allen Burrow, during the decade immediately preceding the late war, was found diversifying the pursuits of tilling the soil with that of teaching a country school.

Among his pupils was the unfortunate postmaster of Jewell, Alabama, Moses Graves, who was wantonly killed by Rube Burrow in 1889. Many anecdotes are current in Lamar County, illustrating the primitive methods of pedagogy as pursued by Allen Burrow. It is said that the elder Graves, who had several sons as pupils, withdrew the hopeful scions of the Graves household from the school for the reason that after six months' tuition, he having incidentally enrolled the whole contingent in a spelling bee, they all insisted on spelling every monosyllable ending with a consonant by adding an extra one, as d-o-g-g, dog; b-u-g-g, bug.



Rube Burrow

Allen Burrow served awhile in Roddy's Cavalry during the Civil War, but his career as a soldier was brief and not marked by any incident worthy of note. Soon after the close of the war he made some reputation as a "moonshiner," and was indicted in 1876 for illicit distilling. He fled the country in consequence, but after an absence of two years returned and made some compromise with the Government, since which time he has quietly lived in Lamar County. While possessed of some shrewdness, he is a typical backwoodsman, with the characteristic drawling voice and quaint vernacular peculiar to his class.

Martha Terry, the wife of Allen Burrow, claims to be possessed of the peculiar and hereditary gift of curing, by some strange and mysterious agency, many of the ills to which flesh is heir, and had she lived in the days of Cotton Mather she might have fallen a victim to the fire and fagot, with which witchcraft in that day and time was punished. There are many sensible and wholly unsuperstitious persons in northern Alabama, where old Mrs. Burrow is well known, who believe in her occult powers of curing cancers, warts, tumors and kindred ailments by the art of sorcery. Capt. J. E. Pennington, a prominent citizen, and t present tax collector of Lamar Count tells of two instances in his own fami in which Dame Burrow removed tumo by simple incantation. The witch's caldr "boils and bubbles" on the hearthstone the Burrow home, and whether the da and fetid mixture contain

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,"

or what not, many good but creduloı people come from far and near to invol the charm of her occult mummery, d spite the fact that our latter-day civil zation has long since closed its eyes ar ears to the arts of sorcery and witchcraf Here, amid the environment of ignoran and superstition, evils resulting mo from the inherent infirmities of th rugged pioneer and his wife than th adversities of fortune, the family of te children was reared. It is from suc strong and rugged natures, uneducate and untrained in the school of right an honesty, that comes the material of whic train robbers are made.

RUBE BURROW'S old companions i Alabama recall distinctly the day h left Lamar County for Texas in th autumn of 1872. He left the old an familiar scenes of his boyhood, full c hope and eager to test the possibilitie that Texas, then the Eldorado of th southern emigrant, opened up to him. H was but eighteen years of age when h took up his abode with his uncle, Jo Burrow, a very worthy and upright ma who owned and tilled a small farm i Erath County, that State.

In 1876 Rube was joined by Jim Bur-ow, his younger brother, who remained Texas until 1880 when, returning to amar County, Alabama he married and esided there until 1884, then rejoined his rother Rube in Texas, taking his wife hither. Jim Burrow was a "burly, roar-ng, roistering blade," six feet tall, as traight as an Indian which race of people e very closely resembled with his beard-ess face, his high cheek bones, and coal-lack hair. He was in every way fitted or following the fortunes of Rube, and ad he not succumbed to the unhappy fate f imprisonment and early death he could ave been a formidable rival of his rother Rube in the events that marked is subsequent career.

Rube worked awhile on his uncle's arm, but soon drifted into that nonde-script character known as a Texas cow-oy. Meantime, in 1876, he married Miss Virginia Alvison, in Wise County, Texas, and from this marriage two children were orn, who are now with their grand-parents in Alabama, the elder being welve years. This wife died in 1880, and he married in 1884 a Miss Adeline Hoover of Erath County, Texas. These events served to retain his natural inclinations for excitement and adventure, and it may be truthfully said that from 1872 Rube Burrow transgressed the law only to the extent of herding unbranded cattle and marking them as his own.

In this pursuit he traversed the plains of Texas, enjoying the companionship of kindred spirits, whose homes were in the saddle and who found their only shelter by day and by night under the same kindly skies. As he grew to manhood he had given full bent to his love for the athletic pursuits incident to life upon the then sparsely settled plains of the Lone Star State. Taming the unbridled bronco, shooting the antelope, and lassoing the wild steer under whip and spur he soon gained fame as an equestrian and was recognized as the most unerring marksman in all the adjacent country. With a reputation for all these accomplishments, strengthened by an innate capacity for leadership, Rube ere long gathered about him a band of trusty comrades of which he was easily the leader.

A short time prior to this period, at varying intervals, all Texas had been startled by the bold and desperate adventures of Sam Bass and his band of train robbers, with which Rube was erroneously supposed to have been associated. Possibly inspired, however, by the fame which Sam Bass had achieved and exaggerated reports of the profits of his adventures, contrasted with the sparse returns from his own more plodding occupation, Rube was seized with a desire to emulate his deeds of daring and achieve at once fame and fortune.

AT THIS TIME, December 1, 1886, his party, consisting of Jim Burrow, Nep Thornton and Henderson Bromley, returning from an excursion into Indian Territory, rode in the direction of Bellevue, a station on the Fort Worth and Denver Railway. Here Rube proposed to rob the train which they knew to be due at Bellevue at eleven o'clock a.m. Hitching their horses in the woods a few hundred yards away they stealthily approached a water-tank three hundred yards west of the station where the train usually stopped for water.

Thornton held up the engineer and fireman, while Rube, Bromley and Jim Burrow went through the train and robbed the passengers, leaving the Pacific Express unmolested. They secured some three hundred dollars in currency and a dozen or more watches. On the train was Sergeant Connors (white), with a squad of U. S. colored soldiers, in charge of some prisoners. From these soldiers were taken their forty-five caliber Colt's revolvers, a brace of which pistols were used by Rube Burrow throughout his subsequent career.

Rube insisted on the prisoners being liberated, but they disdained the offer of liberty at the hands of the highwaymen and remained in charge of the crest-fallen soldiers who were afterwards dismissed from the service for cowardice. Regaining their horses the party rode forth from the scene of their initial train robbery, out into the plains, making a distance of some seventy-five miles from the scene of the robbery in twenty-four hours.

The ill-gotten gains thus obtained did not suffice to satisfy the greed of the newly fledged train robbers, and early in the following January another raid was planned. At Alexander, Texas, about seventy-five miles from Gordon, all the robbers met, and going thence by horseback to Gordon, Texas, a station on the Texas and Pacific Railway, they reached their destination about one o'clock a.m. on January 23, 1887.

As the train pulled out of Gordon at two o'clock a.m., Rube and Bromley mounted the engine, covered the engineer and fireman, and ordered them to pull ahead and stop at a distance of five hundred yards east of the station. The murderous looking Colt's revolvers brought the engineer to terms, and the commands of the highwaymen were obeyed to the letter. At the point where the train was stopped, Jim Burrow, Thornton, and Harrison Askew, a recruit who had but recently joined the robber band, were in waiting. As the train pulled up, Askew's nerve failed him, and he cried out, "For heaven's sake, boys, let me out of this!"

Askew's powers of locomotion, however, had not forsaken him, and he made precipitate flight from the scene of the robbery. Rube and Bromley marched the engineer and fireman to the express car and demanded admittance, while the rest of the robbers held the conductor and other trainmen at bay. The messenger of the Pacific Express Company refused at first to obey the command to open the door, and put out the lights in his car. A regular fusillade ensued, the robbers using a couple of Winchester rifles, and after firing fifty or more shots the messenger surrendered. About $2,275 was secured from the Pacific Express car. The U. S. Mail car was also robbed, and the highwaymen secured from the registered mail about $2,000.

Mounting their horses, which they had left hidden in the forest hard by, they rode off in a northerly direction, in order to mislead their pursuers. Making a circuit to the south they came upon the open plains which stretched far away toward the home of the robber band. The trackless plains left no vestige of the flight of the swift-footed horses as they carried their riders faster and still faster to their haven of safety, which they reached soon after daylight on the second morning after the robbery.

THE BETTER to allay suspicion, the robber comrades now agreed to separate, and all made a show of work, some tilling the soil, while others engaged in the occupation of herding cattle for the neighboring ranch owners.

Rube and Jim Burrow, about this time, purchased a small tract of land, paying six hundred dollars for it. They also bought a few head of stock and made a fair showing for a few months at making an honest living. The restless and daring spirit of Rube Burrow, however, could not brook honest toil. As he followed the plowshare over his newly purchased land, and turned the wild flowers of the teeming prairie beneath the soil, he nurtured within his soul nothing of the pride of the peaceful husbandman but, fretting over such tame pursuits, built robber castles anew.

While planting a crop in the spring of 1887 he had for a fellow workman one William Brock, and finding in him a daredevil and restless spirit he recounted to him his successful ventures at Bellevue and at Gordon. Thus another recruit was added to his forces; one who was destined to play an important role, as subsequent events will show. Time grew apace, and Rube wrote, in his quaint, unscholarly way, affectionate epistles to his relatives in Lamar County, Alabama, sending them some of his ill-gotten gains. Two of these letters, written on the same sheet of paper, the one to his brother, John T. Burrow, the other to his father and mother, at Vernon, Alabama, are here given *verbatim et literatim*, and show that a college education is not a necessary adjunct to the pursuit of train robbing.

Erath County, Texas, March 10, 1887
Dear Brother and family:

All is well. No nuse to rite. the weather is good for work and wee ar puting in the time. Wee will plant corn too morrow. Mee and james Will plant 35 acreys in corn. Wee wont plant Eny Cotton Wee hav a feW Oats sode and millet. i am going too Stephens Vill too day and i Will male this Letr. J. T. when you rite Direct your letr too Stephens Vill Erath county and tell all of the Rest too direct there letrs to the same place. i want you and pah to keep that money john you keep $30.00 and pah $20.00 the Reason i want you to have $30 is because you have the largest famil-ly. john I don't blame pah and mother fornot coming out here for they ortoo no there Business. john i want you to rite too me. i did think i would Come Back in march. i cant come now. Rite.

too J. T. Burrow
R. H. Burrow

Erath County, Texas, March 10, 1887
Dear father & mother:

Eye will Rite you a few Lines. all is well. Elizabeth has a boy. it was bornd on the 28 of february. She has done well. Mother i want you too pick mee out one of the prityest widows in ala. i will come home this fawl. pah i want john thomas to have 30 dollars of that money eye want you ty Buy analyzer a gold Ring. it wont cost more than $4. i told her i would send her a present. pah that will take a rite smart of your part of the money but it will come all right some day for I am going to sell out some time and come and see all of you. Rite.

R H Burrow
too A H. Burrow

"We have sowed a few oats," wrote Rube. Whether this was meant as a *double-entendre,* and referred not only to a strictly domesticated brand of that useful cereal but also to the "wild oats" which Rube and Jim had been sowing, and which bore ample fruitage in after years, it is useless to speculate.

IN THE midst of seed-time Rube tired of his bucolic pursuits, and concluded to try his fortunes at Gordon again, and on the tenth of May the chief gathered his little band at his farm in Erath County and under cover of a moonless night rode northward to the Brazos River, about fifty miles distant. They found to their disappointment that the river was very high and was overflowing its banks, rendering it impossible to cross it by ferry or otherwise. After spending the day in the adjacent woodland, they rode back to Alexander the following night to await the subsidence of the floods, which, however, kept the Brazos River high for some weeks.

Again, on the night of June 3d, by appointment, Henderson Bromley and Bill Brock met Rube and Jim Burrow at their home near Stephenville in Erath County. After consultation, Benbrook, Texas, a station on the Texas and Pacific Railway seventy-five miles south of Fort Worth, was selected as the scene of their third train robbery.

After a hard night's ride they were at daylight on June 4th, within a few miles of Benbrook. Having ascertained that the northbound train would pass the station about 7 p.m. they secreted themselves in the woods nearby until dark, at which time they rode quietly to within a few hundred yards of the station.

Rube Burrow and Henderson Bromley had blackened their faces with burnt cork, while Jim Burrow and Brock used their pocket handkerchiefs for masks. Rube and Bromley boarded the engine as it pulled out of the station and, with drawn revolvers, covered the engineer and fireman, and ordered the former to stop at a trestle a few hundred yards beyond the station. Here Jim Burrow and Brock were in waiting, and the two latter held the conductor and passengers at bay, while the two former ordered the engineer to break into the express car with the coal pick taken from the engine. Again the Pacific Express Company was robbed, the highwaymen securing $2,450. The passengers and mail were unmolested.

Regaining their horses within thirty minutes after the train first stopped at the station, the robbers rode hard and fast until noon of the following day. Through woodland and over plain, ere dawn of day they fled far from the scene of the robbery of the previous night, and a drenching rain which commenced to fall at midnight left not a trace of the course of their flight.

Here the robbers remained in quiet seclusion, disguising their identity as train robbers by a seeming diligence in agricultural pursuits, until September 20, 1887, when they made a second raid on the Texas Pacific Road, robbing the train at Benbrook station again.

When Rube and Bromley mounted the engine, wonderful to relate, it was in charge of the same engineer whom the robbers "held up" in the robbery of June 4th, and the engineer, recognizing Rube and Bromley, said, as he looked down the barrels of their Colt's revolvers, "Well, Captain, where do you want me to stop this time?"

Rube laconically replied, "Same place," and so it was that the train was stopped and robbed, the same crew being in charge on the identical spot where it had been robbed before. The messenger of the Pacific Express Company made some resistance, but finally the robbers succeeded in entering his car and securing $2,725, or about $680 each.

The highwaymen reached their rendezvous in Erath County, having successfully committed four train robberies.

About the middle of November following, Rube and Jim paid a visit to their parents in Lamar County, Alabama, Jim taking his wife there and Rube his two children. They remained in Lamar County some weeks, visiting their relatives and walking the streets of Vernon, the county seat, unmolested, as neither of the two men had at that time ever been suspected of train robbing.

EXPRESS TRAIN No. 2, on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway, left Texarkana, Arkansas, on the evening of December 9, 1887, at 5:50 p.m., fifty minutes late. Nothing unusual occurred until the train began to pull out of Genoa, Arkansas, a small station thirty miles north of Texarkana. Engineer Rue, on looking about, discovered two men standing just behind him with drawn revolvers, covering himself and fireman.

"What are you doing here?" asked Rue.

The answer was, "Go on! Don't stop! If you stop I will kill you!" And further: "I want you to stop about one and a half miles from here at the north end of the second big cut. I don't want to hurt you or your fireman, but we are going to rob this train or kill every man on it."

Arriving at the spot designated, the leader abruptly said, "Stop!" The engineer and fireman were then ordered down from the engine, and the leader said, "Boys, how are you all?"

A voice from the brush, where a third man was in waiting, said, "All right, boys!"

The latter then walked toward the passenger coaches and with a sixteen-shooting rifle opened fire in the direction of the coaches. The two men in charge of the engineer and fireman were closely masked and were armed with a brace of forty-five caliber Colt's pistols, with Winchester rifles strapped across their backs.

Messenger Cavin, of the Southern Express Company, put out his lights and, like Br'er Fox, "lay low" for some time. The robbers demanded admittance showering volleys of oaths and shots in one common fusillade. The heavy Winchesters sped shot after shot through the car, the balls piercing it from side to side, and yet young Cavin held his ground until Rube Burrow ordered the engineer to bring his oil can and saturate the car with its contents. The engineer was ordered to set fire to the car, but before doing so he made an earnest appeal to the messenger, who agreed to surrender under the condition that he should not be hurt. The robbers were some thirty minutes gaining access to the car. Having done so, they secured about $2,000.

This was the first train robbery in the territory of the Southern Express Company for a period of seventeen years. Not since the robbery of the Southern Express car on the Mobile and Ohio Railway at Union City, Tennessee, in October, 1870, by the celebrated Farrington brothers, had highwaymen made a raid on a Southern Express train. The Pinkerton Detective Agency having been given charge of the Union City case, and all the participants in that crime having been punished to the full extent of the law, the management of the Southern Express Company called to their aid at once the Pinkerton force.

Assistant Superintendent McGinn of the Chicago Agency reached Texarkana in about forty-eight hours after the robbery, and immediately repaired to t scene of the occurrence. Genoa is a sm railroad station only a short distan from Red River. The winter rains h filled the bottomlands with water, a the dense and impenetrable growth matted brush and vines, denuded of the foliage, made the landscape a pictu desolate and uninviting. Here in th wild woodland came Superintendent M Ginn on the morning of the third d after the robbery, to take up the tangl skein from which to weave the net f the capture of the train robbers.

ON THE night of the robbery a r port of the occurrence had been tel graphed to the officials of the Expres Company at Texarkana, and a posse a once started to the scene of the robber A few miles north of Texarkana th posse, being in charge of Sheriff Dixo of Miller County, came upon three me on the railway track, walking towar Texarkana. This was about three o'cloc a.m. The three men were allowed t pass; then the sheriff's posse, turnin about, commanded them to halt. Th latter ran, taking refuge in a railwa cut some thirty yards distant, and th sheriff's posse at once opened fire, whic was promptly returned, and a score o more of shots were exchanged.

The night being very dark, the firin on each side was done at random and n casualties ensued. After daylight tha morning two rubber coats and a slouc hat were found in the vicinity of th fight, and these articles were subsequently identified as having been worn by th men who robbed the train at Genoa. Th hat bore the name of a firm in Dublin Texas and the coats, which were new bore the simple cost mark "K.P.W."

Here was an important clew, proving that the robbers had at least purchase the hat at Dublin. Thither the detectives went with the hat and coats, hoping t have the purchasers identified. Calling upon the Dublin firm, diligent inquiry failed to disclose the purchaser of the hat, the firm having sold hundreds o similar style during the season.

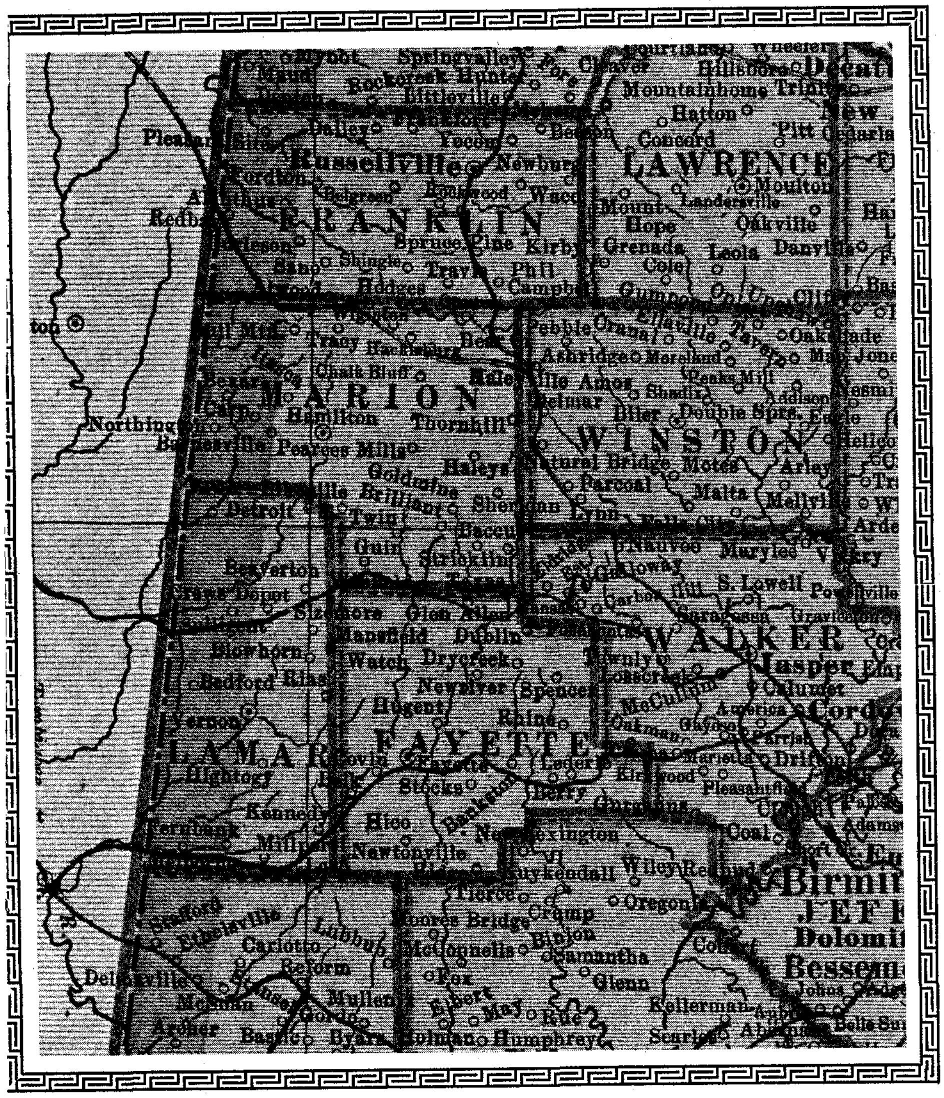
No trace of the purchasers of the coats could be found at Dublin, but the detectives felt that they were on a hot trail and renewed their exertions. To Corsicana, Waco, Stephenville and other points adjacent, they journeyed, exhibiting the coats with the cabalistic letters. until finally McGinn arrived at Alexander, Texas, as if carried there by that intuition common to shrewd men of his profession, and plied his inquiries anew.

Falling in with a salesman of the firm of Sherman & Thalwell, to whom the coats were exhibited, the answer of the young salesman, Hearn, was: "That is the cost mark of Sherman & Thalwell. I put those letters, 'K.P.W.,' on myself."

He then seemed lost a moment in thought, and resumed: "We had a lot of that brand, and I sold a coat like that to one Bill Brock who lives, when at home, at his father-in-law's, five miles from Alexander on the road to Dublin."

He further stated that Brock had been away, he thought, up about Texarkana, and added: "At the time Brock made the purchase there was a man with him to whom I also sold a similar coat, and who afterwards went to Alabama, and who I think is there now."

Here was a ray of light upon the dark mystery of December 9th at Genoa. The name, William Brock, had been copied from the hotel register at Texarkana, where it was found under date of December 3d, six days before the robbery, and



Map of northwestern Alabama showing area around Sulligent and Vernon in Lamar County.

was in the possession of the detectives who were on alert for the owner.

A few days prior to this occurrence another detective was shadowing a man in Waco, Texas, who was spending money freely and who answered the description of one of the train robbers. Following him to Dublin, Texas, the man was ascertained to be Brock, and here the detectives, comparing notes, found themselves in possession of abundant evidence upon which to arrest Brock.

Before this was done, however, the important disclosure was made that Brock had two companions, Rube and Jim Burrow, and as these men answered the description of the men who committed the robbery at Genoa the detectives felt quite sure that the names of all three of the robbers were at last known. Further investigation, however, developed the fact that Rube and Jim Burrow had recently gone to Alabama, and the immediate arrest of Brock was determined upon.

AT THREE O'CLOCK on the morning of December 31, 1887, twenty-two days after the robbery, Wm. Brock was arrested at his home near Dublin, Texas. The detectives demanded admittance and Brock surrendered without firing a shot although he had a forty-five caliber Colt's revolver and fifty cartridges in a belt under his pillow, and also one of the Winchester rifles used at Genoa.

The prisoner was taken to Texarkana and confronted with engineer Rue, who thoroughly identified him. He was also identified by parties who saw him in the immediate vicinity of Genoa. Brock could not stand the pressure brought to bear on him by the wily detectives, and in the course of a few days made a clean breast of his participation in the Genoa robbery, confirming the information already in possession of the detectives as to the complicity of Rube and Jim Burrow in the daring adventure.

From Brock is was learned that Rube and Jim Burrow had, about November 15, 1887, gone to Lamar County, Alabama. By agreement, Brock had joined the Burrow brothers at Texarkana on December 3d, where all three registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Brock in his own name, and Rube and Jim as R. Houston and James Buchannan, respectively, each using his middle name as a surname. They had robbed the train at Genoa on the night of December 9th and while walking toward Texarkana in the early morning of the 10th had been fired upon by the sheriff's posse. Taken by surprise, he and Jim Burrow had dropped their coats, while Rube had lost his hat. After going a few miles south of Texarkana they separated, Brock going into Texas and Rube and Jim making their way to Lamar County, Alabama.

On the 29th of December Rube wrote the following letter to Brock, which was received by Mrs. Brock and turned over to the detectives after her husband's arrest:

Dec. 20-29-87

Mr. W. L. Brock:

All is well and hope you the same Bill notis everything and let me know Bill eye will sell you my place ef you want it at 7 hundred let me here from you ef you want it eye will have all fixt right and send you the tittle in full let me here from you soon.

R.H. too W.L.B.

The figures 20-29-87 meant that Rube and Jim reached Lamar County on the 20th and the letter was written on the 29th of December. William Brock detailed to the detectives the history of the Bellvue and Gordon robberies, as gathered from Rube, and of the Benbrook robberies in which he himself participated. He seemed thoroughly penitent over his crimes, and after reaching Texarkana disclosed the fact that he had about four hundred dollars of the proceeds of the Genoa robbery, which he proposed to and did restore.

Brock was a rough, uncouth-looking fellow, about five feet eleven inches high; weighed about 180 pounds, and was a strong-chested, broad shouldered fellow whose forbidding features made him a typical train robber. He was about thirty-one years old, and although born in Georgia, his parents moved to Texas when he was quite a child. He was wholly illiterate, not being able to either read or write, and the environments of corrupt campanionship tended to fill his untutored mind with evil only. Brock made an important witness in the trials of the participants in the various train robberies.

ASCERTAINING definitely that at the time of Brock's arrest Rube and Jim Burrow were not in Texas, but supposed to be in Lamar County, Alabama, Superintendent McGinn of the Pinkerton Agency, left Texarkana January 5, 1888, accompanied by two of his detectives, for the purpose of capturing them.

On arriving at Fayette Court-House, Alabama, McGinn summoned to his aid the then sheriff of Lamar County, Fillmore Pennington, a very courageous and efficient officer, and the party left for Vernon, the county seat of Lamar County, about three o'clock p.m., January 8th. The night was dark, and continuous rainfalls had rendered the roads well-nigh impassable. It was not until ten o'clock that the distance of twenty miles was made, and the detectives, under the guise of land buyers, reached Vernon.

On the succeeding day a heavy rain set in about daylight and continued throughout the day. The weather was, therefore, suited neither to the outing of land buyers nor to a visit from Rube and Jim to the town, as the sheriff had so confidently expected. The detectives kept their rooms in the hotel during the day, inspecting a large assortment of mineral specimens which were brought in by anxious owners of valuable mining properties in that section.

That night it was determined to arrange a raid upon the house of Jim Burrow, who had his family in a small dwelling about four miles from Vernon, with the hope of finding both Rube and Jim. Accordingly, on the morning of the 10th of January, Supt. McGinn, at 2:30 o'clock, left Vernon for the house of Jim Burrow. Detectives Carney and Wing were on horseback, with Deputy Sheriff Jerry as a guide. Sheriff Pennington and

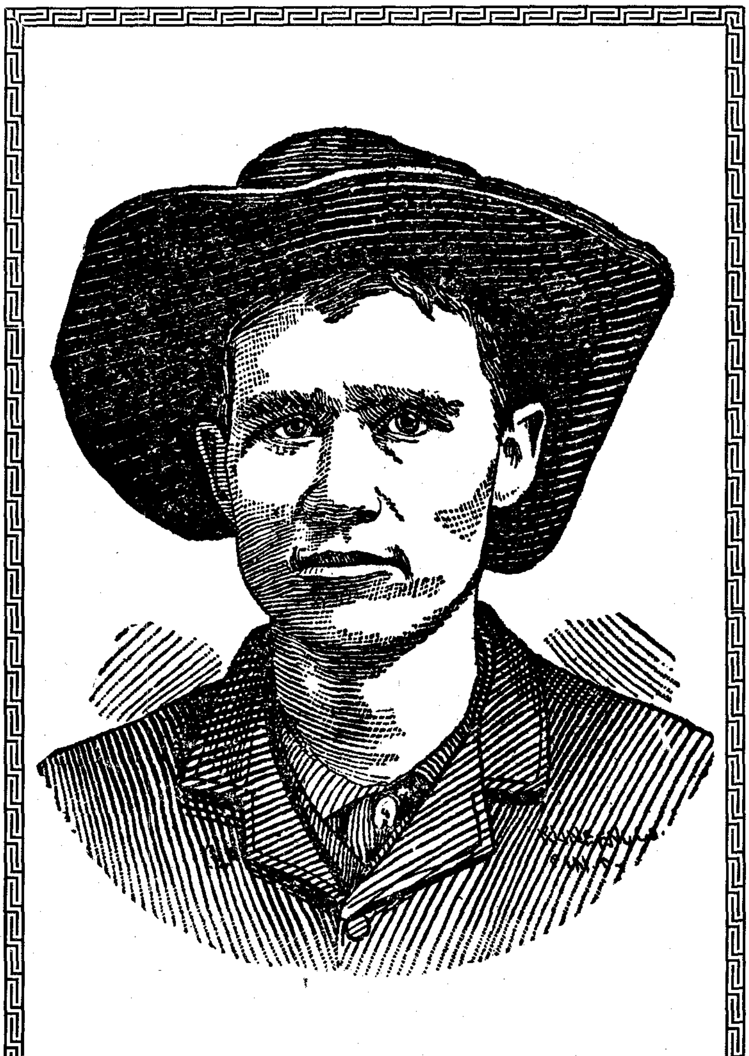
Detectives Williams and Wilbosky were in a wagon with McGinn. The party drove to a point designated by the guide as being half a mile from Jim Burrow's house. Leaving a guard in charge of the horses, the posse quietly surrounded the house, and while closing in upon the place, just as the day was dawning, the guide informed the detectives that he was mistaken in the house, that it was another house, pointing to one about a half a mile distant, in which a light was seen.

On arrival at the second house the guide found himself again in error. It was then daylight. The detectives were about to withdraw and get their horses and wagon out of the way before they should be discovered, when they found they were already observed by the inmates of the house. It was too late to retreat and await the cover of the succeeding night to surround the house of Jim Burrow, then ascertained to be still about two miles further on. Their only hope was to go at once and risk the danger of being discovered while approaching the place after daylight.

Pushing forward, with great anxiety as to the result, the house they were seeking was soon visible on the slope of a hill near the edge of the timber. Deploying their forces they advanced quickly, and when within about one hundred yards a crushing, tearing sound was heard in the rear of the building. Jim Burrow had discovered their approach and ran so swiftly from the house as to tear the door from its hinges. Shot after shot from the Winchesters of the detectives was fired at the young robber as he fled. Several of the bullets perforated his clothing, but he succeeded in reaching the cover of the woods and escaped, to the grievous disappointment of the detectives whose vigilance and energy had been defeated through the stupidity of the guide.

After this escapade there was hurrying to and fro among the kinspeople of the Burrow family, and preparations were set afoot to apprise Rube, who was then at Kennedy, Alabama, eighteen miles distant, of the attempt to capture Jim, and of the fact that the detectives had visited his father's house in search of him.

Henry Cash met Rube about one mile out of Kennedy and recited the events of the morning. Cash was en route to Kennedy to make some preparations for his marriage which was to occur the following day. Rube awaited his return and the two then rode back toward Vernon by bridle paths, and met Allen Burrow, who had appointed a meeting place for the two brothers that night, near the house of one Green Harris. From this point they started afoot at midnight, January 10th, traveling in a southeasterly direction, and before daylight were beyond the confines of Lamar County.



Jim Burrow

ON THE twenty-second day of January succeeding their escape from Lamar, Rube and Jim boarded a Louisville and Nashville passenger train, southbound, at Brock's Gap, a few miles south of Birmingham. Meantime an accurate description of the brothers had been obtained, and descriptive circulars had been broadcast by the officials of the Southern Express Company, one of which was in possession of Conductor Callahan, on whose train the robbers had taken passage. He was not certain of their identity, and simply sent a telegram to Chief Gerald of the police force of Montgomery, to which point they had paid fare, which read as follows: "Have special officer meet number five."

Captain John W. Martin, one of the most efficient officers of the force, met the train. The night was rainy, and Captain Martin wore a rubber coat and slouch hat which completely concealed his identity. The train pulled into the depot just as Captain Martin arrived, and he inquired of the conductor what was wanted.

The conductor replied, "I think those two fellows walking down the track there, and who boarded my train at Brock's Gap, are the Burrow brothers."

Captain Martin at once called to Officer McGee, who was on duty at the depot, and like himself attired in raincoat and slouch hat, and imparted him the information received. The officers then walked toward the men, who were some distance away, and hailed them, saying: "You can not go through that railroad cut at night."

Rube replied: "We are going to the country to get timber, but would like to get a boarding-house for the night."

Captain Martin said, "We are going up town and will show you one."

Rube, thinking the officers were railroad men, replied, "All right," and, joining them, the four men walked a distance of about a half a mile, when, on reaching the police station Captain Martin inserted the key in the door. While in the act of unlocking it Rube asked, "What place is this?"

Captain Martin, shoving the door which was adjusted with a heavy spring, half open, with one hand, laid the other on Rube's shoulder and said: "This is the office of the Chief of Police, and you boys may consider yourselves under arrest."

"I reckon not," replied Rube, and straightway made a break for liberty.

Captain Martin grappled with him, and the heavy door of the station-house closing, caught his rubber coat in a vise-like grip, and held him fast. Soon freeing himself, however, by pulling out of his coat, he dashed after Rube, who had broken away, and after running some thirty paces, turned and saw his brother Jim down, with a police officer on top of him. Jim, in attempting to break away had fallen in the scuffle with Officer McGee, over a street hydrant.

At this moment Rube, seeing the officer had started in pursuit, turned and fled like a deer up the street. Neil Bray a printer, being on the opposite side of the street, joined the officer in the pursuit and was shot by Rube, who twice fired upon him, one of the shots taking effect in the left lung and nearly causing his death.

Out into the darkness Rube fled, leaving Jim in the hands of the officers, and scaling a fence some hundred yards ahead he was soon lost to his pursuers.

Jim was taken to police headquarters

d gave his name as Jim Hankins, and id the other man's name was Williams, d he had only known him three weeks. wever, while en route to Texarkana, confessed his identity, and said to pt. Martin:

“I am Jim Burrow, and the other man my brother Rube, and if you give two pistols apiece we are not afraid any two men living.”

He further stated that while walking the street from the depot he became tisfied they were in the hands of the lice, but as Rube had the only pistol, having failed to secure his in his dden flight from his home in Lamar ounty, he was looking for Rube to make e first break.

Rube, however, suspected nothing until reached the police station. When af- rwards chided by friends for his failure assist Jim, in view of the fact that e latter was unarmed, Rube replied at he thought the whole of Montgomery as after him.

THE NEXT DAY, realizing the faux pas of the previous night, and the otorious character of the fugitive, the tire police force of Montgomery ined in the chase. The city, its suburban istricts and the adjacent country all warmed with anxious pursuers.

No trace of Rube, however, was found ntil just before dark, when Officers oung and Hill, having searched a egro cabin about five miles south of lontgomery without result, rode off in e direction of the city. After leaving e house a Negro boy came running fter them and informed the officers that e man for whom they were searching ad just gone into the cabin they had ft. Rube, hungry and exhausted, had en his pursuers leave the cabin and nmediately thereafter went in and asked or something to eat.

Young and Hill rode back at once in ompany with the boy, and instructed im to go in and tell the man to come ut. They were about thirty paces in ront of the cabin. He deliberately sat own in a chair in the doorway and ulled off his boots, while Officer Young ismounted. Hill had covered the rear of he cabin.

Taking his boots in his left hand, ube held his trusty revolver in his ight. His chief forte was a running ight. With the agility of an Indian he prang from the cabin and bounded away o the swamps, which were distant only bout one hundred yards. As he passed n front of Officer Young the latter ested his breech-loading shotgun on his addle and fired the contents of both bar- els in quick succession at the fleeing esperado, when only about thirty yards istant.

Rube dropped his boots and hat, and o the chagrin of the officer, when he icked them up, found them filled with umber eight birdshot. He had sub- tituted these for his loads of buckshot arly in the day to shoot a bird, and had orgotten the fact. Rube carried to the ay of his death the marks of the bird- hot, which filled his neck and face but vere powerless to stop his flight.

Fifty yards farther on a countryman, vho had joined the pursuing party, prang up from behind an embankment nd was in the act of taking aim at wenty paces distant, his gun being harged with buckshot, when Rube vheeled and covered him with his re- olver. His pursuer dropped flat to the arth and Rube escaped.

He was wont to revert to this incident frequently afterward and laughingly state what was the truth, that he had fired his last cartridge, and that the intrepid courage with which he turned and covered his pursuers with an empty revolver saved his life.

Hatless and barefooted, the friendless felon now found himself at dark of night in a wilderness of swamp, whose treacherous waters were covered with a tangled growth of brush and vines, and chilled with the winter's cold. Exhausted with the toils of the day's flight, his face and neck smarting with the keen pain of the wounds he had just received, hungry and footsore, his body quivering with the biting cold—could human flesh and blood be subjected to the frenzy of sharper distress than that which faced Rube as he blindly picked his footing through this *terra incognita?* Plodding through bog and fen, full knee-deep with water, his progress was beset by indescribable perplexities, and so it was nearly midnight when he emerged from the marsh into a field, distant only about three miles from the point at which he had entered it.

A flickering light in a Negro cabin a few hundred yards away on the slope of a hill, gave friendly token of comfort within, but Rube, fearing that some one of his pursuers might be sheltered there, approached it with cautious step. All was still within save the snoring of the sleeping inmates, and in his dire extremity the outlaw slowly pulled the latchstring which hung without and entered. With bated breath he looked about him. The cheerful log fire alone beamed for him a silent welcome. Noiselessly taking a chair he sat himself before the coveted warmth of the lowly hearthstone, while the old colored man and his family slept on in blissful ignorance of the presence of their midnight visitor.

The robber tarried only long enough to warm his chilled frame into energy for the task of further flight, and after about one hour's stay he quietly donned the shoes of the black *pater familias* and, stealthily drawing an old quilt from a couch in which a brood of children slept, all unconscious of their loss, he wrapped it about him and stepping silently out into the darkness, resumed his journey.

A few miles farther on he stole a horse from the stable of a farmer and, mounting its bare back, rode hard and fast till daylight, when he turned the animal loose in the road, and betaking himself to the protection of the forests that covered the bottomlands of the Alabama River, left no further trace of his course. Here his trail was lost to the detectives who, after an arduous and vain pursuit of several days, abandoned all further effort in that vicinity.

RUBE BURROW, having effected his escape at Montgomery and successfully eluded pursuit, it was supposed by the detectives that he would go down into southern Alabama or Florida, as the presence of himself and brother at Montgomery seemed to indicate. Rube, however, was restless and anxious concerning the fate of Jim and at once made his way back into Lamar County. Soon after reaching home he learned for the first time of his brother's incarceration at Texarkana, and also that his old comrade, William Brock, had disclosed the whole history of their operations in Texas, and particularly of the Genoa, Arkansas affair.

Rube was heard to say: “Never mind; when I get my partner, Joe Jackson from Texas, I will wreak my vengeance upon the Southern Express Company.”

Rube knew, although he had never participated in any of the many robberies which the Sam Bass gang had committed, that the name of “Joe Jackson” was a terror wherever the fame of the Bass gang was known. Joe Jackson was the only member of that brutal band of highwaymen who had escaped justice when their chief, Sam Bass, was shot, with a small remnant of his followers, on the streets of Round Rock, Texas. It was thus he sought to herald as the comrade he was about to select to fill his brother's place, the guerrilla who had unfurled the black banner at Lawrence, Kansas, under the leadership of the notorious Quantrill, and who had drifted into Texas to join Bass and his unholy gang.

While in northern Texas in 1888, Rube had met a young Alabamian who went under the name of Lewis Waldrip. Rube had Waldrip in his employment while herding cattle, and had witnessed his unflinching courage on several occasions while associated with him. Waldrip had, in confidence, given Rube the story of the troubles which had caused him to flee from his native state and seek refuge in Texas.

Soon after his return to Lamar County in February, 1888, he wrote Waldrip to join him there. The correspondence was conducted through Jim Cash, and about the first of March, 1888, at the house of the latter, the two men who had separated in 1886 in Texas, met again for the first time. Rube recited his recent history, and acting upon the advice of his friend whom he had christened “Joe Jackson,” the two left for southern Alabama, as Rube had knowledge of the fact that the vicinity in which he was then hiding was being constantly watched by detectives.

Leaving Lamar County afoot, the pair traveled through the woods until they reached Columbus, Mississippi. They went thence, partly by rail and partly by boat, to Baldwin County, Alabama, locating at Dunnaway's log camp on Lovette's Creek, some forty miles from any railway line and in one of the most sparsely settled sections of southern Alabama. The trail thither, by the circuitous foot journey out of Lamar County, had been completely covered, and here Rube and his newly found comrade were not only lost to the detectives, but to all the world besides, save the little squad of day-laborers who gathered about the campfire at nightfall after the day's labor was over.

This rustic audience Rube was wont to regale with many a humorous tale. Mr. Ward, as he was familiarly called, was the hero of many an adventurous story and the very life and humor of the camp. Rube's fame had preceded him even into this retired spot, and he would often bring up the subject of his own outlawry that he might get an expression from those about him as to the thrilling adventures of which he himself was the hero.

After a stay of some three weeks during which Rube and his partner labored not only with diligence but with increasing skill (for here it was that Rube was heard to say that John Barnes, who afterwards figured somewhat in his final arrest, taught him how to saw logs), the camp was broken up, Mr. Dunaway moving his force to a point near Perdido, a station on the Louisville and Nashville Railway.

Rube and Joe then, about May 1st, left the camp for the reason, perhaps, that the locality was more public, and for the additional reason that Rube began to conceive the idea that he could find a safe refuge among his friends in Lamar County, and might render some help to his brother, who was then a prisoner in Arkansas.

Setting out, the two men walked until they reached Forest, Mississippi, where Rube purchased horses for the two. At Dixon, Mississippi, Joe, finding his horse a poor traveler, traded him for the "snorting steed" which he subsequently rode in the Duck Hill robbery, and which the detectives finally traced from the scene of that robbery into Lamar County. From Dixon they rode via Oxford, and thence to Berryhill's, a brother-in-law of Rube Burrow, who moved soon after his marriage to Rube's favorite sister into that section of Mississippi. Here they remained two days, and about the 15th of May rode into Lamar County.

ON HIS arrival in Lamar County Rube Burrow anxiously inquired after Jim's fate. Jim Cash, the brother-in-law, had visited Little Rock, where Jim was confined in the penitentiary for safekeeping, and had learned that he would be taken about September 5th to Texarkana for trial. Rube brooded over the fatal blunder which had resulted in Jim's capture at Montgomery, and blamed himself all the more because it was against the judgment of his brother that they had boarded the unlucky train. His proud spirit chafed at the thought, also, that he alone, being armed, should have been forced to flee and leave him to his unhappy fate. He therefore resolved to attempt his rescue at all hazard.

One moonless night in the latter part of August Rube and Joe Jackson rode out of Lamar County for the avowed purpose of taking Jim from the hands of his captors while en route to Texarkana for trial. Joe Jackson, after his capture, told how Rube rose in his stirrups as he galloped away over the hills of Lamar County at dead of night, and swore that he would carry the boon of freedom to his luckless brother at whatever hazard or peril.

"We will board the train, shoot the officers down and make Jim a free man, or die in the attempt. Will you give me your hand and pledge me your honor, Joe, to do your part?" asked Rube.

"I will," answered Joe, and grasping each the other's hand they rode forth with renewed courage and hope.

On to Okolona, Mississippi, thence to Sardis, through Tate County, and on to Helena, Arkansas, they crossed the Mississippi River at the latter point, and rode thence in a southwesterly direction toward Pine Bluff, and thence to Arkadelphia, Arkansas, a station on the Iron Mountain Railway, sixty-five miles south of Little Rock.

Ascertaining definitely the date of his trial at Texarkana before leaving Lamar County, they decided to attempt the rescue at one of the smaller stations on the Iron Mountain Railway, either on the north or south bank of the Ouchita River, where, if successful, pursuit could not be so readily organized, and where the dense timber in the adjacent bottoms would furnish ample cover for escape.

At Donaldson, at Malvern, and adjacent stations, these determined men boarded train after train, with cocked revolvers secreted and ready for the bold endeavor. Finally, moving down to Curtis, a small flag station, they learned that the last southbound train of that date, September 9th, was not scheduled to stop at Curtis, and their only hope to search it was to ride to Arkadelphia, fifteen miles north.

It was only one hour before the train was due at Arkadelphia. Rube said, "We will make the trip, Joe, or kill our horses." The men were well mounted, and defeat had so far only sharpened their energies for the difficult task before them.

This was Sunday night, and Rube knew it was the last train his brother could be expected on, as his case was set for trial the following morning. It was a ride which had the possible alternative of death to the gallant steeds that bore them onward, liberty to an ill-fated brother, or grief and chagrin at the failure of a project on which Rube had set his heart with desperate devotion.

Onward they rode at breathless speed, faster and still faster, till the hilltops of Arkadelphia hove in sight. At the same time the shrill whistle of the engine announced the approach of the train bearing the manacled brother toward Texarkana. Steaming into the railway station, it paused but a moment as if to take breath, and bounded on, leaving the rescuers, who were several hundred yards away, to their bitter disappointment.

CRESTFALLEN, and dispirited at the failure of his long cherished project to release his brother Jim, Rube decided to abandon all further effort in that direction and set out on the return journey.

Joe Jackson proposed to visit Hot Springs, but Rube did not care to expose himself to the risk of being identified by the cosmopolitan population of that American Baden-Baden, and resolved to return immediately to the east side of the river. It has been popularly supposed that Rube Burrow was accustomed to visit metropolitan places, frequent gambling houses and saloons and, with a reckless disregard of his personal safety, herald himself as a cattle king, or play the role of gambler. Such was not the case.

Bold and fearless as he was in pursuit of his chosen vocation, he kept aloof from populous localities. His long immunity from arrest was due chiefly to the fact that, secluding himself in the wilds of the forest and shunning his fellowmen as far as possible, he habited the earth like a beast of prey.

The two men, on their return trip, traveled in a northeasterly direction, avoiding the public highways wherever practicable. Crossing White River at St. Charles, they rode leisurely on toward Helena and, under cover of darkness, crossed the river at that point about one week after leaving Arkadelphia. Riding up the east bank of the Mississippi to a point about fifteen miles north of Helena they debouched from the river bottoms, pushing their way through bog and swamp for fifteen miles or more over ground perhaps never covered by horsemen before, and where no sign of human habitation existed.

The robbers were seeking a secure retreat, and this they found in Tate County, Mississippi, on the farm of Fletcher Stevens, about eighteen miles from Senatobia, a station on the Illinois Central Railway. Meantime the detectives of the Southern Express Company had searched every nook and corner of southern Alabama, made several expeditions into Florida, and had also become satisfied that Rube was not in Lamar County.

In the early part of September the fact was developed that a man answering Rube's description had been seen near St. Charles, Arkansas, and the trail was taken up and followed into Helena, a thence east of the river a few miles, l all trace was lost in the ride through t swamps which Rube had correctly divin would foil his pursuers if they shou ascertain his presence in that locality.

The farm of Fletcher Stevens, locat as it was in a thinly settled section a remote from railway lines, furnished safe retreat for Rube and his companio Here they hired themselves as day labo ers and began the business of picking co ton about October 1, 1888. Rube was qui adept at picking cotton, but Joe prov rather an awkward hand, as Mr. Steve afterward reported; and so Rube, at th price of 50 cents per hundred, earned th larger share of the compensation receiv for their toil.

Strange to state, these men labor diligently and industriously on this Ta County farm from October 1st till abou December 1, 1888, never once leaving th place. At rare intervals they would tal their pistols down into the swamps ar practice shooting at a target with one two of their white co-laborers, and in quiet way made some reputation for the skill as marksmen. Both Rube and Joe, is said, could hit a silver dollar nine tim out of ten, with their forty-five calib Colt's revolvers, at a distance of sevent five yards away.

During their stay on the farm the passed for brothers, Rube assuming th name of Charlie, and Joe the name Henry Davis. Their general demean was so quiet and unobtrusive that the betrayed no suspicion of their real ident ty; and although farmer Stevens, a ver respectable and law-abiding citizen, di not relish the fact that his hired hel carried such murderous-looking firearm he gave little thought to the matter.

On or about the first of December th cotton pickers asked for their pay, whic was given them. Mounting their horse which were in fine condition from th long rest they had enjoyed, they rod quietly away from the scene of their plodding labors.

MEANWHILE Jim Burrow, at his preliminary examination at Texarkan admitted his guilt when confronted wit the confession of Wm. Brock and th strong chain of circumstantial evidenc that had been woven about him. But whil ruminating in the penitentiary, during th interval preceding the fall term of th Miller County Circuit Court, he had evidently reconsidered his original purpos and determined on making a defense an risking the chances of a jury trial.

Consequently, on September 10, 188 the day succeeding the failure of Rub and Joe Jackson to effect his rescue a Arkadelphia, his case was called for tria at Texarkana on the charge of robber of the express car at Genoa, Arkansas His attorney filed an application for continuance on account of the absence o witnesses in Alabama, by whom he allegedly could prove an alibi, and his cas was thereupon continued, and he wa returned to the state prison at Littl Rock, pending the spring term of th Court. Two days after his return ther he wrote to J. A. Cash and his wife th following letters:

Sept. 14,188

Mr. J. A. Cash:

I am not well but not very sick. I hav put off my trial. you Send $200.00 to m lawyers if you get the orders from them tell Elizabeth and the children that would like to see them. James you hav all the money on hand by the 1st of Oct

t you can. I will send one of the law- s back there on the 15th of November, is about such a lawyer as Frank Sum- rs. You was speaking about furnishing a lawyer from that county. When my vyer comes back to you send him to mmers, he will take the case. don't any you come out until I write for you to ne—they got three bills against me for in robbery, and the other two for at- npt to murder. I think I will come clear. u collect in my money as fast as you 1.

J. B. Burrow.

rs. M. E. Burrow:

As I feel better this morning than I l yesterday I will write you a few lines. izabeth you all rest easy about me for think I will beat my case—my trial is t to come up for the first Tuesday in arch. You have $200.00 on hand by the th of November to pay my Lawyers ith. One of them is a better lawyer than ank Summers is. So if you could em- oy Summers to help them in my case would be an advantage to me to have unsel from my own state. Tell pa that will answer his letter soon. Tell the ildren that I will see them again. ock's trial was put off so he could be a itness against me. Write all of the news.

J. B. Burrow to Mrs. Burrow.

Jim, not being a convict and therefore t required to labor, soon began to chafe der the restraint of prison life, which as aggravated by a depressing attack of stalgia, which soon developed a fever, sulting in delirium. During his ravings, hich were continuous for about a week, talked about his wife and children, his me in Alabama, the stolen money he d hidden, his boyhood adventures and s experiences in Texas. But his state- ents were so incoherently mingled that was impossible to make an intelligent rration of them. On October 5, 1888, his rthly career was terminated by death, d his unhonored grave is surrounded those of such hapless fellows as have ccumbed to the rigors of prison experi- ces, leaving their bodies with their cap- rs while their spirits have slipped rough the bars and gone for final trial fore the Last Tribunal.

N THE cold and cheerless night of December 15, 1888, the north-bound press train of the Illinois Central Rail- ay, which left New Orleans for Chicago seven o'clock a.m., pulled into the sta- on of Duck Hill, Mississippi, twenty-five iles south of Grenada, thirteen hours ter. The manner in which the engine as boarded and the train stopped is best ld in the language of Albert Law, the gineer in charge of the locomotive. e says:

"I pulled out of Duck Hill Station at :05 o'clock p.m. The fireman called to e to look out, that there was a car of tton ahead, on the side-track. I pulled owly by in order to avoid igniting the tton by sparks from the engine, and hen I passed the cotton the fireman id: 'All right, let her go.' I started head lively, and presently saw the rob- ers climb up on my engine from the east de.

"The smaller man got on first. I ought they were tramps and was in the t of slowing up to put them off when e smaller man covered me with a big istol and said, 'Don't stop here! Go on! o on!' I then saw the men were masked. I asked, 'Where do you want to stop?' e replied, 'I'll tell you where to stop.' I pulled along, and when we had gone about a mile he said:

" 'Stop here—stop now!' I put the air on full and stopped as quickly as I could.

"The little man did all the talking. When we stopped he got down on the ground and fired his revolver two or three times. The train had hardly stopped when he commenced shooting. The other man said, 'Get down!'

"My fireman and myself were then made to go ahead on the east side of the train, to the express car. Here they stopped us and the tall man called out to the messenger, 'Open up! Open up!'

"The messenger looked out of the door and the tall man said, 'Where is your other man?' The messenger said, 'I have no other man—no one here but me,' to which the reply was, 'Help this man into the car!' The messenger, being covered by the revolver of the larger man, extended his hand and helped him into the car.

"About this time, Mr. Wilkerson, the conductor, came out of one of the rear coaches with his lantern, and the smaller one, who stood guarding us, told me to tell him to go back. I did, and the conductor went back, but in a couple of minutes came out again. I saw two forms get out of the car. They had no lights. I said, 'You had better go back, or they will shoot you: they are robbing the express car.'

"The fireman and I were between the robber and the rest of the train. He kept us in front of him as a sort of breastwork. Someone in the direction of the passenger coaches called 'Law, where are you?' When I answered, a voice said: 'Look out! I am going to shoot!' I stepped back from the train and the firing commenced, and I broke and ran for the woods, which were close by."

Meantime the robber who had entered the car handed a sack to Southern Express Messenger Harris and bade him deliver up the contents of his safe. At this juncture the firing on the outside of the car had commenced, and advancing to the door, still keeping an eye on the messenger, the robber fired three shots into the air. Conductor Wilkerson had, on first coming out, taken in the situation, and going back into the coaches announced to the passengers that the train was being robbed, and asked who would assist him.

Chester Hughes, a brave young fellow from Jackson, Tennessee, arose quickly and said, "I will, if I can get anything to shoot with."

Two colored men seated nearby had each a thirty-eight caliber Winchester rifle, and these weapons were quickly gathered by the conductor and his gallant passenger, and loading them with cartridges furnished them by the owners they went forth to do battle with the robbers. It was Conductor Wilkerson who had warned the engineer to protect himself, and he fired the first shot at the robbers.

Advancing abreast of each other, these brave men fired shot after shot at the dark form of the robber who stood as a sentinel on the outside of the car, and who unflinchingly held his ground, returning with steady aim charge after charge from his trusty revolver.

Finally young Hughes dropped his Winchester, exclaiming, "I am shot," and fell to the earth. Wilkerson raised the brave young fellow to his feet and dragged his unconscious and bleeding form into the coach, and returning to the steps of the front coach renewed the firing at the robbers.

The robber had, meantime, secured the money from the messenger (about $2,000), and backing out of the car, still holding his pistol on the messenger, joined his comrade on the ground, and under the fire of the conductor both retreated to woods hard by.

CHESTER HUGHES had been in charge of a widowed sister who, with several small children, were en route to Jackson, Tennessee. The sister knew nothing of her brother's participation in the fight with the robbers until he was carried back into the coach, when she prostrated herself in affectionate embrace over his body from which life was fast ebbing away. The scene was an agonizing and affecting one.

The unerring aim of the robber had sent three shots through the body of young Hughes, all entering the stomach within a radius of six inches, and the unfortunate but daring young fellow lived only a few minutes. The same train on which he had erstwhile embarked in the vigor of health and buoyant spirits, bore his lifeless form to the home of his widowed mother at Jackson, Tennessee.

The Southern Express Company and the Illinois Central Railway promptly presented his grief-stricken mother with a fitting testimonial of appreciation for the heroic conduct of her son. While

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead,"

the name of Chester Hughes will be enrolled among the bravest of the brave.

THE WHOLE country was electrified with horror at the brutal murder of a passenger on one of the great railway trunk lines, in one of the most populous districts of the South, by train robbers. It was determined that no expense or labor should be spared in bringing the criminals to justice.

General Manager C. A. Beck and Superintendent J. G. Mann of the Illinois Central Railway, were in Memphis in a special car at that time. During the night a violent and very general rainstorm had prevailed, and telegraph wires were down in many places. The news of the robbery did not, therefore, reach Memphis until about midnight. Railroad and express officials remained at the telegraph office all night seeking the details, and left about daylight for the scene of the robbery. The aid of the Pinkertons was again summoned, and several of the most expert detectives of the Chicago agency soon arrived at Duck Hill.

About a month prior to the Duck Hill robbery the United States Express Company had been robbed at Derby, Mississippi, a station sixty-five miles north of New Orleans, on the Queen and Crescent Railway, by Eugene Bunch, a man who is supposed by some persons, even at this day, to be identical with Rube Burrow.

Eugene Bunch, a native of Louisiana and long a resident of Texas, bore a remarkable resemblance to Rube Burrow. The description, about thirty-six years old, weight one hundred and seventy pounds, height six feet one inch, light complexion, auburn hair, long, drooping mustache, blue eyes, rawboned and stoop shouldered, would fit either Rube Burrow or Eugene Bunch. Apart from this personal resemblance they bore nothing else in common except the title of train robber. Their habits and methods of life were strikingly dissimilar. Bunch was a man of some education, had taught school in Louisiana and Texas, and was for a long period of time a County Clerk in Texas, while Burrow was a course, unlettered fellow. It may be stated as a certainty that these men never had any association as train robbers or otherwise.

The Pinkerton detectives, on their arrival at Duck Hill. were unable to find a trace of the robbers. There was no clue from which to begin a search for them. Whence the robbers came, whither they had gone, whether on horseback or afoot, was not known. At this juncture Detective D. C. Hennessey of New Orleans, who recently met his death at the hands of assassins in that city, and a man of undoubted ability in his profession, having received a descriptive circular of the robbers telegraphed the officials of the Southern Express Company as follows: "Description of the robbers received. I am well aware as to who they are, and am satisfied I can get them."

A conference was at once arranged with Hennessey, who declared the Duck Hill robbery to be the work of Eugene Bunch. An unfortunate combination of circumstances here ensued to corroborate Hennessey's view. Bunch answered Burrow's description with great exactness. The former was reliably ascertained to have been in northern Louisiana a few days prior to the robbery and, therefore, within easy reach of Duck Hill. Bunch had an intimate friend who answered Engineer Law's description of the smaller man who stood guard over him at Duck Hill.

The detectives had, meantime, traced two men riding out south from the scene of the robbery in the direction of Honey Island in the Pearl River, a favorite resort with Bunch; and still more remarkable, one of the horses ridden corresponded with the one owned by Bunch's comrade in Louisiana, who was known to have assisted him in his flight from Derby, Mississippi.

The chase that followed, therefore, under the leadership of the Pinkertons, was organized to find Bunch, and not Burrow. From New Orleans to Texas, to Monterrey and Mexico City, to Los Angeles and San Diego, and even to San Francisco, the detectives pursued Bunch until, just as his capture semed certain at San Francisco, he eluded the detectives by taking a Pacific coast steamer. The chase was then, after months of labor, abandoned.

Meantime, in a quiet way, the detectives of the Southern Express Company were at work on the theory that Rube Burrow was the leader in the robbery at Duck Hill. It was discovered that Rube Burrow and Joe Jackson rode away from the farm of Fletcher Stevens in Tate County, Mississippi, on December 1, 1888, and after paying a visit to Rube's brother-in-law, Berryhill, who lives eighteen miles from Oxford, proceeded to Water Valley, Mississippi, where they spent the night; and that going thence to Duck Hill they robbed the train in the manner described.

After mounting their horses, tethered in the woods some half a mile from the spot on which the robbery occurred, they rode through a drenching rain a distance of forty miles by daylight. The next day they camped in the brush, divided the spoils of the robbery, and at sundown resumed their journey. After another hard night's ride they reached the vicinity of Pearl River, near Philadelphia, Mississippi.

Here, fearing the news of the deed at Duck Hill had preceded them and that the detectives might be in waiting at the bridge, they turned their horses into the swamps and two miles north of the bridge swam the swollen current of Pearl River. Reaching the opposite bank, they continued their journey through the wilds of the forest for a few miles, and turning from the southwesterly course on which they had ridden for two days, they rode in a northeasterly direction, traveling most of the distance at night, until they reached Lamar County. Here they remained in quiet seclusion until the tragic event recorded in the next chapter occurred.

THE READER may well ask what the detectives of the Southern Express Company were doing while these men remained in Lamar County and the adjacent country from the time of the Duck Hill robbery until the summer of 1889.

In the contiguous counties of Lamar, Fayette and Marion the kindred of the Burrow family abounded on every hand. The homes of his kinsmen—notably Cash, Terry, Barker, Smithe and Hankins—not only furnished a safe refuge for the robbers but they were worshipped as heroes, and each household vied with the other in its fealty and loyalty to the robber chief.

"Rube never robs a poor man," they were often wont to say, forgetting that one never gets blood out of a turnip. These people were of a thriftless, restive spirit, and among them were many shrewd and cunning natures who became the paid scouts of the outlaws. A code of signals was established, and the appearance of a detective or a stranger of any kind in that section was at once ascertained, and the information conveyed to the outlaws. The firing of a gun in a certain locality, the cracking of a whip, the blowing of a horn, and the deep-toned "ah-hoo," as well as scores of other signals, all had their meaning. They gave the fugitives warning of the approach of danger; and so, when occasional raids were made, a house surrounded, a trail was uncovered, or some solitary scout from among Rube's clansmen was encountered, the stillness of the air would be broken by a signal which plainly told the detectives that their presence was known and the robbers were on the alert.

It was even impossible to trail the messengers who carried rations to the robbers while in camp, for these were stored in the crevices of rocks and in the trunks of trees from which coverts, at propitious times, the food would be taken.

Detective Jackson once followed Jim Cash, with a supply of provisions, to a ravine some distance from Cash's house, and saw them hidden away in the cavernous depths of a hollow log. He concealed himself within one hundred yards of the spot and, knowing Rube was in that locality, felt sure he would be able to pick him off with his trusty Winchester when he came for the rations.

Jackson crouched behind the huge trunk of a tree, in breathless expectation of Rube's appearance, when a shot fired from the vicinity of Cash's house dashed his hopes. Half an hour later Cash walked cautiously down the hill, took the food away, and tied a flaming red cloth to the top of an adjacent bush, thus exhibiting for Rube the red signal of danger. Cash had, on his return, with the cunning of his class, discovered strange footsteps on his trail and rightly divined that his movements had been watched. Although the detective took down the signal, Rube had doubtless seen it. If not, acting on the signal previously given, Rube missed his dinner that day.

Thus fed and harbored, the outlaws remained in Lamar County and the adjac
country all the spring and summer
1889, without any event of note occurr
until on the 7th of July, when Rube B
row murdered, in cold blood, the po
master of Jewell, Alabama.

Rube had concluded that a wig
false whiskers were necessary in his l
of business. His robberies were now
such frequent occurrence that he sou
to disguise himself more closely, and af
writing for a catalogue and select
what he desired in that line, he wrote
following letter to a Chicago house:

June 1, 1

Mr. Sthrel:

**I just Received your catalogue of wi
and will order Wig and Bird. Pleas sl
one set of Bird, 4 or 5 inches and
Wig, Cullor of goods light Red, sliegh
Grey, and croped hair. Ship goods
Sulligent (express office, ship at onc
Lamar county Ala, too W. W. Cain.**

**P.S.—Please find Five Dollars inclos
eye Hav no sample of Hair.**

Rube had written for the catalogue a
for the wig in the name of W. W. Ca
The former letter was written from t
Jewell post office, and as the name "S
ligent" was not plainly written, the shi
per sent the parcel containing the w
and beard by mail to Jewell, Alabama.

Meantime Jim Cash had made seve
inquiries for the catalogue to Cain's a
dress before it arrived. On the arrival
the parcel containing the wig a
whiskers, the wrapper being torn the co
tents were exposed. Naturally great cu
osity was excited as to the ownership
these queer looking articles. The rum
soon gained currency that Jim Cash h
been inquiring for mail for W. W. Ca
The postmaster recalled having deliver
him the catalogue, and this parcel w
supposed to be his property. Cash w
told that the contents had been examine
and that the postmaster declared he i
tended to arrest the party who called f
the parcel.

WHEN this information was impart
to him by Cash, Rube became great
enraged. He swore he would go to t
post office in person, get the mail, and k
Graves. Accordingly he left the home
his brother-in-law, Cash, about daylig
on the 7th of July for Jewell, dista
about six miles. Rube was known
Moses Graves, who kept the post office
connection with a country store and w
was a quiet and inoffensive citizen.

Rube arrived at Jewell early, but t
full-orbed day was not a fit time for t
execution of the dark deed upon whi
he was bent. He lurked about the ou
skirts of the quiet little village until t
shades of night had begun to fall. Th
creeping, with the stealthy step of the a
sassin, toward the post office, he entere
Moses Graves, the postmaster, and Ru
companions and playmates in their bo
hood, stood face to face, and exchangi
a silent recognition, Rube said: "Ha
you any mail for W. W. Cain?"

"Yes," answered Graves, "but I cann
deliver it to you."

Instantly Rube drew his heavy r
volver and fired, the ball entering t
stomach and piercing him through a
through.

"I'll teach you how to open my mail
said Rube.

Graves staggered towards a chair, a
falling into it, said: "Rube Burrow, y
have killed me."

The murderer then turned, and leveli
his pistol at the head of the young gi
who was an assistant in the post offic

: "Get my mail or I will blow your off."

ıe frightened creature, in her terror, l not find the parcel until Graves, ting to it with uplifted hand, bade get it, and sinking to the floor soon red.

raves' wife, at the firing of the shot h killed her husband, rushed in from djoining room. Despite Rube's threat ill her if she entered, she flew to the stance of her dying husband. He was cious long enough for his ante-tem statement to be carefully taken, he presence of witnesses, certifying he fact that Rube Burrow was his derer.

ube walked out of the town unmo-ed, and at ten o'clock that night hed the house of Jim Cash, his hands ned with the blood of one of Lamar nty's most respected citizens—the petrator of a deed as wanton and as -blooded as ever blackened the annals rime.

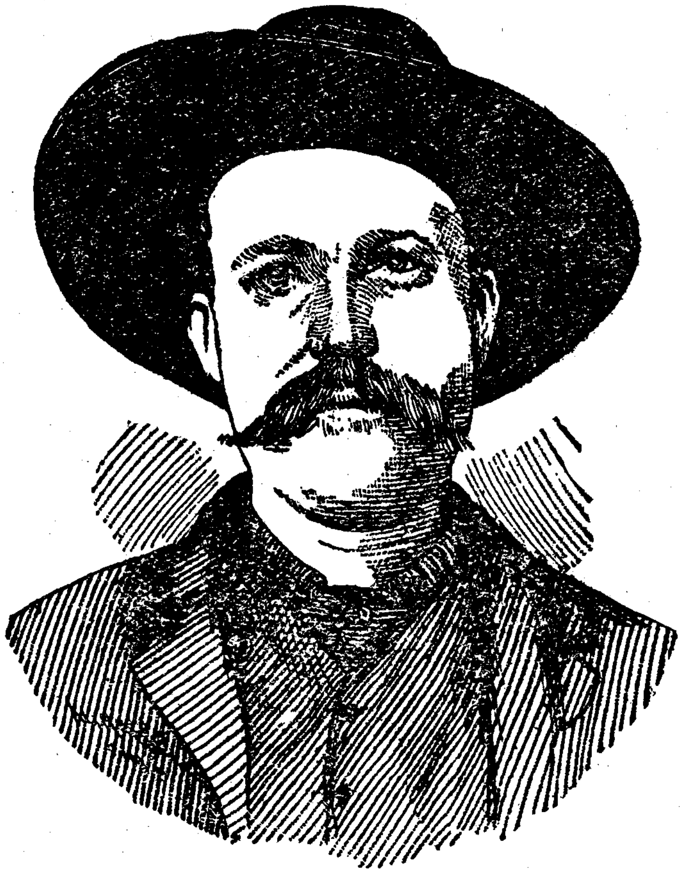
ube and Joe were not amiss in sur-ing that the officers of the law would op down upon them. As soon as Rube rned to Jim Cash's, about ten o'clock night, he informed Joe Jackson, his ner, of the events of the evening. The er had advised strongly against the cy of taking Graves' life and warned ıe of the consequences; but Rube's it was full of revenge and he deter-ed upon the murder.

ll of northern Alabama was aroused ı indignation at the cruel and wanton der, and ex-Sheriff Pennington, head-a posse of determined citizens, went the Burrow neighborhood a few days rward and made an earnest endeavor apture the outlaws. Too much praise not be accorded this brave and gallant ı, and had the laws of Alabama ad-ted his re-election to a second term it nore than probable that the career of se train robbers in Lamar County ıld have been less bold and protracted.

he homes of Allen Burrow, John T. row and Jim Cash were all raided, these men, who were openly aiding abetting the outlaws, were arrested taken to the Vernon jail. Threats of asing the prisoners reached the offi-, and excitement grew with each pass-hour. A strong guard was put around Vernon jail to prevent this, and at the ıe time it was whispered that the soners were in imminent danger of be-lynched.

t this juncture the Governor of Ala-ıa, in answer to a call made upon him the sheriff of Lamar County, sent a itary company from Birmingham to p the peace. The troops remained at non pending the arraignment and trial these men, who were released under d, and being subsequently tried, were uitted of the charge of being acces-y to the murder of the postmaster.

HE MURDER of the postmaster at Jewell was done by Rube Burrow in pirit of bravado and doubtless with the ign of terrorizing the law-abiding peo- of that section into such a state of idity as would give additional safety ıis chosen place of refuge, and at the ıe time knit him all the more closely he lawless band of his followers, who only connived in his crimes but fited from the spoils of his misdeeds. espite the vigilant and unremitting rch of the detectives, the presence of bandit in Lamar County had not been initely known until the murder of ves occurred. Officials of the South- Express Company determined, therefore to either capture Rube or drive him from Lamar County. The task was a difficult one, in view of the fact that Rube never slept under a roof or broke bread at any man's table in Lamar County after the murder at Jewell. Soon thereafter, when invited by his father to come into his house, he refused, saying, on one occasion, "I might as well give myself up."



William Brock

Detectives Jackson and Burns, of the Southern Express Company, about this time went into Lamar County and literally camped there. They endeavored by every possible means to discover the whereabouts of the outlaws by shadowing the persons who communicated with them from time to time, but the army of scouts in the secret service of the cunning desperado was so well trained, the field in which they operated so extensive, that the only result obtained was to force them to leave.

About September 1st Rube and Joe concluded to depart. A few days before their departure, however, Mrs. Allen Burrow brought Rube a message from Rube Smith to the effect that the latter wanted to see him.

Rube Smith is a son of James Smith, who lives in Lamar County, near Crews Station, and about eight miles from the home of Allen Burrow. He is a first cousin of the Burrow brothers. Smith was about twenty-eight years old, five feet eight inches high, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and bore a very bad reputation in all that section. He had never followed legitimate occupation, except that for a short period in 1883, he had been an itinerant photographer, moving about from place to place, and making cheap photographs in country towns of northern Alabama.

In the fall of 1888, however, he was indicted, with James McClung and James Barker, an uncle, for robbery from the person of a Mr. Johnson, a respectable old farmer of Lamar County. Smith and party went to farmer Johnson's home about nightfall, with their faces masked, and at the point of their revolvers demanded his money. The old man, hesitating, was cruelly beaten, and at last divulged the hiding-place of his money, some three hundred dollars, which the robbers secured. They left their victim bleeding and maimed, lying upon the floor, where he remained until the next morning, when kindly neighbors came to his assistance. Rube Smith then became a fugitive from justice.

Burrow, knowing of the presence of the detectives in the vicinity, suspected that Smith was being used by the officers to entrap him. After considering the matter several days he sent, through his sister, a message to Rube Smith that he would meet him at the hour of midnight, September 4th, in Fellowship churchyard, a point about four miles from Vernon.

Thither Burrow and Joe Jackson repaired early after dark on that night, for the purpose of forestalling any plan which the detectives might have to capture them through Smith. The watch was set, and each by turn stood sentinel in this quiet and lonely spot awaiting the appointed hour. Smith, in due course, appeared as agreed. He was alone, and Burrow was soon assured that his proposal to join him was genuine.

THERE, in the graveyard of Fellowship church, where the body of the famous outlaw now lies buried, at the solemn hour of midnight the compact which linked Rube Smith's fortunes with his own was made. There was no subscribing to the black oath, no signing in letters of blood, but with the skillfulness of a master Rube Burrow inducted his young kinsman into the office of train robbing to which he had elected him. He described the preliminary step of boarding the engine and getting the "drop", the method of "holding up", and all the subtle artifices of the craft, in such a masterly style that the new recruit smacked his lips in anticipation of the rich dish spread before his mental vision. After the manner of little Jack Horner, he mentally "put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, and said, 'What a good boy am I.' "

Setting out, therefore, with the two-fold object of avoiding the detectives in Lamar County, and of robbing a train, the three men journeyed southward, without any particular destination in view. Going down the west bank of the Tombigbee River, they traveled a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, to Buckatanna, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, seventy-three miles north of Mobile.

After a careful deliberation of the matter, Rube Burrow selected Ellisville, Mississippi, a point of the Queen and Crescent Railway, sixty-five miles south of Meridian and distant fifty-five miles east across the country, as the point for making his seventh train robbery.

Leaving the Mobile and Ohio Railway at Buckatunna on the fourteenth day of September, the men walked towards Ellisville, arriving there on the night of the 17th of September. Here Rube Burrow concluded, after finding there were three trains daily each way on that road, that there was no money in robbing a train on the Queen and Crescent Railway. He argued that the shipments would be divided up between the several trains, and no one train would carry much money. He had been so often disappointed in the amounts obtained that he was now with great care, planning to make a big haul. He concluded to reverse his course, return to Buckatunna, and rob the Mobile and Ohio, as the schedule on that line indicated only a single daily express train each way. Accordingly the robbers resumed their journey towards Buckatunna, through the "Free State of Jones."

The county of Jones, Mississippi, bears to this day the appellation of the "Free State of Jones." During the late Civil War the county seceded from the Confederacy and set up an independent government of its own. Here, in the famous Bogue Homer swamp, which covers one-third of the area of the county, hundreds of Mississippians, and Alabamians from across the border, declared themselves non-combatants, and gathering their families about them, set up a military government of their own.

Fortified within this inaccessible wild land, by the aid of their flintlocks they defied Confederate and Federal alike, and in the solitude of a peacefulness disturbed only by an occasional unsuccessful raid upon them, lived on unmindful of the fate of the Republic. One may ride, at this day, over the public road, so-called, from Ellisville to Buckatunna, sixty miles, and in all that distance he will find no sign of human habitation save at intervals of ten miles or so a rude log hut, and here and there a rosin orchard.

Through this lonely woodland, to the music of the soughing pines, the outlaws wended their way from Ellisville to Buckatunna. On Sunday night about dark they reached an abandoned log cabin on the farm of one Neil McAllister, a very intelligent colored man, who lives three miles from Buckatunna station. Neil found the men snugly quartered in this outhouse early Monday morning, and had frequent interviews with them during their stay of forty-eight hours on his premises.

The robbers visited a trestle at Buckatunna Creek, two miles south of the station of that name, during Monday, and after carefully maturing their plans, agreed to rob the southbound express train due on Wednesday, September 25th, about 2:30 a. m., at the trestle, one and a half miles south of the station.

Leaving Neil McAllister's cabin soon after dark the trio passed through Buckatunna and went to the trestle, where they remained until the north-bound train passed at midnight. Rube Burrow and Rube Smith then walked to the station where, on the arrival of the southbound train, in charge of Conductor Scholes and Engineer Therrill, the two men quietly boarded the engine as it pulled out from the station.

The cool and determined manner in which the work was done is well described by Zack Therrill, the engineer, in his statement taken by the express officials next day.

STATEMENT OF ENGINEER THERRILL

JUST as I was pulling out of Buckatunna I heard a voice in my engine, and I thought the fireman was speaking to me. I turned to find the fireman and myself covered with pistols by two men. The larger of the two men, who had his pistol presented at me, said, "Pull on out!" After I had run several hundred yards he said, "Don't be uneasy." I told him I was not uneasy.

He said, "I am going to rob this train or kill every man on it. Stop the train on the trestle beyond the bridge, so the passengers can't get off. I will kill every one that hits the ground."

I stopped as directed and was ordered to get down from the engine. When I got down, there was a man standing opposite the gangway on the ground, whom I will designate as number three. He backed toward the express car door. The man number one, who had been on the engine, said, "Call the express messenger." Just then robber number three, who was in front, covered the messenger, who was sitting on the opposite side of the car with his back toward us.

The conductor came out at this moment and asked what was the matter. The big man, number one, then fired a shot over my head toward the conductor and said, "Get back or I will kill you!" The messenger had not yet opened the door, but was covered by the pistol of number three. The big man, number one, then covered the messenger as soon as he had shot.

The fireman was standing behind me with a coal pick covered by number two, who had been on the engine. The messenger shoved the grated door back, the
wooden or outside door being alı
open. The messenger could not
stepped aside, as he was covered by
pistols.

Number one then said, "Give me
hand and pull me in the car. Handl
hand carefully, as there are corns oı
He was in the car five or six min
Just after he got in the car the cor
tor again called to know what was
matter. Number three said, in a
tone of voice, "Look out, I will s
him." He went forward a few p
called out, "Come and see," squatted,
fired one shot. He then got up, ran
ward about ten feet, and laid down
on his stomach. He laid there until
ber one, in the car, told the messe
to get out of the car, which he dic
front of the robber who gave him
bag with its contents to hold, whil
himself got out.

Number one then said to me, "G
the engine with me and pull the mail
off the trestle." I told him it was
and told him if it was not off I did
have steam enough to move the tı
He then said to number two, "Take
fireman to the engine," and ad
"Wait, I will go with you."

He told the fireman to get his
started, ordered number two to stay
the fireman, and instructed me to
with him to the mail car. Before
started off, he told the fireman no
move the engine until he came back,
said he would kill me if it starte
went back to the mail car as instruc
and when we got to the express caı
instructed number three to bring
messenger up to the mail car. Nun
three took the bag from the messeı
as soon as he struck the ground.

I called the mail agent, as instruc
who was inside of the car. As soor
he appeared he was covered by nun
one, who ordered the mail agent to
up his registered letters, and said to
"You have been hiding them."

The mail agent replied, "No, I h
only turned the light down." The
agent showed him the registered n
saying, "There it is," and added, "
are doing the worst thing you ever
in your life. You will get the U. S. C
ernment after you, and there is
$2,000 in the pile."

"That don't make any differen
said the robber, "I will take them a
how." He left the car and said to
mail agent, "If you don't want to
hurt, shut the door and keep it s
until the train leaves here."

He gave the packages he got out
the mail car to number two who
guarding the fireman, and told me
get up on my engine and pull out. I
started up on the engine when he
me to sit in the gangway between
tender and engine. Number one t
said: "Do anything you want to
steam up."

We were ten minutes getting up ste
During that time he said he worked
a section once—though not on this r
—and was discharged and a Negro
in his place. He then decided not to w
any more for a living. He said he
been around towns and had heard pec
say what they would do if they w
"held up."

"What can a man do," I asked, "in
fix you have me in?'"

"Do as I tell you," he replied.

When I got steam up he said, "Hu
up to State Line, and send a message
and down the road so they can get af
us. Tell the operator I say to hurry
about it. Tell the boss of those c

ing the express cars) to put steps
em, or I will stop robbing them.
ring the bell or blow the whistle,"
ncluded, "or I will shoot into the
e."

told me, going down to the bridge,
he came here to rob this train be-
there was a boast in the papers
pring that he could not rob it, and
st wanted to show them what he
do.

other two men, while we were
g at the engine, had gone out in
ushes. While going to the engine
me he told number three to put the
nger back in his car. When I got
e engine to start he said, "Holler
ose boys on the other side, and tell
to get back from the train." I
ght he referred to his men, but saw
In coming down from the station
id he had men and tools to do the
vith.

E MAN described by Engineer
herrill as number one is easily
nized as Rube Burrow, number two
oe Jackson, and number three as
Smith. The trestle at which the
ry was committed was undergoing
r by a force of bridge men, and the
was in the habit of stopping and
proceeding slowly across it. When
train stopped, Messenger Dunning
fore supposed it was on account of
ad condition of the trestle, and gave
thought to the matter. When hailed
e engineer, who had been instructed
he robbers to call him to the door,
nessenger found himself, on facing
t, covered by revolvers through the
d or iron-barred door of the car,
uter wooden door being open.
old you hands down and come to
door, or I will kill you," said Bur-

shot from the pistol of one of the
ers on the outside of the car gave
asis to the highwayman's request,
when the grated door was pushed
, as ordered by Rube Burrow, he got
e car and, handing a sack to the
enger, said: "Put your money in
. Hurry up! I have no time to lose."
curing $2,685 from the express car,
ow then went to the mail car and
d for the registered mail. Mail Agent
had been collecting the registered
er, preparatory to leaving the car
it, when Rube entered and demanded

e registered mail, which contained
, made the total amount secured
0, or $1,160 each.

stopping the train the passenger
hes had been left on the trestle so
to prevent anyone reaching the
nd, twenty feet below, and making
ttack from that quarter. The shots
soon after the train was halted, two
hich hit the steps of the coach on
h Conductor Scholes stood, silenced
her inquiry and the work was com-
d without molestation.

When Burrow joined his comrades
r leaving the mail car, he seemed
ous to have the train start. During
run from the station down to the
le he had forbidden the fireman to
any coal in the fire-box and, hence
e the train was being robbed so
h steam was lost that it was ten
tes after the robbery was over be-
sufficient steam was obtained to get
rway. Finally the train resumed its
ard course, and Burrow, sending a
parting shots of humor after En-
er Therrill, joined his comrades who
anxiously awaiting his coming in
the brush a few yards distant.

The train dispatcher's record of that day bore the simple explanation: "Number five delayed thirty minutes at Buckatunna trestle, getting robbed."

The news of the robbery brought the officials of the Express and Railroad Companies by special train to the scene. Posses were at once organized and sent in pursuit. It was evident that the work was that of Rube Burrow. "I will rob this train or kill every man on it" was the identical expression used at Genoa and at Duck Hill. His disposition to be humorous—in fact, every detail of the robbery—gave evidence of his identity as the leader.

The robbers were traced from the scene of their crime in an easterly course. Bloodhounds were used in the pursuit, but the trail being cold they were abandoned. The detectives, however, quietly took up the trail and followed it towards Demopolis, Alabama. At this point it was found that Rube Smith separated from the other men about October 5th, and went by rail into Lamar County. Rube Burrow and Joe Jackson continued their journey afoot, and traveling by easy stages reached Lamar County on the night of October 23rd, impelled by some strange fancy to return to the spot from which they had been so recently routed, and from which they were soon to depart again.

WHEN the Buckatunna robbery of September 25, 1889, occurred, the fact that three men participated in that deed proved that a third man had joined Rube Burrow since his last robbery at Duck Hill on December 15, 1888, and the identity of the third man puzzled the detectives of the Express company for some weeks. An accurate description, however, of all three of the men had been obtained, and Detective Thomas Jackson, after a visit into Lamar County a few weeks after the robbery, became convinced that it was Rube Smith.

On the eighth day of October, succeeding the Buckatunna robbery, Rube Smith appeared in Lamar County, exhibited a good deal of money, and was known to be in hiding in the vicinity of his father's home. Here he remained for some weeks, narrowly escaping capture at the hands of Detective Thomas Jackson several times, while the latter was daily securing additional evidence of his complicity in the Buckatunna affair.

Finally, in the latter part of November, 1889, Jim McClung, an old acquaintance of Rube Smith's, left Itawamba County, Mississippi, to visit his relatives in Lamar County, and while en route fell in with Rube Smith near the house of that worthy's father. Rube exhibited quite a sum of money to McClung, and invited him to accompany him to the Indian Territory, which McClung agreed to do. This was the hiding place to which Smith had gone soon after the Johnson robbery.

The two men left for the Indian Territory. Their destination was Kavanaugh, and Smith unfolded to McClung while en route the whole story of the Buckatunna train robbery and the part he played in it. He described every detail and circumstance of the robbery, and McClung, having a very retentive memory, was afterwards enabled to testify about it so minutely that the jury in the Federal Court, before which Smith had a mistrial in May, 1890, concluded that Jim McClung had participated in that robbery. Such, however, was not the fact.

The section of Indian Territory to which Smith and McClung went was wild and sparsely settled, but no sooner had Smith appeared there than he learned that officers were after him for a violation of the Federal law forbidding the importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Indian Territory, while he was there in the early spring. Smith therefore left within twenty-four hours after his arrival, and returned to Lamar County, abandoning a project of robbing the disbursing officer of an Indian agency near Kavanaugh, which he had unfolded to McClung.

McClung soon tired of life in Indian Territory and returning to Alabama found Smith in Lamar County. Here, on the 13th of December, Rube Smith conceived the idea of robbing the Southern Express car at Bigbee trestle, two miles north of Amory, Mississippi. The next night, soon after dark, he set out with McClung from the home of Rube Smith's father for that purpose. How the plan fell through is best told by the confession of Jim McClung, after the capture of Smith and himself in the sitting-room of the depot at Amory.

At one o'clock a.m. Detective Thomas Jackson, assisted by local officers Clay and Aikin of Amory, made the capture. McClung made but slight resistance, but Smith grappled with Jackson despite the fact that he was covered by the revolvers of both Clay and Jackson. While Officer Aikin had McClung in charge, a hand-to-hand struggle ensued in which Smith succeeded in dragging his captors into the doorway of the station house, where he was finally overpowered and handcuffs placed upon him.

The prisoners were taken to the Aberdeen, Mississippi jail, and on the 18th of December McClung made the following confession to the express officials, which confirmed the information already in their possession as to Smith's complicity in the Buckatunna robbery.

McClung's Confession

MY NAME is James McClung. I am twenty-two years of age. I have known Rube Smith for five or six years, but have not seen much of him until within the past few weeks. I returned from the Indian Nation three weeks ago next Tuesday. I went to Henry Smith's in Itawamba County, Mississippi, thirteen miles from Tupelo, and there found Rube Smith and Rube Burrow.

Rube Smith was sitting on his horse at the gate when I arrived, about two hours after sun-up. About an hour after I arrived Rube Smith told me that Rube Burrow was there. Smith invited me to go down to the woods where Rube Burrow was. I went down a hollow on the west side, and then went to the south side of the house, in an old field, where Rube Burrow was lying on his coat. Burrow said he wanted to go into Alabama, and to this we all agreed.

Rube Smith and I went to Tupelo that night. We ate two meals in Henry Smith's house. Rube Smith carried Rube Burrow his dinner and supper in the woods. Burrow promised to meet us at old man Jim Smith's in Alabama, about five miles from Crews Station. Rube Smith and I got off at Quincy, Mississippi, and walked over to Jim Smith's. We were afraid to get off at Crews.

Burrow did not join us until last Monday morning. Burrow made his appearance at the spring at Jim Smith's on Monday morning, the 7th of December. I went down to the spring. They were talking of robbing a train at Bigbee trestle, two miles north of Amory, Mississippi. We all decided on robbing the train on the K.C.M.&B. Railroad on Friday night, the 16th of December. The plan was that Smith and I should board the train at Sulligent and come to Amory. Burrow was to walk and join us Thursday at Bigbee trestle.

Smith and I got off at Amory at 3 a.m. Thursday. We went into the woods about one-fourth of a mile from Amory and slept. We went to the trestle about 9 a.m. Thursday. We found Burrow on the south side of the trestle in the hollow. Smith told Burrow he had taken in the situation, and did not think it would do to board the engine at Amory, because there was a night watchman there and it could not be done. Burrow said all right; he did not care for a night watchman, but was willing to leave it to Smith. It was then agreed to abandon the robbery of the train.

We agreed to go down to Winfield, Alabama, and rob Jonathan Jones, a merchant there. Smith proposed that he and I would go over to Hester's grocery, about three-quarters of a mile from Amory, and get some beer. Burrow said he would remain until we got back. We were absent about one hour and when we came back, we found Burrow there waiting for us. All three of us then went to Amory. We stopped at Tubb's spring, one quarter of a mile out of Amory, and stayed there awhile. We went then to Mrs. McDaniel's, getting there about one hour before sunset. Rube Burrow did not go in.

We found no one in the house, but got some bread and meat. Smith brought some out to Burrow. It was then nearly dark. Rube Burrow proposed that he would go into the woods on the north side of the track and sleep. Smith and I went to Mrs. McDaniel's and stayed all night.

Next morning (Friday, the 13th) we met Rube Burrow in the woods. We waited until Mrs. McDaniel went into the field and then went to the house and cooked some breakfast for Burrow, because he would not go into the house, nor would he allow us to bring anything out while Mrs. McDaniel was there. We remained there until about ten o'clock a.m., then Smith and I went to John Marsh's and got dinner. We gave Burrow enough for dinner and breakfast.

We all got together at Amory Junction, one mile out of Amory, late in the evening. Burrow said there was no danger of anyone knowing him, and he was not afraid to come into Amory. So we all started in about one hour before sunset. We came up the track until we got near the depot.

Burrow went over toward the roundhouse, among the side tracks, where we went over later and joined him. We all went to a well near Armstrong's saloon and got some water. Rube Smith said he wanted to buy a Winchester rifle. Burrow said, "Go ahead and get a rifle; but be careful about fooling around inquiring for guns."

Burrow said to Smith that he wanted half a pint of whiskey. Smith went into a saloon and got it. Burrow said to Smith, "I will meet you and McClung at the roundhouse."

Burrow had hidden the rifle between the Junction and Amory. Rube Smith and I went into several stores inquiring for Winchester rifles, but could find none. We went into Snow's saloon and Rube Smith bought one gallon of whiskey in a jug, also one-half pint. We joined Burrow at the back of the roundhouse.

Rube Burrow then ordered us to meet him at Jim Smith's, about three and one-half miles from Crews Station. He said he would go ahead on foot and would be there between breakfast and dinner on Sunday, the 15th inst. We went to the depot to take the train. Burrow told Smith and myself to be careful and not get arrested. We were told to be sure and meet him, and were to rob Jonathan Jones on Sunday night. Smith said he had stayed at Winfield, Alabama where Jones did business, and he knew he had a good deal of money. He told how he generally came out from supper and stayed at the store all night, and said we could "hold him up" as he went into the store and make him open his safe.

McCLUNG gave a faithful account of the Buckatunna train robbery, as detailed to him by Rube Smith, while they were on their way from Alabama to the Indian Territory.

Time afterwards proved that McClung spoke the truth, as before told in his confession at Aberdeen, except as to one particular—he was mistaken as to the identity of Rube Burrow. Rube Smith had brought with him from the Indian Territory a boon companion whom McClung had not met, and who somewhat resembled Burrow but who did not care to reveal his identity to McClung. As the latter had never seen Rube Burrow, Smith easily passed his comrade off as the famous train robber.

It was afterwards proved beyond a doubt that Rube Burrow, on the day of the capture of Smith and McClung, drove his ox-cart into the pines near Flomaton, Alabama and camped there on that eventful night. McClung, however, was perfectly honest in the belief that the pal to whom Smith introduced him was no other than his cousin Rube. The man's name is well known to the express officials but as he never committed, but merely contemplated, a train robbery, he was allowed to go back into the Indian Territory, and is now listed as a suspect only.

Rube Smith had conceived the idea of playing the role of leader in a train robbery, but when the appointed hour came he lost confidence in his ability for so bold an adventure and abandoned the project for a less daring deed. While awaiting the train, however, to take him to the scene of his contemplated crime, he was arrested as described. He was taken to Waynesboro, the county seat of Wayne County, Mississippi, and on April 1, 1890, was convicted and sentenced to ten years in the state prison for robbing the Southern Express car at Buckatunna, Mississippi.

RUBE AND JOE, on their return to Lamar County, found their lair closely beset by detectives. They found shelter, however, for some two weeks spending the nights in the barn-loft of Allen Burrow, one of the men standing watch while the other slept.

On the 26th of October, 1889, the following telegram was received by an official of the Southern Express Company from Sheriff Morris, of Blount County, Alabama: "A posse in charge of one of my deputies attempted to arrest two men, armed with pistols and Winchesters, fifteen miles from Oneonta, Alabama, yesterday. They killed two of the posse and wounded five. Am positive the men were Rube Burrow and Joe Jackson."

Repairing to Blount County, with bloodhounds and detectives, it was soon tained by the express officials tha men were not Burrow and Jacksor two "moonshiners," who had shot wounded a revenue officer at Blo Alabama, about ten days prior t date of the attack by the sheriff's

Correspondents representing se prominent southern journals hied selves to Blount County to gathe details of another tragic chapter i history of Rube Burrow, and one e prising scribe, fresh from the fie carnage in Blount County, went Lamar County bent on an interview the famous bandit. This was the some and gifted Barrett of the At *Constitution.* Arriving at Allen Bur in company with Jim Cash, the y journalist made known the object o visit.

The detectives having gone on a trail to Blount County, Rube and Joe at that time in old man Burrow's loft, and when Allen Burrow took rett's horse thither he revealed to the proposition of the corresponde interview him. Rube declined, sayin knew the paper would publish a des tion of him, and he did not want done. Mr. Barrett, however, sent a elaborate report of an alleged inter to the *Constitution* which, as a fai historian, the author is compelle state never took place.

A crowning sensation in Ame journalism was reached when the *Herald* of Birmingham charter special train to enable it to place the breakfast tables of Atlanta the ing exploits of Rube in Blount Co and the Atlanta *Constitution* respo by chartering a like train to distri at Birmingham an interview with famous bandit while he was suppose sit under the very vine and fig tre the *Age-Herald* but, as a matter of was engaged in combing the hay out of his hair after a night's lod in his father's barn.

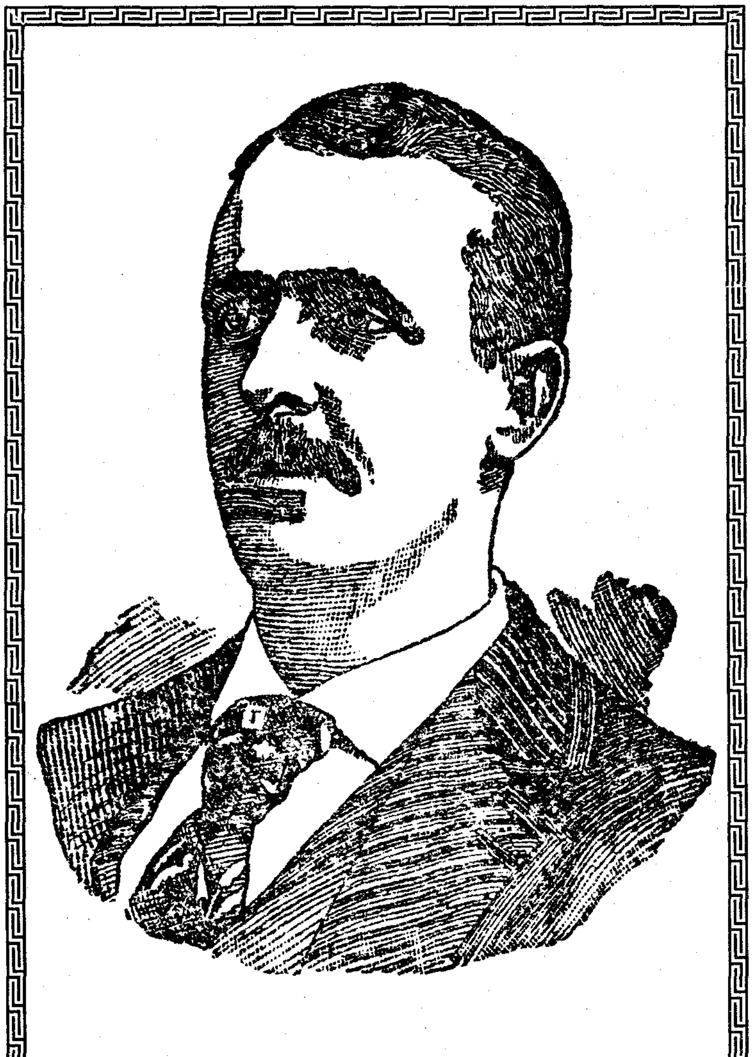
As soon as the Blount County se tion had exploded, the detectives of Southern Express Company returne Lamar County, and an incessant was kept upon the houses of Allen row, Jim Cash, and others. Detect disguised as peddlers of books, light rods, and nursery stock, and others suming the simple guise of tramps, their wares in the one case, and be bread in the other, from house to h all over Lamar County.

Finally Allen Burrow said one da Rube: "I believe there is a detective der every bush in the county; you better leave."

Rube concluded his father was ri and on the twentieth day of Novem just about a month after their arr Rube and Joe left Lamar County ag The two men went afoot to withi few miles of Columbus, Mississippi, ing resolved to walk into Florida avoid the necessity of hiding out in brush all winter in Lamar County.

Joe Jackson was not as robust as R and was not physically equal to the of walking several hundred miles. proposed, after trudging about eigh miles, to return to Lamar County, chase horses, and make the trip on ho back. Rube dissented, fearing their would be discovered and that pur would ensue, but suggested that they turn to the home of Jim Cash and chase a yoke of oxen and a wagon ow by him and make the trip in that w

Joe Jackson was averse to this pr sition at first, but Rube argued tha



Detective T. V. Jackson

ers of an ox-cart they could assume role of laborers and thus fully dis- e themselves. Returning, therefore, ash's house, the oxen and cart were hased.

was the custom of Allen Burrow Cash to make frequent trips by on across the country to Columbus, sissippi, and so it was arranged for n Burrow to take the two men in a red wagon drawn by two horses, to in one mile of Columbus. Jim Cash, rding to arrangement, followed with ox team, and on the outskirts of the n, after dark on the night of November 28th, the four men met. Through the rvention of Cash an ample supply of visions, purchased from a store in mbus, was stored away in the wagon, at ten o'clock at night the outlaws, he garb of plodding ox-drivers, re- ed their journey southward. Cash Burrow returned home the next day, former announcing that he had sold ox team in Columbus.

he detectives were not long in dis- ering, by the bearing and manner of friends of the outlaws, that they had Lamar County. Detective Jackson, wing the habits and methods of Rube, not satisfied with Cash's story that had sold his oxen in Columbus. In- igation developed nothing to corro- ate the reported sale, and Detective kson declared: "We must find that n, for it's just like Rube to give us the slip that way."

GOING to Columbus, the faithful detective sought diligently to discover the missing team, but it was not until about January 15th that his labors were rewarded in finding the trail near Carrollton, in Pickens County, Mississippi, forty miles south of Columbus. The detective was on foot. The outlaws were then forty-five days ahead of him, and were evidently heading for southern Alabama or Florida.

Returning and reporting the discovery, it was deemed best to go by rail to Wilson's Station on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and thence to Gainestown, a landing on the Alabama River, about forty miles distant, where it was thought the men would cross. The conclusion had been wisely made. The cunning detective had shrewdly divined the very spot at which the robbers would cross the river.

Arriving at Gainestown January 24th, Jackson found that the ox-cart, in charge of two men, had crossed the river on the night of December 11th. Encouraged by this discovery the officer pursued the trail on through Escambia County, and found that on the evening of December 14th the two men had driven into Flomaton, Alabama, a small station on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, forty miles north of Pensacola. Here it was discovered that the men had camped about half a mile from the station, and had made inquiries concerning a logging camp in Santa Rosa County, Florida.

Leaving Flomaton on the morning of January 29th, Detective Jackson went to McCurdy's ferry on the Escambia River, two miles south, and there ascertained that a man calling himself Ward had crossed the ferry with an ox team on the morning of December 15th, and that he was alone. Pursuing the trail south some twenty miles, Milton, Florida was reached. Here it was found that one man had crossed Blackwater with an ox team at that point on the night of December 17th. The belief that Joe Jackson had separated from Rube at Flomaton was confirmed, for the man in charge of the ox team was, beyond question, Rube Burrow.

Leaving Milton, the detective went to Broxton's ferry on Yellow River, about ten miles south. Arriving at the ferry he was confronted by a stream thirty yards wide, whose tortuous length stretched itself through a jungle of cane and cypress which seemed to defy further progress. There was no boat in sight, and the unbroken wildwood on the opposite bank gave no sign of a mooring. The screech of an owl from his perch in the dark cover of the jungle broke the stillness that prevailed, and awakened the detective from his lonely reverie.

Jackson learned from a man who came stalking through the brush at this juncture, that the opposite bank was that of an island, and in order to reach the south side of the river, the point of the island must be turned by rowing half a mile downstream and then stemming the current for a like distance along the opposite shore. While the distance across the island from shore to shore was only about five hundred yards, the view was wholly obscured by the canebrake that covered it.

By shrewd questioning, Jackson found that Rube, under the name of Ward, was engaged in hauling feed from the landing on the opposite shore to Allen's log camp, eighteen miles away, and at that very hour was loading for his return trip on the south bank of the river. Broxton, the ferryman, had unfortunately gone to Milton with the only boat used at the ferry, and it was impossible to cross the river that day.

It was ascertained that Rube's practice was to leave the log camp about seven o'clock in the morning, reach the ferry at two in the afternoon, and after loading repair to the house of Broxton, where he would spend the night, and making an early start on the succeeding day arrive at the camp in afternoon. It had, therefore, been his practice to reach the ferry landing on Yellow River every alternate day.

Jackson, being unable to cross the river, returned to Milton on February 4th, and sent the following telegram to an official of the Southern Express Company: "I expect to secure title to tract number one, about ten miles south of here, Wednesday, February 6th. The papers are all in good shape."

RUBE BURROW had always been designated in correspondence between the officers and detectives as number one, and the telegram therefore meant that Jackson had located his man, that his plans were in good shape, and the capture would be made at the hour and place designated.

At four o'clock on the morning of February 6th Jackson was joined at Milton by the express officials to whom the details of the situation were given. At an early hour the start for Broxton's ferry was made in a hack, Jackson having selected four reliable men from Milton to assist him. The party reached the ferry landing on the north bank of the river about eleven o'clock a.m., and after some difficulty a boat was secured and a landing on the south shore was effected.

It had been determined at first to continue the journey beyond the river and capture Rube on the road, but on reaching the south landing the surroundings seemed so advantageous that it was decided to await his arrival at the ferry. The roadway, after leaving the south bank of the river a few miles, wends its course through a sparsely timbered pine forest. It is very straight, and persons traversing it from opposite directions could see each other for miles. It was therefore feared that Rube, ever on the alert, might take alarm at sight of the posse.

On the contrary, at the ferry all seemed propitious. There was moored the boat which contained the camp supplies to be loaded into Rube's cart with his own hands. It seemed a veritable trap, baited and set in the certain pathway of some beast whose lair had just been discovered, and here it was agreed to quietly await the hour of his coming. The exit from the landing where the boat was moored was a narrow corduroy road that debouched from the water's edge, through overhanging boughs and vines, for some three hundred yards to the foot of a hill, and curving to the south, shut out all further view from the river. On either side of the road, approaching the landing, were the fallen trunks of huge cypress trees which afforded a splendid cover for the posse.

At the hour of noon, with the ferryman sitting not thirty paces distant so as to watch the road and give the signal when the cart should appear in sight, the posse went into ambush and anxiously awaited Rube's arrival. He had never been later than two o'clock in reaching the ferry. It had been arranged that upon his arrival, and immediately upon his halting his team, all six of the posse would cover him with their breech-loading shotguns, and Detective Jackson should order the bandit to surrender. If he failed to do so, the discharge of Jackson's gun would be a signal for the rest of the posse to fire.

Every alternate day for five weeks Rube had arrived at this spot between two and three o'clock p. m. The presence of the posse at the ferry was known to no one save the ferryman, and he was kept under careful serveillance. The capture of the outlaw seemed absolutely certain.

As the silent hours rolled by, the detectives watched with bated breath for the signal from the ferryman. In the awful stillness that prevailed, the ticking of the watches that marked the passing hours could be heard. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock came, and yet the crack of the ox-driver's whip, the longed-for music of the "gee-whoa" which, on Rube's coming, was wont to disturb the solitude of this wild retreat, was not heard.

Finally, at five o'clock, after another hour of anxious waiting had passed, a colored laborer in a log camp from which Rube was expected, appeared. He was questioned as to the whereabouts of Ward, the name assumed by Burrow, and answered that one of his oxen was sick; that he had not started at eleven o'clock, and would probably not come until next day. This was a sore disappointment. The camp could not be reached until long after dark. The outlaw might start at any hour, and the posse might miss him in some of the many by-roads that intervened the long distance. It was concluded, therefore, to remain to watch at the ferry, hoping that he might still arrive before night.

WITH the slowly sinking sun sank the hopes of the anxious officers, who felt that the cover of night would bring some untoward event to mar the plans which had been arranged for the capture. Darkness came, but the silent watch was continued. Broxton, the ferryman, lived about one mile from the ferry, and immediately on the road along which Rube had to travel. It was now quite certain if Rube should arrive he would spend the night at Broxton's and reach the ferry next morning. Ascertaining that there was a vacant house a few hundred yards beyond the house of the ferryman, and only a few feet from the road, it was determined best to remove the posse to this building and watch there during the night.

About seven o'clock the posse started from the river, giving orders to the driver of the hack not to follow until time had allowed the advance guard to reach the ferryman's house. This order was, however, disobeyed and just as the detectives approached the house, and when only about three hundred yards distant, Rube drove up to the gate and inquired of Mrs. Broxton the whereabouts of her husband.

The woman answered, "He has been at the river all day with a party of hunters."

Rube, ever on the *qui vive*, gathered his Marlin rifle from his cart, saying, "I'll go down and see Mr. Broxton."

Walking toward the ferry about fifty yards he heard strange voices, saw the hack, and intuitively knew that he himself was the game the hunters were after. Like a deer he bounded into the forest and was lost to his pursuers.

A guard was placed over the team which Rube had left as a trophy for his would-be captors, in the hope that the owner would return to confirm his doubts, if he had any, but Rube took the safe side, ran no risk, and did not return.

Rube set out at once for the log camp, arriving there about midnight. Arousing the cook, he bade him prepare supper, which he ate with great relish, while he recounted a story of thrilling adventure with highwaymen in which he had luckily escaped with his life. Supplying himself with a goodly store of provisions from the camp's larder, the outlaw about three o'clock a. m. said goodbye to his comrades and went forth into the solitude of the forest, consoling himself with the reflection that he had again outwitted the detectives.

There are those who would doubtless have managed the affair at Broxton's Ferry, on the eventful evening of February 6th, differently, perhaps successfully, but fortunately for Rube they were not present.

The ox team was taken to Milton and sold for the sum of $80.

Detective Jackson, undaunted by the luckless result of the chase, equipped himself for a tour through the swamps of Santa Rosa, and leaving him in pursuit, the rest of the party turned their faces homeward.

As an example of the audacity of the noted train robber it may here be recorded that a few weeks afterward he endeavored to recover the value of the
oxen and cart by executing a b
sale therefor to one Charles Well
latter demanded the property. but
needless to say he did not succe
obtaining it. The Express officials
fied the would-be purchaser that th
fit had been sold, and that the ti
the party to whom sold would b
fended against any and all claiman

DURING the summer of 1890,
having been routed from his h
on Yellow River on February 6th, i
known that Rube Burrow was i
swamps of Florida near East Bay
that Joe Jackson was not with hi
was definitely ascertained that the
separated at Flomaton, Alabama, o
14th of December, 1889, when
drove his ox-cart into Santa Rosa
ty, Florida. It was known that the
men had made an agreement to me
Baldwin County, Alabama, on the
of February, 1890. The informatic
to this proposed meeting was rel
It was evidently their intention to
a train at Dyer's Creek, a point
thirty miles north of Mobile. The ro
of Rube, however, from his hiding
in Florida interfered with this pr

Joe Jackson was promptly on ha
the rendezvous, the exact localit
which was not then definitely kno
the detectives. He had seen in
Courier-Journal a notice of the pu
of Rube Burrow in Florida, and was
cautious in going to the place agree
on. He however made his appearan
Dyer's. He waited there only one
and not finding Rube, he left, espe
as he casually heard that the detec
were looking for Rube Burrow in
country.

Traveling from place to place
May, 1890, Jackson went back into L
County, as it was expected he w
His presence in that locality was
known to Detective Jackson, but
were so many hiding places among
Burrow kinfolk that it was difficu
locate him. It was expected daily
Rube would join him, but not so.
still confined himself to Florida.

Detective Jackson, knowing that
was in Lamar County, determined to
ture him. Taking a trusty man with
he went into Lamar County, trav
by night and afoot, and camped in
woods a few hundred yards from
home of Allen Burrow. His night v
were soon rewarded by observing
picious movements and an interchan
visits between old man Allen Bu
and Jim Cash. They were evidently
paring for a trip.

About dark on the night of the
of July Jim Cash and Joe Jackson
out from the home of Allen Burro
the direction of Fernbank on the Geo
Pacific Road. The detectives were
upon their trail, and as it was evi
that Jackson was en route to tak
train on the Georgia Pacific Road it
not deemed safe to attempt the cap
at night on the open roadway.

Detective Jackson covered all tr
east and west of Fernbank with car
men. and he himself boarded the t
at Kennedy, a few miles east of F
bank, with ex-Sheriff Pennington
Sheriff Metcalf of Lamar County.

At Fernbank Joe Jackson boarded
train. He deliberately walked into
ladies' car and took a seat. The de
tives were in the smoking car ahead,
kept the robber under close surveilla

On arriving at the first station
tective Jackson got out and went
the rear of the ladies' car. Entering

a seat, unobserved, immediately be- Joe Jackson, and sat there until rain reached Columbus, Mississippi. ı the train stopped and Joe stepped f the coach, he was covered by the ls of the detectives and was arrested ›ut a shot being fired. He had left ›istols at Allen Burrow's and, as wards learned, was en route to ;ant Hill, Louisiana, the home of ıncle, J. T. Harrell, having become of waiting for Rube Burrow's ar- .

.e prisoner was taken to Memphis, ;essee, where, upon being confronted the overwhelming evidence against he made the following confession:

ONARD CALVERT BROCK is my 'ull name. I was born in Coffee Coun- Alabama, July 13, 1860. My father's e is Joseph E. Brock, and he was near Raleigh, North Carolina. He physician by profession. He moved ı there to Georgia, and then to Ala- a. My mother's name was Sallie F. rell, and she was born in Georgia. parents were married in Georgia be- coming to Alabama. I have one her, whose name is John Brock. He born in 1863, and now lives on a ı in Coffee County. I have a married r, who was born in 1852, Rebecca ıerine Brock. She married William ;ell, and lived in Coffee County. The office address of all the above ed parties is Elba, Alabama.

was never married. Was raised on a ı, and my schooling was limited. I t to school to a good teacher about t months. Remained on a farm in 'ee County until 1886 when I went exas, on account of a cutting scrape, particulars of which are as follows:

had a Negro working for me whose e was Louis Chapman. We had some words about a business matter, and abbed him very severely. I was also ısed of killing a Negro in Coffee nty about the same time, and on ac- ıt of these troubles I left home. I innocent of the murder of the Negro.

went to Texas via the Southern ific route and stopped at San An- o, where I went to work for one ert Daniels. Daniels was engaged in ıng horses and driving them to north- Texas. I went to Dallas from San onio, and worked awhile in a lumber l. I also worked a month for a man ıed Brown. Then I went to Sherman stayed a few days, but was unable et work. I went from there to Gaines- , and from there to the Indian Ter- ry, where I worked for a man named n Pair.

then went back to Cooke County, as, in the southwest part. There I t saw Rube Burrow in company with an whom he called "Bill." This was he spring of 1886. Burrow employed to help get up cattle. We went down Young County, and from there to e County. I did not visit Burrow's se at any time. We drove some cattle Fort Worth and sold them. He sold ut thirty or forty head. Then he the cattle business and discharged

then went to Texarkana and worked sawmill for a few days. I then went Shreveport and got work at a saw- about a hundred miles below eveport. I went from there to New eans, and from there to Mobile, and ked a few days in a livery stable a man named Metzger. I went from e, in the fall of 1887, to Pensacola, got work driving a team. From there I went to Milton, and drove a team for a man named Collins for some time, and went from there to Florida and remained there, working part of the time. I was at several stations on the Pensacola and Atlantic Road.

In the latter part of 1887 I went from there to Texas. First I stopped at Sherman, and worked there a few days. I stayed there until February, 1888. There I got a letter from Burrow. He addressed me as Lewis Waldrip. I was then going by that name. He said he was in trouble, but did not say what it was, and asked me to come to him. The letter was written from Vernon. I replied to the letter, addressing it to James Cash, and told him I was undecided whether to come or not. I received another letter from him, also from Vernon, Alabama.

About the first of March, 1888, I went to Alabama. I went via Memphis, and got off the train at Sulligent, and went to old man Burrow's by way of Vernon. I found Burrow at Cash's house. He then told me that detectives were searching for him, and told me about his arrest and escape at Montgomery. He stated they had gotten off the train at Montgomery and started up the street, when policemen attempted to arrest them. He escaped, after shooting one of them, but his brother was captured. He was pursued by a party and surrounded in a Negro cabin where he had gone to get some coffee. He ran out of the house to the timber and escaped unhurt, although fired upon. He lay down in the bushes and, although he had no cartridges, he pretended to be loading his pistol and they were afraid to attack him. He went from there back to Lamar County, Alabama.

AFTER I arrived in Lamar County, in March, 1888, we stayed there about a week and then went south, crossing the Georgia Pacific Road at Columbus, Mississippi. We went from there to Artesia, Mississippi, and then to Meridian. We took a boat on the Tombigbee River and went to Coffeeville, Alabama, and then walked to Baldwin County, Alabama.

We worked in Dunnaway's log camp there, and it was here we met John Barnes. I drove a log team for Dunnaway, and Burrow sawed logs with Barnes. We remained there three weeks. Dunnaway then moved his teams to a point on the L & N Road near Perdido Station. I carried a team there for him, and he then discharged me and Burrow, and we sawed logs at another camp for a few days. We then left, and crossed the Alabama River near Fort Claiborne. We crossed the Tombigbee River at the station where the railroad crosses the river. Workmen were engaged in painting the bridge, and asked us not to cross on the bridge, and we went down and crossed at the ferry.

We then went north until we got into Mississippi, and went via Buckatunna to Ellisville. Then we went to Forrest, Mississippi. We bought our horses in Smith County. I traded my horse at Dixon, giving $15.00 to boot. The horse cost $90. Burrow paid $85 for his horse. From Dixon we went to Oxford, via Houston. We went through Oxford on horseback. We went on to Berryhill's, Rube Burrow's brother-in-law, arriving there about eleven o'clock a.m.

Berryhill was absent, but returned that evening. We remained there two days. Left there in the afternoon, and went east to Okolona. Went thence to Cotton Gin, Mississippi, and from there to Vernon, Alabama, stopping at Cash's house. We got to Lamar County in the middle of May.

Cash kept my horse and Burrow took his to his father's. We remained there, being most of the time near Cash's house, until the early part of August when Reuben Burrow, having learned that his brother Jim, who was in the penitentiary at Little Rock, Arkansas, for safekeeping, determined to go to his rescue.

We talked the matter over, and resolved to rescue him from the guards, even if we had to kill them to do so. I do not recollect what date it was, but we saddled our horses, one at John Burrow's and one at Jim Cash's, on a dark night in the early part of August and started on the Arkansas trip. We crossed the Tombigbee River at Cotton Gin, and took a westerly course to Helena, Ark., where we crossed the Mississippi River.

Went from Helena to Pine Bluff, crossing the White River at St. Charles. Crossed the Arkansas River nine miles south of Pine Bluff; then went to Malvern; then to Donaldson, fifteen miles south of Malvern, where we expected to get Jim Burrow from the train. Then we passed Arkadelphia, remaining there one night, and went down to Curtis, fifteen miles south of Arkadelphia. There we searched two trains for Jim Burrow, but failed to find him. We then came back through Arkadelphia to Donaldson. There we searched two or three trains. Then we went up to Malvern, and boarded two or three trains there.

While at Curtis, Arkansas, we learned that there was a train which would not stop at that place, but would stop at Arkadelphia, and Rube said he would go back to Arkadelphia. We made the trip, riding hard, but not in time to get on the train. Just as we rode into the town the train pulled out.

THEN we lost all hope of getting Jim Burrow, and came on to Pine Bluff, crossing the Arkansas River nine miles south of Pine Bluff, and came on back through the country to DeWitt, and crossed the White River at a point twelve or fifteen miles north of St. Charles, and went on back to Helena, crossing the Mississippi River at Helena. Stayed all night at a little town on the Mississippi River, fifteen miles above Helena, on the east side of the river. Next day we came out through the bottom, wading our horses through mud knee-deep for fifteen miles. Stayed all night two miles from the ferry, and there met Fletcher Stephens, who wanted to hire hands to pick cotton. Burrow proposed that we go to work picking cotton for Stephens. Stephens agreed, and gave us fifty cents per hundred and our board. This was about the first of October, 1888. Burrow was a good cotton picker, but I was not. We picked cotton until about December first, and Stephens paid us $50.

We then went from there to Sardis. Remained all night at Sardis, and crossed the Tallahatchie and went south to Berryhill's, where we stayed one day. Went from there to Water Valley, Mississippi, and stayed there all night. Put our horses up at a stable there. Had decided at this time to rob a train, but no place or time had been set. We decided on robbing a train before we left Berryhill's.

While looking at some horses at the livery stable at Water Valley, Burrow and I noticed a policeman eyeing us closely. This made us rather uneasy, and when the policeman went from the stable to the hotel where we were stopping, Burrow followed him and went to the hotel and got his saddle-bags, which he had left there. We then saddled our horses and left.

We stayed at a widow's house that night, and as it was raining next day we stopped at ten o'clock at a house and remained there until the next morning. We then went south, and took dinner next day ten or twelve miles from Duck Hill. Arrived at Duck Hill soon after dark on the night of December 15, 1889. I went into a store and bought two boxes of sardines, went back, and we waited a short while for the train. The horses were hitched out about half a mile or so from town, and east of the track.

When the train pulled into the station we were in plain sight. There was nobody out, as it was a bad night. We were there close by the station. We got on the engine just as it was ready to pull out, both on the same side, and each one of us had a pistol. I did not point my pistol directly at either engineer or fireman, but we covered them and ordered them to run out a certain distance, about eight hundred yards from the station, and stop. The engineer was in the act of stopping the train when we got on the engine, but we made him pull out.

When he stopped the train I stepped on the ground first. Just as I stepped on the ground I fired off my pistol in the air, and about that time Burrow, the engineer and the fireman got out, and we all walked back to the express car. About the time I fired my pistol I noticed the door of the express car was open. Burrow went in the express car. I remained on the ground.

Pretty soon I saw a man walking toward me from the passenger coaches, and told him to go back. I thought he was going to shoot me, and I asked the engineer to tell him to go back, and the engineer did so. The engineer asked me at the same time not to shoot him—that the man had nothing to shoot me with—and I did not shoot him. The man did not turn back until the Negro fireman told him to turn back, and he then did so. In a few minutes someone down by the passenger coach spoke, and at the same time commenced shooting at us. The engineer ran, I don't know where to, and as they commenced shooting (I think they had fired about two shots) I commenced firing. I kept advancing from the train, in order to dodge their shots. There was somebody else down in one of the coaches who shot out several times—probably four or five times.

After the shooting was over I walked back to the side of the express car and stood there until Burrow came out. I did not know there was anybody shot. I fired one shot when I stepped off the engine, and fired four shots while standing at the express car. I could see the man I was shooting at, but very indistinctly. Did not hear him cry out when shot. I remained by the car, after the shooting, until Burrow got out. The Negro fireman said to me, "Don't shoot me." I said I was not going to shoot him.

I think I saw Burrow in the car door while the shooting was going on outside. We were all shooting rapidly and I could not tell much about Burrow's shooting. When we left the car we loaded our pistols. I put in five cartridges, and he put three, he said, in his.

We then made our way back to our horses, got on them and rode the balance of the night. It was raining all the time and we waded the creek three times, crossing bends, to get to our horses. It began to rain very hard after we mounted our horses.

WE RODE at least forty miles by daylight. That day we camped in the woods. Burrow got some corn for the horses. We were very wet. We built a fire to dry our clothes, and then ate something about the middle of the day. We dried the money and counted it. There was $1,500 in greenbacks and $365 in silver. We divided it half and half. This was on Sunday.

That evening we started out about sundown, and crossed the Illinois Central Road at Weirs Station. Went through the town, and took the Philadelphia road and rode all night, making about fifty miles; rode on next day until about eleven o'clock. Stopped at a house and got dinner, and stayed there about three hours. On Monday night we did not ride very far. Built a fire that night. Tuesday morning there was a heavy frost.

We left the Philadelphia road next morning, coming to Pearl River before we got to Philadelphia. We thought we might be waylaid at the bridge by detectives, and shot. When we got within two hundred yards of the bridge over Pearl River, we turned through the swamps and swam the river about eight o'clock Tuesday morning, five miles from Philadelphia. We rode through the timber until we struck a road leading north from Philadelphia to Lewisville. Did not travel the road. Laid up that day in the woods.

Started about sundown, and just after dark stopped at a Negro's house to buy corn for our horses, but found no one at the house. There was a rail-pen full of corn, and we could have taken what we wanted, but we did not do it. Stealing corn was out of our line of business.

Riding on, we saw a light, and going up to it, we found an old colored woman in the house. From her we bought twenty-five ears of corn and some provisions, paying her one dollar therefor. Fed our horses there, and went through Lewisville on Tuesday night after the robbery, and took the road towards Macon, on the M. & O. Road. Rode fifty miles that night.

Next day we lay up until ten o'clock, stopping at daylight. Then went on toward Macon, and turned to the left and crossed the M. & O. Road at Brooksville, Mississippi. We inquired here for the road to Columbus. Went via Deerbrook to Columbus, riding slowly, and crossed the Tombigbee River just before day at Columbus. Went out from Columbus about six miles and stayed there that day.

A lightning rod man who lived at Aberdeen, Mississippi, came out to the house where we were stopping. We remained there until after dark. Took the road at dark and traveled toward Vernon, Alabama. Arrived at Vernon about midnight on Thursday night after the robbery, and went to Jim Cash's house about twelve o'clock. Got something to eat and fed our horses, and left word for him to come up next morning and get our horses. We went five miles above there to a point in the woods.

Don't remember that we asked Cash anything about the robbery. First saw an account of it in the Memphis *Appeal*, which came in a day or two after we got there. John Burrow came to us next morning. We did not say anything to him about the robbery. He brought us something to eat. Told us where we could take our horses and sell them. We turned over the horses to John Burrow that morning, and he took them off to sell them, but did not succeed in selling the horses then. Mr. Cash afterwards sold the bay horse. A man there the sorrel.

WE REMAINED around there, ing first in one house and th another—most of the time at house and John Burrow's, but not at old man Burrow's. I stayed i woods in daytime and in the hou night.

Stayed there until some time in 1889, having arrived there from the Hill robbery just before Chris Sometime in the spring Burrow de to send for a wig, and sent for it addressed to W. W. Cain. I don't rec at what post office. After a long he heard that some mail had com W. W. Cain, at Jewell post office. Cash said that one day he askec postmaster, Mr. Graves, if there was mail there. Graves said there w circular or paper of some kind for and he would bring it or send it d which he did a few days after.

They got word in some manner a wig had come, and Burrow also word that Graves said he was goir arrest the man that came after it, see what business he had with it. H that Graves had taken it out of wrapper and was showing it to pe and remarked to several that he going to take in the man that came f and find what business he had wit Burrow asked me to go for it, but not want to go. I told him that t after it, if Graves was going to thing of that kind, would stir u big fuss. Burrow at last said he going to have it, and that Graves w not arrest him, and he went after i

He started one morning before and on arriving went in the house a door on the east side. He saw Graves standing behind a counter the post office department, and a standing behind the same counter the other end of the house. As he ste in he spoke to them politely and a Graves if there was any mail there W. W. Cain. Graves made no reply, walked slowly from the post office partment toward a double-barrelled gun which Burrow said he saw sit behind the counter, and which was gun that Graves intended to arrest man with.

He asked him a second time if t was any mail there for W. W. Cain, Graves said "Yes," but still adva toward the gun. Burrow told him to the mail, but he made no effort to g get it, and Burrow then pulled his p and shot him, saying, "Get it for or I will shoot you again."

About that time Graves began to and the lady said, "Don't shoot him more. I will get the mail for you." then went and found part of the n and Burrow asked her if there was more. She told him she thought t was, and found it and gave it to and he then left, going out the s door he came in.

There was a Negro in the house ran out just as Burrow pulled his pi and while he was standing there he the Negro's head around the door, he ran off again.

Burrow got back at ten o'clock night to where I was staying at Cash's house. He waked me and told that he had to shoot that man to his mail. Before Burrow went to post office I advised him not to go the mail, as he had heard that Gra intended to arrest the man. I said, " might shoot him, and it would ca eat deal of trouble." But he said as going to have it, and that it was nd he had paid for it.

TER *he came to me that night and* old me that he had shot him, we out and laid in the woods. We left out seeing Cash, and went over about le north of Cash's in the hills, and ined there until that evening about or four o'clock, when Mr. Cash John Burrow came from Sulligent. heard their wagon coming, and got the road, where we saw them. Cash us where to go, and said he would us *something to eat next morning.* only remained a few minutes; said ad heard Graves was killed. Burrow nothing about it.

at night we went to a place which over in another direction, about half le from Cash's. He brought us some- g to eat, and we remained there one wo days. We then went nearer to 's house, and remained in the bushes a few days. Then we went to John row's and stayed in the bushes, ably two or three days, when the came from Aberdeen.

ne night they came was a wet and y night, and we went in John Bur- s house to sleep. Next morning, just re day, I went out of the house and overed three men laying on the und. I got within four or five feet hem. I did not go back in the house, went back in the bushes where we been staying. Burrow waited until ight, and then came out where I

he men who had been scattered und the house were gone. I told Bur- I walked on somebody out there. He he reckoned not, but I insisted that d, and when Mrs. Burrow brought us our breakfast we told her about it. She went out and found signs. She walked on the other side of the house, in the lane where there was sand, and she said the sand was all packed with tracks.

We remained there until we heard the men coming back to Burrow's and they were right at his house before we got up to walk off. We then walked around there through the bushes, three hundred yards from John Burrow's house, and remained through the day. When night came we walked over in another direction about a mile from John Burrow's and half a mile from Cash's.

The detectives had Jim Cash, John Burrow and old man Allen Burrow in jail. Rube did not say much about it, only that they were holding them, thinking it would enable them to get us, and that they would turn them out in a few days.

We then depended on the women to bring us food. John Burrow, Jim Cash and old man Burrow were turned out of jail in two or three days, and we then continued around in the bushes until about the latter part of August, Jim Cash bringing us food.

About this time old Mrs. Burrow, Allen Burrow's wife, went up a few miles north to Crews to see her sister. She got word that Rube Smith wanted to see Rube Burrow. She came back and told Rube Burrow about it, and he decided that he would about as soon see him as not; at the same time he thought there might be some trick in it, but in a day or two he got his sister to go and tell Rube Smith where to meet him. The place agreed on was at the lower corner of the graveyard at Fellowship Church.

We went there early on the night we were to meet him. *We did not go to the* lower corner of the graveyard, but went down in the bushes a piece further. I went to sleep after being there awhile, and Burrow crawled up near the corner to see who would come. He got tired waiting, and came back to where I was and woke me, and I had been awake a few minutes when we heard some one walking. He crawled back as quickly as he could near the lower corner of the graveyard, where we heard the man walking, and got over inside. He saw there was only one man, and he spoke to him. They stayed there a few minutes; I did not hear the conversation; then he brought him up and introduced him to me as his friend, without giving any name, and did not call my name. Burrow told me he had not seen Smith since he was a little boy. I knew Smith was the man we were going to meet, because Rube Burrow had sent his sister after him. We stayed there a few minutes, and then we all three went back to where Burrow and I had been, in the woods half a mile from Cash's.

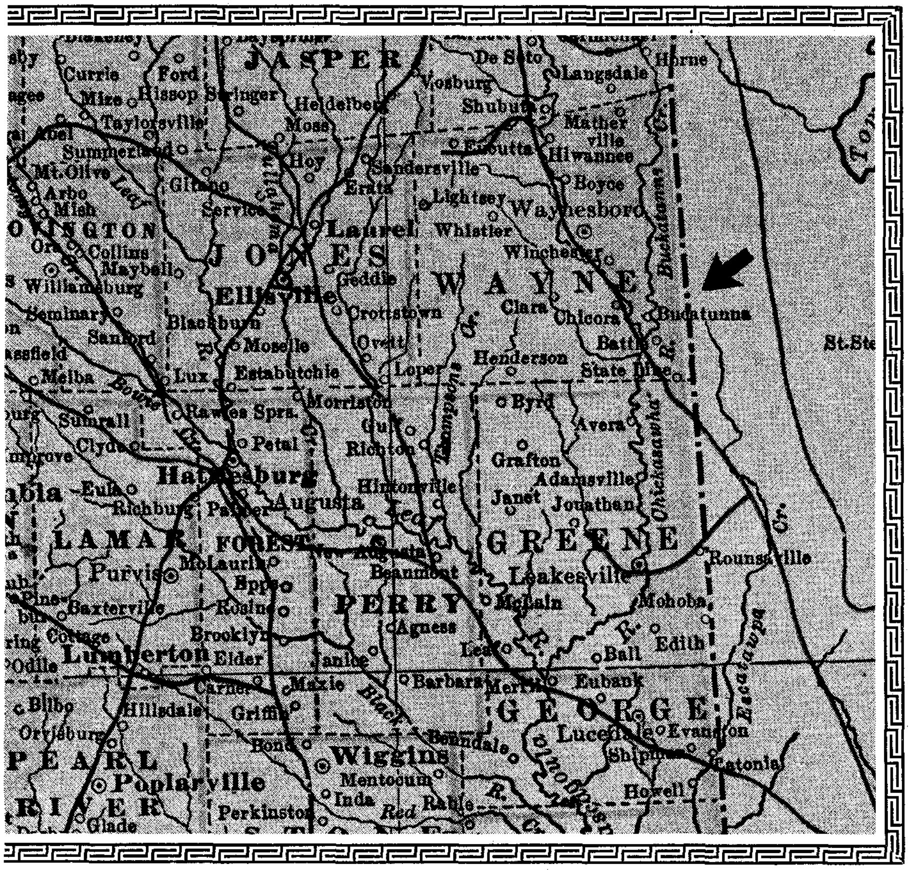
We remained there next day, and next night we went nearer Smith's house. We did not go in sight of the house. It was ten or twelve miles from Cash's. We remained there two days. Smith went after food for us, but I do not know where he got it. We then went back near Cash's again. *Remained there one or two* days, when we started south, traveling down the Tombigbee River. We did not start for any certain point when we started. Burrow told Smith, just as he told me, how a train could be robbed. Smith agreed to go; said he had no money, and needed some.

WE THEN traveled south to Ellisville, Mississippi on the Northeastern Road. It was concluded before we got to Ellisville that we would rob a train on the Northeastern Road, but Rube decided that there was not a great deal of money on that road and we would go back over to Buckatunna and rob a train there. I should have said that our route to Ellisville was via Buckatunna. After getting to Ellisville we decided not to rob the Northeastern train, and decided to go back. We traveled on the road until we got within two or three miles of Buckatunna. Waited over one day in a little out-house. We went out half a mile from the house to get some bread cooked at a white man's house. I went to get the bread cooked, and made the bargain for it, and Smith went after the bread when it was cooked.

On the evening previous to the robbery I went to Buckatunna and got a piece of meat and went back to the camp. Saw a Negro in the out-house where we were staying, but did not talk to him. When dark came on we left the house and went through Buckatunna; don't remember how far we went below Buckatunna, but we went to where the trestle was. *We remained there that night until* the northbound train passed. Then Burrow and Smith went to Buckatunna.

Burrow asked which one was going with him. I do not remember just what was said, but he told Smith to go with him and I remained there until they came down with the train. The train stopped right where I was sitting at the end of the cross-tie. I then said to Burrow, "You had better bring out the pick with you." Burrow had told me how they had picked the door open when the express messenger refused to open it, and they did that rather than fire the express car. They brought the pick out, when Smith, the fireman and engineer got off the engine. Burrow remained on

Map showing area near eastern Mississippi state line where Buckatunna robbery took place.


JASPER
JONES
WAYNE
GREENE
PERRY
FOREST
LAMAR
GEORGE
PEARL RIVER
COVINGTON
Ellisville
Laurel
Hattiesburg
Buckatunna
Waynesboro
State Line
Shubuta
De Soto
Langsdale
Heidelberg
Bay Springs
Mt. Olive
Williamsburg
Seminary
Sandersville
Whistler
Winchester
Clara
Chicora
Henderson
Byrd
Avera
Grafton
Adamsville
Janet
Jonathan
Leakesville
McLain
Mohoba
Rounsaville
Ball
Edith
Eubank
Merrill
Lucedale
Evanston
Wiggins
Poplarville
Lumberton
Purvis
Petal
Augusta
Beaumont
Brooklyn
Richton
Estabutchie
Moselle
Rawles Sprs.
Sumrall
Taylorsville
Heidelberg
Mathersville
Hiwannee
Boyce
Eucutta
Lightsey
Hillsdale
Carnes
Janice
Maxie
Barbara
Bond
Mentocomb
Benndale
Howell
Eatonia
Perkinston
Glade
Orvisburg
Buckatunna Cr.
Chickasawhay R.
Escatawpa R.
Black Cr.
Red Cr.
St. Ste

the engine two or three minutes, or got off on the other side, I don't know which.

They then came back to the express car. Burrow took a position in front of the door of the express car and told the express messenger to open the door; that if he attempted to move away without opening it, he would shoot him. It was a barred door that Burrow wanted opened. The messenger opened the door and Burrow went in. What words were passed as he was going in, or after he was in, I do not know.

I remained there with the fireman and engineer. Smith walked back toward the passenger coach a few steps. The conductor, or someone, came to the door of the passenger coach and asked what we were doing—I suppose two or three times. I fired off my pistol in the air. Someone—I suppose it was Smith—fired his pistol off also. Burrow got through in the express car and came out. He told the engineer to pull the train up until the mail car was off the trestle. The engineer said he did not know whether he could move it until he got up more steam, but he believed the mail car was already off the trestle.

Burrow stepped back and asked the mail agent to open the door, which he did. He then got up in the mail car. What was said or done in there I do not know. He came out and said he had the mail.

The engineer said he woud have to get up more steam before he could move the train, as he had on extra coaches that night. It took him a few minutes to get up steam, and we remained there with him until he pulled out. We were all close to the engine, and there was some talking carried on, but I don't remember what was said.

After the train pulled out we went off in an easterly direction; got out a short distance and took the covers off the money in order to get rid of the weight, piled them up and set fire to them. Did not divide the money then. The greenbacks were put in a sack; don't remember who had it; believe Burrow took the sack, and we divided the silver to make it lighter for each one. Some time that day we divided the money. We then traveled in an easterly direction until we crossed the Tombigbee River. I think each of us got $1,150, making in all about $3,450. After crossing the Tombigbee River we turned north, traveling up the river until we got to Demopolis, Alabama. There, after resting in the bottoms a couple of days, on Monday morning Smith took the train, either for Montgomery or Birmingham (I can not say which), stating he was going back to Lamar County. Burrow told him to be particularly cautious and not to show his money. I have not seen Smith from that day to this.

BURROW and myself then kept on north until we got to Lamar County, traveling on foot through the woods part of the time and in the road part of the time. Traveled mostly by day from Demopolis. Arrived at old man Burrow's some time in the night, and remained there a few days until we rested up. The night we got there we did not sleep at all, but stayed on the ground until nearly day, when we went into old man Burrow's barn, up in the loft. Some of them came out to the barn in the morning, and we made our presence known. We remained in the barn a couple of weeks; then we went up near Cash's and remained there for a week, he bringing our food to us.

We then went back to old man Allen Burrow's; remained there a few days, and decided to go down the country in a wagon. We were tired of having to lie out in the bushes, and made up our minds to go south, after discussing the matter. I proposed buying a horse; Burrow said he did not want to go that way; he would rather take an ox-wagon and go. We concluded at one time to walk, and got as far as Columbus, Mississippi, or within a mile or two of that place, and there Burrow said if we went back he would buy a team, and that if I would go with him with the team he would pay my expenses. He offered to pay my expenses because I did not want to go on the ox-cart. I decided to go back with him, but it was against my will.

We went back to Lamar County to old man Burrow's house, and Rube Burrow bought a team of oxen and a wagon. Jim Cash carried the team to Columbus. Burrow and myself went to Columbus with Allen Burrow in a covered wagon. We got out of the wagon within a few miles of Columbus and old man Burrow went on to town. We waited awhile and then went into the city, it being about dark when we got there. We then took the team and drove over about three or four miles east of Columbus and camped for the night. Next day we hitched up and drove on; camped when night came on, and drove in the daytime until we got to Flomaton, Alabama, arriving there on the 14th of December, 1889.

I concluded I would not go into Florida with Burrow, but would go to Louisiana. I boarded the train at Flomaton for New Orleans, where I took the Texas Pacific Railway next day for the home of my uncle, J. T. Harrell, at Pleasant Hill, Sabine Parish, Louisiana. He is a well-to-do merchant there, and is the brother of my mother. I had not seen him since my boyhood, and he knew nothing of my connection with Rube Burrow. I represented to him that I had been in the cattle business in Texas. I remained there till about the 15th of February. I passed the time pleasantly, visiting in the town with friends and neighbors of my uncle.

When Rube Burrow and I separated at Flomaton, we were to meet on the 20th of February at what we supposed was a station called Dyer, a few miles east of Mobile on the L. & N. Road. When I went there on February 20th I found there was nothing there but a switch. I failed to meet Burrow, and went back to Mobile and to New Orleans; did not stay at New Orleans; got there in the morning and left that night, going back to Mobile. Remained there a few days and then went to Scranton and remained there one day. I then went back to Mobile. I walked to Scranton; took me several days, and did not stay there, but went back to Mobile. Was sick at Mobile with measles two or three days.

Remained at Mobile until the middle of March, when I left and went to Meridian. Stayed there until the first of April. Then went to Demopolis, and came back to Meridian shortly. Made a trip to Vicksburg; stayed there two weeks. Went back to Meridian and stayed there until the latter part of April, and then decided I would go back into Lamar County. I got a ticket from Meridian to Columbus.

At Columbus I got off the train and walked to Allen Burrow's; got there in the night and went up in the barn and went to sleep. That was the latter part of April or first of May, 1890. The first person I met was Mrs. Burrow, who came out to the barn. She asked Rube Burrow was; told her I di know where he was; had not see since before Christmas. First heard talking about getting after Burr Florida when I went to Dyer to him. Mrs. Burrow did not know any about this; asked me if I knew wh would come; I told her I did not

Remained in the barn that day; night I went in the house. Went the loft at Allen Burrow's house; put bedclothes there and handed me up in the loft. Stayed there durin day all the time from about the fi May until last Tuesday, July 15th. down at night; did not go anywhe all; talked with old man Burrow little.

When Rube Burrow and I agre meet at Dyer Station, on the L. Road, it was for the purpose of rol a train on the Louisville and Nasl Railway. He said if we did not me the 20th of February at Dyer Sta that we would meet early in the fa Lamar County; think he said September 1st. Waited for him at one day, February 20th, as agreed he did not come. I heard, while at Minette, that the detectives had r Rube in Florida, and therefore dic much expect to meet him as agreed.

I LEFT old man Burrow's last Tue night on his mule, having made rangements with Cash to meet me, Cash was to take me to Fernbank, bama. I borrowed $25 from Cash carried me within five or six mile Fernbank and turned back. I gave my pistol, because I did not inten ever use another pistol. I felt bad, said very little to Cash. When we se ated he asked me when I was co back. I said I reckoned I might be in the fall. He did not seem to be an about Rube, and said nothing about

Rube Burrow never talked with about any particular robbery he engaged in, except at Genoa, Arka He did tell me he was in that robl and indirectly mentioned the Gordon Benbrook, Texas, robberies, giving n understand he was in those robb also.

I have heard Rube Burrow say if he was out of trouble, or if he where he could quit robbing trains, he woull stop it. He thinks a great of his children, and is anxious to them educated, and spoke of coming to Lamar County in the spring to s they were in school.

When I started from Allen Burr on the 15th of July I intended to g Columbus, and from there to some in Kentucky, and intended to quit t robbing. That is why I gave away pistols.

We got in the Duck Hill robbery a $1,500 in greenbacks, and about in silver. This we divided, each ta half. We did not rob the mail at I Hill. Burrow wanted to do it, but I w not agree to it. Burrow insisted on bing the mail at Buckatunna, but S and I protested against it. Burrow "If we get away with one, we can away with the other; and if we are t for one offense, we will be taken for other," and insisted on robbing the and carried out his view.

My opinion about Rube Burrov about as follows: I have often h him say that if the detectives crov him that he would kill them, or would shoot his way out if they did kill him. He said it would be a life

ı fight. I have heard him say more
once that if he could get a large
f money he would leave enough at
to take care of his children, and
if he could, would go off where he
d not be bothered, and lead a quiet

n pretty well satisfied he will come
to Lamar County about September
because he said he would do so.
one time, while in the cattle busi-
at Fort Worth, Texas, I had an
unter with a man who was a bully
who was cutting up one day, and in
nsulting manner ordered me out of
vay. I stepped out of his way but he
annoying me, and I at last decided
l not want anymore of his talk, and
him so. He then cursed me, and I
ed him also, and he drew a knife. I
a pistol, and walked up to him and
ck him on the arm,, knocking the
e out of his hand, and then knocked
down. Burrow witnessed the affair,
this was probably the reason he
e me to help him in his train rob-
es.
was never in a train robbery with
row in Texas, and he never men-
d that he had engaged in train
ıng in that State, except indirectly,
have stated.
'hen we started on the Arkansas trip
d one Colt's forty-five caliber pistol.
row had two forty-five caliber pis-
Had no rifle. These were the arms
ısed in the Duck Hill robbery and, as
as I know, Rube Burrow now has
e same pistols. They are not double,
single action pistols. Burrow got
n Connecticut a Marlin rifle, thirty-
ıt caliber, in April, 1889. It holds
teen or fifteen cartridges.
t Duck Hill we tied our pocket hand-
hiefs, such as we used daily, around
faces, just before we boarded the
ine. I do not remember the color of
handkerchiefs. At Buckatunna I tied
handkerchief on just before the train
ped. Burrow and Smith had theirs
when the train stopped, and I suppose
them on before they boarded the
n at Buckatunna.

(Signed) L. C. Brock,
alias Joe Jackson

'he foregoing statement being read in
sence of L. C. Brock, and he having
ed that the same is correct, we, the
ersigned, do hereby certify to the
ıe, and agree that while Reuben Bur-
is alive the statement will not be
le public.

G. W. Agee,
T. V. Jackson,
V. Dell.

HE STATEMENT *made by a so-*
called detective, Stout, in a publica-
ı issued by him, that Rube Burrow
s on the train at the time of Jackson's
ture, dressed in female apparel, and
aped, like many other accounts in
t volume, is a silly fabrication.
oe Jackson was brought to Memphis
l quartered in the building of the
ıthern Express Company on North
ırt Street, for several days. He was
fronted with the evidence of his
nes by the express officials. The chain
testimony which had been riveted
ut him, from the day he joined Bur-
, was unfolded to him link by link,
l he was told to choose between a trial
the Duck Hill affair, in which the
ıalty was hanging, for the murder of
ester Hughes, and that of Buckatunna,
ere the penalty was imprisonment for

'or two days Joe held out, still denying the crimes charged, but finally on the morning of the third day, when he found he was to be taken to Duck Hill, he agreed to give a full statement of his participation in the Duck Hill and Buckatunna robberies, and to narrate the story of the movements of Rube Burrow and himself from the day they first met until they separated in December, 1889. The sole stipulation was that his confession should not be made public while Rube Burrow lived, a promise which was faithfully kept by the express officials, satisfied as they were that the knowledge they possessed would soon enable them to capture Rube Burrow, then the last member of his band at liberty.

RUBE SMITH, having been sentenced to ten year's imprisonment, was a convict in the state prison when Brock, alias Jackson, was carried there on July 21st for safekeeping. Smith was at work in the prison shop when Brock was taken within the gates and given a seat in the prison-yard, about thirty feet from the shop window.

An official of the Southern Express Company, with Detective Jackson, approached Rube and said: "Well, Rube, we have Joe Jackson."

Smith had not heard of the capture, and was evidently somewhat embarrassed at the announcement. Quickly rallying, however, he answered: "I don't know Joe Jackson—never saw him in my life."

"Come with me to the window," said the official.

Rube walked over to the window, and Joe being pointed out. Rube said: "No, sir, I never saw that man before."

On being told he was Rube Burrow's partner, Smith repeated what he was often wont to say: "I have not seen Rube Burrow since I was a small boy," and again he denied his guilt.

"Ah," said the official, "we have new evidence against you, Rube. We know that Mrs. Allen Burrow visited your father, and through her you sent a message to Rube Burrow that you wanted to see him; and we know that Ann Eliza brought the answer from Rube that he would meet you in Fellowship churchyard. We know just where you met before the robbery, and we know you parted at Demopolis, Alabama, after the work was done."

This information, literally true, was adroitly given Rube for a purpose, and convinced him that the coils were tightening and that additional evidence had, indeed, been secured.

Rube Smith, though not as old in crime as his co-partners, was not a whit less bold and desperate. While in jail at Meridian, pending his trial at Waynesboro, he had been discovered in a plot to kill the jailer and liberate himself and others. He had not been at Jackson thirty days before it was developed that he was scheming to make his escape, and for this offense he then wore a heavy ball and chain. Bold and unscrupulous, he was ready to take the life of any man who stood between him and liberty. He was, however, very secretive and self-possessed, and up to this time he had not, from the day of his arrest, spoken a word which could be used as evidence against him.

Jeff Moody, a convict from Itawamba County, was on the eve of being liberated, having served his time. Smith, in his desperation, sought Moody as a medium through which to communicate with friends on the outside, through whose aid he hoped to make his escape. After cautiously canvassing the matter, Smith unfolded to Moody his plan of escape, commissioning him to take letters to his father, who was requested to buy pistols, which Moody was to bring to the prison; and as all the guards were withdrawn from the walls of the prison at night, under Moody's guidance Jim Barker was to scale the walls and hide the pistols in a drawer of Smith's work-bench, and at the tap of the six o'clock bell the succeeding night, after the guards had been called in and while the prisoners were being conducted to their cells, Smith expected to furnish Brock and a fellow convict who had been taken into the scheme, a pistol each.

The inside guards were to be "held up" and disarmed, after the fashion of train robbers, and thereby they would effect their escape. As the letters show clearly the bold, bad character of the man, they are herewith given literally:

Aug. the 24, 1890

Dear Father:

I seat my sef to rite you a few lines to let you no what I want you to do for me. James cash has told all he noes. they are a going to use him fore a wittness against me—he sot the trap to cetch Jackson, they have got him heare now. Agee told me all a bout Miss Burrow & Anlizer a coming up thaire. He told me rite where wee got to gether at & where I left them at, som body has told them that noes something. Jackson ses he hant told them nothing. he ses his name is not Jackson, it is Winslow. He told me that James cash set the trap for him he sed that no body node he was coming but Cash, so it look very darke for me theay have got all under holt now everything is working against me heare but if you will do what I want you to do I will leave them the Bag to hold themselves. I mean just what I say and nothing elce. Now I will begin to tell you what it is so look on the other side. I want you to see that I get what I want. I want you to send me three good Pistols. thay will cost a bout $15 a peace but you be shore to get them I want them to bee 45 caliber I want the Best ingraned Smith & wesson or colt's, one or the other. I want you to get Uncle James Barker to cum with this man to bring them to me he noes just how to get them to me. If I had them I can get a way without having to fire a shot I no Just what I am talking a bout now. thay are going to send me up salt creak if they can. this is all the chance for me and I no it & if you dont do something now I am going to give the gards a faire shot at me—if theay kill me al rite & if they miss me all rite but if you will do what I want you to do theay wont bee any Danger of geting hurt for i can make them turn me rite out without eny truble.

Reuben Smith

August the 24 1890

Dear father:

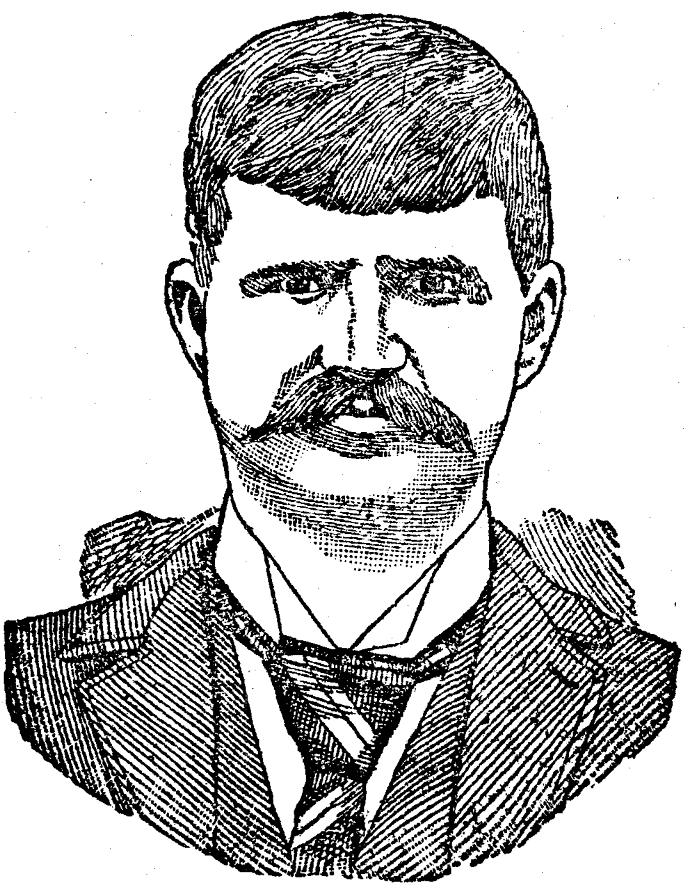
I seat myself to rite you a few lines to let you no that I am well at this time hoping those few lines may find you the same. I have no news to rite onley times is mity hard here. My dear father as I state in my other note what I want you to do fore me I do ernestly pray that you will do it. You know that I would not rekment a man to you that I thought would get you in truble. I have bin with Mr. Moody for some time he has proved to bee a friend too me so faire he has bin heare for three years he noes the triels and trubles of this place he is not in very good helth as you will see. I want you to give him as good treatment as you can for he de-

serves it, as you will have to pay all the expences a bout this matter when he has done thease matters I want you to see him home all rite so I will close hoping success to all. Yours truely, from Reuben Smith to Mr. James Smith, in ceare of a friend.

My Dear father:

I seat myself to rite you a few lines to let you know that I am well. I have lernt a good deal a bout what theay Aim to do, theay aim to use James cash as a witness a gainst me and sum of uncle allen Burrow's folks. Now heare is a man that has bin heare serving his three years in the penitenchery and after his time was out theay warn't willing to turn him loos thin. He is a good man & I think he is all rite. I want you to treat this man rite & give him Plenty to eat and when he Brings me my things then I want you to fix him up all rite. I want you to get uncle Jim to cum with him heare you will have to beare his expences heare and back it will be easy done he can get me eny thing that I want and he wont bee in any danger hardly at all he noes where to put them for me & everything will Bee in a nut shell. Bring me a bout 20 dollars in money & put it with the pistols. I want good pistols. I want sum like the one that I had if you can get them of that cind. I want the 45 caliber be shore and get me plenty of cartiges He can tell you all a bout me I dont think he will tell you a ly to get the advantage of you I have watch him close evry since I have bin heare. i think he will doo what he ses he will do. he has got a family at hom a looking for him & after he dos what he can for me I want you to see him hom all rite. he can tell you how everything is heare and how me & him has got it fixt up. it will haft to bee don after dark. Dont fail to Do this for I no it is all the chance for me if you let this chance pass you may never get a nother as good as this so I feel that my hold life is in your hands dont fail whatever.

Yours truley,
Reuben Smith



Rube Smith

Moody had disclosed to the prison officials the proposition of Smith to send these letters out by him, and had been instructed to humor the plot. Meantime the express officials had been notified of Moody's disclosures, and of the date he would be released, and the letters were thus secured and made important links in the chain of evidence against Smith.

SANTA ROSA COUNTY, in which Rube sought refuge from the unflagging pursuit of the detectives, is one of the northwestern counties of Florida, its northern boundary being the Alabama line. Escambia River, whose blue waters are dotted with numerous islets, marks its western limits, and flowing onward into Pensacola Bay, interlocks the many inlets and lakes that indent its shores.

Santa Rosa Island, stretching itself along its whole southern border, in the white-crested waters of the Gulf of Mexico, seems to stand as a sentry to guard its surf-beaten coast. The county is more than half the size of the State of Delaware. It embraces 1,260 square miles of territory, and has a population of only 7,500, or about six persons to every square mile, and the major portion of this population is confined to Milton, the county seat, and other towns lying along the Pensacola and Atlantic Railway.

Yellow, East Bay, Juniper and Blackwater Rivers all find their channels to the estuaries of the Gulf through Santa Rosa. In this isolated and uninhabited district, amid the hooting of owls, the hissing of reptiles, and the snarling of wild beasts as ever and anon they were startled from their dark coverts, Detective Jackson quietly but persistently followed the outlaw.

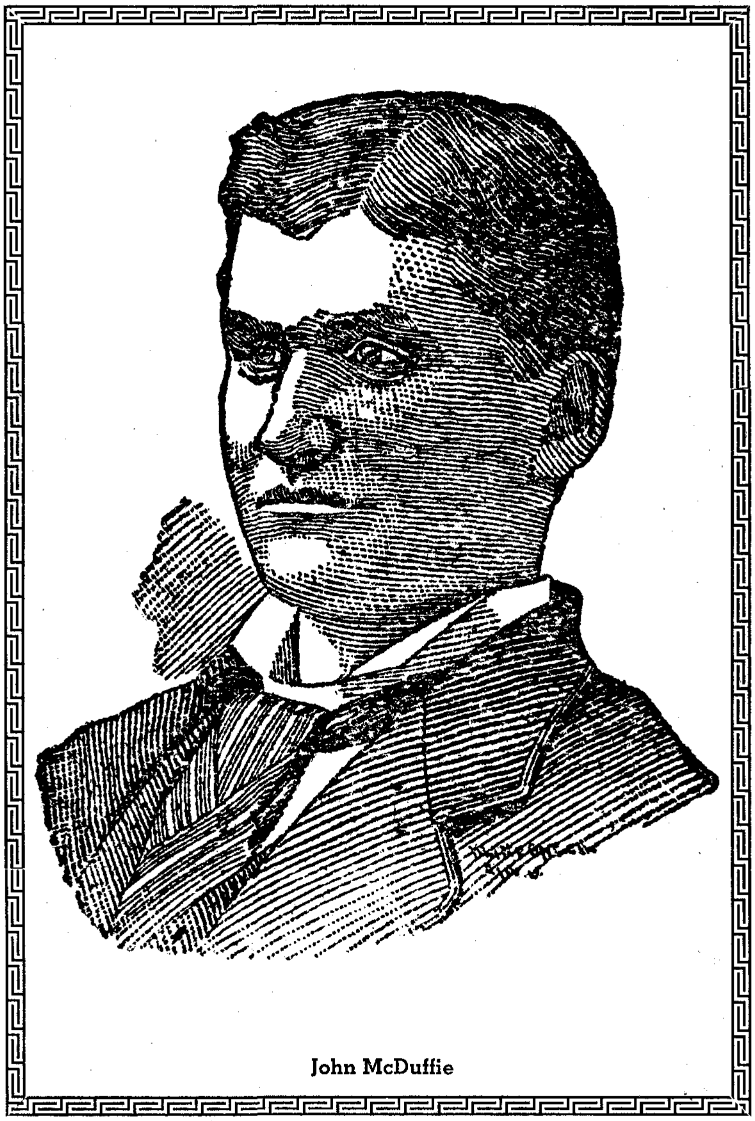
On February 15th, about twenty miles north of Broxton's ferry, Jackson found Rube's trail, and reaching a landing on Yellow River, ascertained that a boy had taken him across about one hour before his arrival. Learning that the boy had been instructed to pull the boat half a mile downstream before landing on the opposite shore, Jackson, being afoot and finding no other boat could be secured, swam the stream, and making his way with great difficulty through the canebrake down the river's bank, found, on meeting the boy, that Rube was only half an hour ahead of him.

Pushing forward, he pursued the trail, though without result, until darkness compelled him to abandon it and shelter himself as best he could in the marshy bottoms of Yellow River.

Some weeks after this the outlaw was located in the vicinity of East Bay, about four miles from the Gulf coast, in one of the wildest of Florida's jungles. Here lived Charles Wells, with his two sons and two daughters, in a dilapidated bin whose roof was thatched with from the brake not twenty paces dis Wells bore a very unsavory reputa throughout all that section, and known to harbor criminals of every and type. His fealty to the crim classes who sought refuge in the v of Santa Rosa had been tested full m a time, and Rube was not long in as taining that in the person of Wells would find a friend whose dark re of crime gave ample surety of his zea the cause of lawlessness. In this secl spot Rube found shelter during spring and summer of 1890, never turing at any time, however, to t himself in the cabin of Wells. He l in the canebrakes like a beast, and de the most vigilant efforts of the detect to dislodge him.

Meantime Detective Jackson was w drawn from Florida early in July to after Brock, alias Jackson and his ture having been effected the detec returned about August 1st to Florid renew his pursuit of Rube.

While searching the swamps of Sa Rosa, Detective Jackson learned Rube claimed to know one John Bar of Baldwin County, Alabama, and information that Barnes had taught how to saw logs was confirmed by confession of Brock that Barnes wa laborer in the camp on Lovette's Cr



John McDuffie

re all three of the men had worked
arch, 1888.

ith some difficulty the detective
d Barnes, who lived on a small farm
t twelve miles from Castleberry,
ama. Barnes soon convinced Jackson
the man known to him as Ward was
e Burrow. Barnes was selected to
nto Santa Rosa County and endeavor
re the outlaw from his hiding place,
lse definitely locate him, and thus
le the detectives to capture him.

arnes was peculiarly fitted for the
. The Indian blood that coursed
ugh his veins gave him both nerve
cunning. He was a native of Santa
, and as boy and man had traversed
and swamp till he knew every bear
and deer stand in that entire section.

bout August 20th Barnes went into
ta Rosa County to make a reconnais-
e, and in a few days visited Wells
hom he was well known.

arnes intimated to Wells that he ex-
ed to leave Alabama and settle in
ta Rosa County, and fortunately for
plans Wells suggested a co-partner-
between Burrow and Barnes, to
h the latter, feigning reluctance,
lly consented. Barnes remained long
gh at Wells' cabin to receive a mes-
from Rube that he would meet him
unday, August 31st, in that vicinity.
nes returned to his father's home,
t eighteen miles distant, and reported the result to Jackson, who was enjoying the quiet of camp life, within easy reach of the home of the elder Barnes.

Why Rube should postpone the meeting for a week and enjoin Barnes, as he did through Wells, to return, was a mystery. Upon Barnes' return to Wells, as appointed, he was advised that Rube had declined the proffered partnership and would not see him. Rube knew the detectives were in Santa Rosa, and shrewdly suspecting that Barnes was being used to entrap him, he refused all alliance with him.

WHILE Barnes was vainly endeavoring to negotiate a co-partnership between Rube and himself, the wily outlaw was planning another train robbery. It was suggested to Brock, alias Jackson, a few days after his arrest, that all of Rube's partners being captured he would doubtless recruit his forces before robbing another train. Brock replied, "If Rube takes a notion to rob a train by himself, he will do it."

When it was reported, therefore, that the northbound express on the Louisville and Nashville Railway had been boarded on the night of September 1, 1890, at Flomaton, Alabama, only about seventy-five miles from the hiding place of Rube Burrow, it was quite evident that the bold adventure was the work of the famous bandit.

That a man should, under any circumstances, successfully hold an entire train crew at bay, and singlehanded rob the express car, is a deed of such daring as to almost challenge admiration, at least for his dauntless courage, whatever may be thought of his lawless purpose. But that a man hunted down by detectives, living like a wild beast in the swamps, afraid to show his face in daylight because of their dreaded presence, should emerge from his place of concealment and rob the very corporation whose sleuth hounds had tracked him to his lair, betokens a degree of audacity unparalleled in the history of crime or the realms of fiction.

Rube is credited with possessing a sense of the ridiculous, inherent in the Burrow family, and doubtless this turning of the tables on his would-be captors appealed strongly to his sense of humor if, indeed, the dare-devil deed was not inspired thereby.

The train pulled into the station of Flomaton about ten p. m., where it was delayed some twenty minutes in awaiting the Pensacola connection. Meantime a tall man, coarsely dressed, was seen to mount the steps of the express car next to the engine, and look in upon the messenger through the glass door in the end of the car. When he came down from the car he was seen to have a coal pick, which he had taken from the tender of the engine. A few minutes afterward, just as the train was pulling out, he ran toward the engine and mounted it. The yard-master observed these movements, but simply thought the man was some employe of the railway.

Before the train was fairly under headway the engineer, facing about, saw himself and fireman covered by two revolvers in the hands of a man whose face was masked and who held under his arm a coal pick.

"Pull ahead and stop the train with the express car on the north side of Escambia River bridge, or I will blow the top of your head off," was the stern command.

"All right, Captain," said the engineer.

The bridge was about three quarters of a mile north of the station. While en route, Rube said: "If you obey my orders, I will not harm you, but the penalty is instant death if you disobey."

On arriving at the bridge the sharp command "Stop!" was given, and the engineer instantly complied.

"Get down," said Rube to the engineer and fireman, and he followed the two men to the ground.

The colored fireman, as soon as he reached *terra firma*, made instant flight from the scene. Rube fired two shots at him as he fled, which had no other effect, however, than to increase his speed.

Rube now ordered the engineer to take the coal pick which he gave him to break in the front door of the express car. While the engineer was engaged in doing so, Rube, standing on the platform of the car behind him, fired five shots into the air on the one side, and four shots on the other side, and by this ruse made it appear that the woods were full of robbers.

Johnson, the messenger of the Southern Express Company, stood on the floor of his car, pistol in hand, as the engineer entered, the door being broken through, and manifested a disposition to resist the attack upon his car. Rube, however, standing in the doorway, covered him with his two Colt's revolvers, and threatening to shoot both engineer and messenger, the latter, being entreated also by the engineer, like Ben Battle of old, "laid down his arms."

Rube threw a sack to the engineer, not trusting himself to cross the portals of the doorway in which he stood, and bade him hold it while the messenger was ordered to place within it the contents of his safe. The messenger complied, but the bulk of the matter placed in the sack was so small that Rube insisted he had not received all.

The messenger, taking from his safe a book, said: "This is all—do you want this?"

"No," said Rube, "don't put that in."

Then said Rube, "Give me your pistol, butt-end foremost."

The messenger complied, and Rube backed out of the car, saying to the messenger and engineer: "If you poke your heads out of the car before I get out of sight, I will shoot them off."

The work was done so quickly that the passengers were hardly aware of what had occurred until all was over. The conductor, who came forward and entered the rear compartment of the express car, which was used for baggage, while the messenger was delivering the contents of his safe, was observed by Rube and ordered to retreat. Taking in the situation, the conductor deemed prudence the better part of valor, and complied.

This proved to be Rube's last exploit at train robbing, and he secured only the pitiful sum of $256.19.

Officers of the Express Company with several detectives arrived on the scene the next day, and it was soon ascertained that Rube had gone back into Santa Rosa County, from which he was quickly driven by the detectives on the long, last chase of his career.

THE DETECTIVES of the Southern Express Company were only a few hours behind the outlaw when he reached his lair in Santa Rosa County on the third day after the Flomaton robbery. Anticipating his return, an effort was made to cut off his retreat. Rube, however, had twenty-four hours' start, and being at home in the swamps, succeeded in eluding his pursuers.

It was now determined by the officers of the Southern Express Company to organize a posse under the leadership of Detective Thomas Jackson and drive the bandit from the swamps of Santa Rosa and capture him at whatever cost and hazard.

Detectives Stewart and Kinsler, of the Louisville and Nashville Railway service, were detailed to aid Jackson, and several other trusted men were added to the posse.

"Go into Santa Rosa and capture Rube, or drive him out," was the order given. The faithful detectives, willing to brook any toil and brave any danger, however hazardous, pledged their best efforts to carry out the order.

The expedition, having been provided with ten days' rations, quietly set out for Santa Rosa County on the 12th of September. John Barnes, who had returned, having failed in his attempted treaty with Rube, was the trusted guide. Leaving the Pensacola and Atlantic Railway at a flag station south of Milton, the party set out afoot across the swamps for Wells' cabin, distant about thirty-five miles. The difficulties which beset the journey were so numerous that three days were consumed in arriving at their destination.

Reaching the vicinity of Wells' home soon after dark on the 15th of September, the cabin was surrounded, and sentries, under cover of the adjacent cane and brush, began watch. Morning came, and with it the detectives hoped Rube would appear, either to enter the cabin for food or, if sheltered there the previous night, he could be seen going out. Not so. For three days and nights a close watch was kept under circumstances of hardship and suffering which sorely taxed the capacity of the detectives. Driven by hunger and thirst, they finally resolved upon a strategy which in time brought good results.

About sunrise on the morning of the 18th of September the detectives closed in upon the cabin. Rube was not found. It was evident, however, that he was in the immediate vicinity. A trunk, containing a suit of clothing, an overcoat and some small articles, was found in the cabin, and the property was confessed to be that of Ward. Searching the trunk, Jackson found $35 in currency, which bore the marks of having been stitched while in the custody of the express company. The money being claimed by Wells, other money was exchanged for it, but the clothes were taken in charge. The detectives now resolved to starve Rube out—to hold his commissary and prevent the issue of any supplies.

While the detectives were in ambush about the cabin, visits were being made by members of the Wells household to Rube, but it was impossible to follow them without disclosing the presence of the detectives. The wild solitude of the place quickened the ears of these lawless people to the least sound, and the snapping of a cane in the brake or the sound of a footstep was regarded as a signal of danger. The very profession of these people was to harbor thieves.

Once in possession of the Wells domicile the detectives put the whole family under close surveillance. They virtually made prisoners of them. Deploying part of their forces in the adjacent canebrakes, they swept every trail for miles around, and made it impossible for the outlaw to find food in any part of that section.

While scouring the swamps Detective Jackson learned from a thoroughly reliable source that Rube had crossed Yellow River just above the Florida line on the 25th of September.

The order had been carried out—Rube had been routed from the swamps of Santa Rosa. The detectives were at once withdrawn from Florida. Barnes, the guide, hurried home, his presence not having been disclosed while in Wells' neighborhood.

JACKSON was now making ready to strike the trail of Rube who, he felt sure, had crossed the Alabama line, when on September 29th the following telegram from John Barnes was received:

"Ward, the man you call Rube Burrow, took breakfast at my house this morning and left at noon, going by way of Repton, Alabama. Send Jackson with sufficient force to capture him."

The express official who received the message had talked with Barnes and knew that Ward and Burrow were identical. There could be no mistake. Instant pursuit was organized.

Rube had called at the home of Barnes early in the morning and asked for something to eat. Barnes recognized him instantly as Rube Burrow, alias Ward. He felt sure that while piloting the detectives in and about Rube's den in the canebrakes of Santa Rosa his identity had bee closed and the outlaw had come to revenge. Barnes invited his unexp and unwelcome guest in, with fea trembling.

Rube being seated, Barnes went the kitchen to assist his wife in pr ing breakfast. Barnes said to his who knew the history of his trip Florida: "That man is Rube Burrow I believe he has come here to kil and if he does so, you will know murdered me."

Barnes was without firearms of kind, and although not wanting in age, felt the struggle with the a outlaw would be an unequal one i should either attempt to arrest him, Rube should attack him.

Making an excuse to leave the h for a few minutes, Barnes sent a sage to Mr. Johnson, a neighbor lived only a half-mile distant, to to his aid, but Johnson was not at h

Rube's breakfast was soon prep and as he seemed very peaceably incli Barnes incidentally mentioned tha had worked in March, 1888, at a camp in Baldwin County. Finally Ba suggested that his guests's face se familiar. Rube replied, "I guess not,' refused to renew his acquaintance Barnes, and, as subsequent events pr was firm in the belief that Barnes forgotten him.

Rube provided himself with about days' rations, which he paid Ba liberally for, and resumed his jou after making inquiries, according to custom, for points in various direct

Barnes went immediately to Ca berry and sent the telegram referre and waited there until joined by the press officials and detectives at night, September 30th.

Detectives Jackson and Kinsler sta on the trail at once. Detective Ba of the L. & N. Railway, accompa them, having in charge a brace of trained bloodhounds should their use come necessary. Jackson correctly mised that Rube was making for La County, and he therefore set out Bell's Landing, about fifty miles dis and on the route.

About noon the next day, and w within ten miles of the Alabama Ri the detectives found they were but t hours behind the outlaw, who was tra ing in the direction of Bell's Land Reaching the farm of John McDu seven miles from Bell's Landing, J son requested his assistance, disclo to him the information that he wa hot pursuit of Rube Burrow. McDu had been recommended to Jackson by sheriff of that county (Monroe) a brave and fearless man, and Jackson that his assistance would be, as su quent events confirmed, a valuable quisition to the posse.

GUARDING all the adjacent landi on the river that night, the detect were quite sure that Rube had crossed the Alabama River at dayli on the morning of October 3rd. W reconnoitering in the vicinity of B Landing, about ten o'clock that m ing a Negro came with a message f Mrs. McDuffie that Rube was then ea breakfast at a Negro cabin on Mc fie's farm, then six miles distant.

Under whip and spur John McDu led the party back to his farm. cabin was quickly surrounded. It soon ascertained that Rube had bre fasted, and taking the only boat at landing had put himself across the ri thirty minutes before the arrival posse. Again had luck favored the , and a chance half-hour's time tervened to save him from certain e.

as disclosed that Rube had made of some brush under the cliff he river and had slept there the ıs night. His appearance at the for breakfast was reported by the l people to Mrs. McDuffie, who iately sent a courier to her hus- A few minutes after the posse d the cabin, Mrs. McDuffie, having l from her home, two miles away, d.

ıat are you doing here?" said her ıd.

. McDuffie answered, "Oh, I ıt the boy might not find you, and ıld come down and get a good ption of Rube, so as to help you im if he should leave."

. McDuffie was escorted by Master ffie, only six years of age. Bravo s courageous woman. While all who her do homage to her many woman- ıces, let the brave Mrs. John Mc- be laureled among the bravest of ıtrons of the South.

accurate description of Rube was ed from the colored people, who ed that he had three pistols and e.

detectives were obliged to go down iver six miles before they could Pushing forward, they crossed the ma River with all possible dis- Hoping that Rube would leave the ps after crossing the river and he one public highway leading to- Demopolis, a covered wagon was Into this wagon the detectives and ffie crowded themselves and or- the driver onward. The pursuit ow hot, and success seemed certain. moment the posse expected to re- from the driver a signal that the ve had been overtaken, then they cover him with their guns and ıd his surrender.

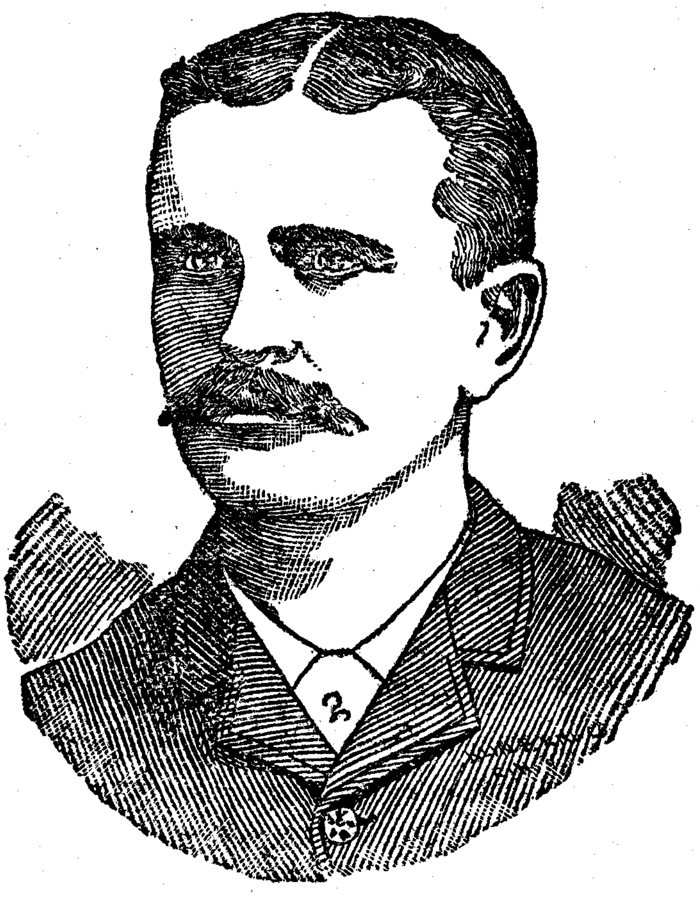
eager expectancy the detectives eyed for ten miles by wagon, until ıess ended all hope of overtaking the w that day. Sending back for their s, the chase was resumed next ing on horseback.

en within two miles of Thomasville, ıma, Saturday, October 4th, the ıing party found Rube only two ahead. From this point telegrams sent to the express officials, who red to Demopolis, feeling confident Rube was en route to Lamar Coun- d would cross the Tombigbee River at vicinity.

kson pursued the trail in every ɔle direction from Thomasville and rmed his theory that Rube, travel- nder cover of the woods, was avoid- he public highways. He therefore ed it best to ride into Demopolis, -five miles distant, that night and ıize posses to guard all the adjacent landings.

rly Sunday morning, October 5th, l the officers of the Express Com- and the detectives in conference at polis. It was decided to organize quiet way additional posses to guard river landings and to search the ern district of Marengo County, in ı it was certain the outlaw had Scores of good people of that sec- joined in the chase.

ırengo County, by Sunday night, een organized into one vast army of tives. At daylight on Monday morn- it was known that Rube had not crossed the river. The search was therefore renewed with unceasing vigilance. Knowing that the outlaw was apt to visit a Negro cabin for food, the white planters were apprised of the situation and were especially enjoined to put their colored employes on watch.



Jefferson D. Carter

About midnight on Monday, Jackson and McDuffie returned to Demopolis, and no tidings of the outlaw up to that hour had been received. However, about three o'clock a.m., Tuesday, a courier sent by Mr. D. J. Meadow, brought the news that Rube had been seen about dark three miles from Beckley's Landing, eighteen miles south of Demopolis. It was surmised that the outlaw, being so close to the river, would possibly cross that night.

JACKSON went down on the west side of the river, while McDuffie took the east bank. While en route, McDuffie was joined by J. D. Carter who, infused by the spirit that prevailed among the good people of that section, expressed a desire to assist in the chase. McDuffie and Carter joined each other at noon, and deploying the men under him through the bottoms, McDuffie was soon alone with Carter.

Meantime Jesse Hildreth, a very worthy and reliable colored man, had discovered Rube in an abandoned cabin Tuesday morning. Hildreth had noticed smoke arising from the cabin chimney the night previous, and repairing thither early next morning found the outlaw asleep. He woke him and at once recognized the fugitive described to him the previous day.

Rube said he was hunting work, and asked Jesse to get him some coffee. Jesse, pretending to be in search of his horse, told Rube he would go by home and order coffee sent him. Jesse kept watch on the cabin, and finding Rube about to depart, rejoined him at the cabin and endeavored to detain him by selling Rube his horse. Rube, however, did not want to buy a horse, and asked the way to Blue Lick. Jesse, determined to keep Rube in sight, offered to go and show him the way. Rube mounted Jesse's horse, while the latter walked.

About noon, while passing the house of a colored man, George Ford, Jesse suggested to Rube, as it had begun to rain very hard, to stop and get dinner and wait till the rain should be over. To this Rube consented. While dinner was being prepared, Jesse, on the alert for "some of the bosses," as he expressed it, went out of the house.

Frank Marshal, a colored man who was also looking for the stranger, at this moment rode up to the cabin. Jesse quickly explained that the man was in Ford's house, and while the colored men were in conference they discovered to their great joy two white men about a quarter of a mile distant, riding in their direction. Joining them at the foot of the hill the two men proved to be McDuffie and Carter.

Ford's cabin was in an open field, and McDuffie and Carter found they could not approach it within less than two hundred yards without being seen. It was agreed that Jesse and Frank should go ahead, enter the cabin, seize the outlaw, and give the signal to McDuffie and Carter, who would approach cautiously under cover.

Entering the cabin, the Negroes found Rube making ready for his departure, having eaten dinner. He was wholly unsuspicious of anything wrong in the movements of the colored men, however. Rube was in the act of wrapping his trusty Marlin rifle in an oil cloth, when Jesse said: "Boss, let me wrap it for you."

Rube handed the rifle to Jesse, who carefully wrapped it, and feigning to hand it back, dropped it. Quick as thought Jesse gathered his great brawny arms about the outlaw, and with a grip like that of an octopus he struggled for the mastery. Frank Marshal threw himself upon the outlaw at the same time but, not being very robust, was unable to greatly assist Jesse. The latter was as strong as an ox. His weight was one hundred and eighty pounds; his height about five feet ten inches; and there was not an ounce of surplus flesh upon him. He wore no shoes, and his great, broad feet looked as big as a pair of Virginia hams.

"Where was Frank while you were struggling with Rube?" said someone afterwards to Jesse.

"'Fore the Lord, boss, he had his mouth full of Frank."

Rube had caught Frank's shoulder in his teeth, while Jesse grappled with him. Biting Frank and stamping Jesse's bare feet, the outlaw struggled with herculean strength for liberty. He dragged his captors across the floor of the little cabin, shaking it from bottom to top. The noise of the scuffle within was heard by McDuffie and Carter, who meanwhile had been quietly approaching. Just at the moment when Rube was falling to the floor, the colored men on top, they rushed in, and seizing Rube, disarmed him. He was searched and tied before being allowed to rise. A Colt's revolver, forty-five caliber, and $175 were found on his person.

The capture was made about one o'clock p.m., eighteen miles from Demopolis. His captors concluded to avoid the risk of escape consequent upon a journey after dark to Demopolis, and therefore took him to Linden, the county seat, only nine miles distant.

Rube was made to mount McDuffie's horse, with his hands tied in front, his arms pinioned by tight cords to his body, and his feet tied underneath the animal. McDuffie mounted behind the prisoner and, escorted by Carter and the two colored heroes, Hildreth and Marshal, the party set out for Linden, reaching there just at dark. The great desperado was in the toils of his pursuers at last. He was destined, however, in a short time, to outwit his captors, and to perform the last and most daring exploit of his career.

ON ARRIVAL at Linden, the sheriff being absent with the keys, the prisoner was taken to a room of the jail. The ropes still bound his hands, heavy iron shackles were locked around his ankles, and the chain uniting them was securely fastened to the floor.

McDuffie repaired to the telegraph office and reported the capture to the express officials at Demopolis. After obtaining a full description of the outlaw from McDuffie, and being satisfied the right man had been captured, McDuffie was asked: "How many pistols had he?"

"Only one," said McDuffie.

"There must be some mistake," answered the express official. "He had three when he crossed the Alabama River."

"Rube says he has sold the other two," was the answer.

"Rube never sells pistols," replied the official, and knowing from the reports received that Rube always carried a sack, the injury was: "What's in the sack?"

"Nothing but provisions," answered McDuffie.

The official then instructed McDuffie to handcuff and shackle the prisoner, put him in a cell of the jail and place a half-dozen men on guard.

McDuffie replied: "There are forty men on guard."

Indeed, the whole town of Linden surrounded the jail, and McDuffie's answer was not, perhaps, exaggerated.

When Rube's supper was brought, his hands were untied that he might eat and they were not again manacled. Rube sat and joked with his guards and visitors, entertaining them with his droll humor, which seemed never to forsake him. His shoes were badly worn, and a visitor remarking it, said: "Rube, your shoes are badly run down—you need a new pair."

"Yes," replied Rube, "some people always praise their shoes up, but I always run mine down."

One by one the visitors dropped out, and at midnight John McDuffie, Jesse Hildreth and Frank Marshal were left in charge of the prisoner. Carter, not feeling well, had retired to Glass' store, just across the street from the jail. He had possession of Rube's rifle and money.

George Ford, in whose cabin the capture occurred, found, after the departure of the prisoner, a greasy cloth sack, and knowing it to be the property of Rube, carried it to Linden, arriving some half hour after the prisoner. He deposited the sack on the steps of the courthouse and reported the fact to the colored men, who informed McDuffie. It was said to contain provisions.

About four o'clock a.m. Rube complained that he was hungry. McDuffie said: "You will have to wait the usual hour for breakfast. I can not get anything to eat now."

"Where is my grub sack?" said Rube.

"George left it on the courthouse steps," said Frank.

"Mr. McDuffie, please send Frank for it. I have some ginger snaps and some candy in it, and I will give the boys some. I reckon they are hungry, too," said Rube.

McDUFFIE consented, and when Frank returned he did not even look to see what was handed Rube. For full half an hour the wily prisoner sat eating ginger snaps and candy from the sack, which he occasionally shared with the colored men. Watching his chance, Rube suddenly pulled from the sack one of his trusty pistols, and covering McDuffie who sat only about ten feet away, said: "If you make a move, I will kill you."

McDuffie's pistol was lying in a chair beside him. Rube, turning to Jesse, said: "Hand me that pistol quick, or I will shoot your head off!"

Jesse tremblingly obeyed, and
covered all three of the guards wi
two pistols. He then bade Jesse
his shackles. This being done, he
"Now put them on McDuffie."

McDuffie protested and made a
to approach Rube, but seeing h
powerless, said: "All right, Rube
have the drop, and can have your

Rube then made Jesse shackl
Duffie and Marshal together. T
the key of the jail-yard door fro
chair where McDuffie had plac
Rube, jumping up about two feet
the floor, cracked his heels togethe
exclaimed: "I have the big key
jail. I am boss of the town, and as
people say I am not Rube Burr
will paint Linden red, and show
who I am."

He then ordered Jesse to go wit
to find Carter. Carter's exact
abouts were not known to either
or Jesse. To the hotel and thence
sheriff's office they journeyed,
spending nearly an hour in a fru
search for Carter, Rube thought
was purposely delaying him.

"I will kill you," said Rube, "if you are fooling with me."

Jesse, however, was innocent. H
not know where Carter could be f
Further inquiry developed that he
in Glass' store. Rube knocked loud
the door, and stepping aside, co
Jesse with his pistol, and in a
whisper said: "Tell him the ex
people have come and McDuffie
him at the jail quick."

A clerk answered the call to the
and to him Jesse repeated the orde
voice loud enough to be heard by C
who was in the rear part of the
Carter's footsteps could be disti
heard as he came across the floor.
as he appeared in the doorway
threw himself in front of him, and
ing his pistol within a few inch
Carter's breast, commanded: "Giv
my rifle and my money, or I will
your head off."

Carter, instantly taking in the
tion, replied, "All right," and pl
his hand in his hip pocket, pull
thirty-two caliber Smith & Wesson
tol.

The hour was just at dawn of
The two men stood face to face, th
gleaming white with rage and thir
for revenge, the other cool, fearless
with law and justice on his side, d
mined not to accede to the outlaw'
mand.

When the sheen of Carter's
flashed upon Rube's vision, the o
fired; Carter, anticipating the
threw his body to the right. The
pierced the left shoulder, just abov
collar bone, making a painful w
Carter's intrepid courage was not d
by his wound, and he instantly ret
the fire.

Rube, for the first time in all
career of crime, was called to stand
fight. He had "held the drop" on
a field of encounter but here wa
even gauge of battle, with the *qui*
as the vantage ground for him.

CARTER boldly advanced upon
outlaw, and with steady
pressed the trigger of his faithfu
volver, but Rube backed away afte
first shot from Carter's pistol. He
tinued backing and firing until he
retreated some thirty paces, and unt
himself had fired five shots. Jus
Carter fired his fourth round,

and, running some ten paces,
a few feet in the air and fell
te upon the earth, stone dead.

r falling upon his knees from loss
d, Carter managed to fire a fifth
The fourth shot from Carter's
however, had entered the upper
m, and cutting the portal artery,
instant death. This was the only
at hit Rube.

uffie and Marshal, meantime, by
of a duplicate key, had liberated
lves and had visited several places
n in an endeavor to secure fire-
vith which to recapture Rube. Be-
successful, they reached the store
the duel was ended.

had given the fateful sack to
as they started from the jail, and
the duel between Carter and Rube
progress Jesse opened the sack,
ut a pistol, and rushing to Carter's
nce, commenced firing.

nd up to him, Mr. Carter. I'm
ou," said the heroic Jesse. He fired
hots, without effect however, and
e first man to reach the dead out-
d take from his hand his smoking
r. All honor to Jesse Hildreth.
s written his name in the annals
race and times as a hero.

e's conduct in seeking out Carter
emanding his rifle and money has
eckoned as foolhardy. The truth is,
er, that McDuffie had recited to
he details of the chase, and Rube
that the detectives of the Southern
ss Company were within a few
and that under their guidance
posses were scouring the country
rch of him. He had been told that
rry landing were guarded, and that
arrest had not been effected in the
he would have been captured on
rival at the river landing to which
s en route.

e knew that bloodhounds were in
ready to be set upon his trail,
at it would be impossible to escape
it his Marlin rifle which was in
's possession. With this weapon,
chambered sixteen cartridges, he
have held a dozen men at bay, and
ps might have effected his escape.
ttempt to regain possession of it,
ore, was not foolhardy so much as
resort.

erson Davis Carter, who fought
el unto death with the great out-
was named in honor of the Presi-
of the Confederacy. His ancestors,
moved from South Carolina to Ala-
in 1832, distinguished themselves
ldiers both during the American
ution and the late Civil War. Young
r was born in 1860, is unmarried,
a prosperous merchant in the vil-
of Myrtlewood, Alabama. He is
and modest in his demeanor, and
counter with Rube Burrow is the
ime he was ever engaged in seri-
mbat.

ery general interest has been mani-
as to the condition of Carter's
l, and universal sympathy has been
ssed in his behalf. He is now under
al treatment at Mobile, and will
n there for some time. The ball
Burrow's pistol, a forty-five caliber,
d the upper part of the shoulder
omplete paralysis of the arm has
ed. It is possible that under care-
ntiseptic treatment the functions of
s may be restored, and the use of
arm fully regained. His general
has been restored, but he still car-
his wounded arm supported by a
ge.

a letter dated October 18th, 1890, Governor Seay of Alabama, in tendering his congratulations to the officials of the Southern Express Company, writes:

> **The running at large of the outlaw was a menace not only to the State but to this entire section of the country, and the ending of his career of crime is cause for congratulation to us all. Much as we would have preferred, by the regular course of law, to have marked a more ignominious end, his hardiness, his readiness and his desperation prevented this, but leaves to us the very satisfactory reflection that there was found in the lawful paths of life the courage, the presence of mind and the constancy which surpassed that of the outlaw himself.**

J. D. Carter's name stands enrolled on the list of honor as the finest type of American courage and manhood exhibited in modern times.

BRAVE John McDuffie—what shall be said of him and of his discomfiture at being outwitted by his wily captive? McDuffie said to the express official, on his arrival at Linden, with whom he had talked through the telephone the previous night: "I cannot look you in the face after all the caution you gave me last night."

"Be of good cheer, McDuffie. Napoleon made a mistake at Waterloo, Lee made a mistake at Gettysburg, and the heroic Custer made one when he rode down to death in the valley of the Big Horn. Greater men have made greater mistakes on greater occasions, and but for you the chase would not be over and the battle won. 'All is well that ends well.'"

McDuffie had joined Detective Jackson on the afternoon of October 2d. From that hour he had been to the fore, riding night and day in the arduous chase that followed. Worn and fagged with the toils of the pursuit, he was perhaps less watchful than otherwise he would have been.

A coroner's inquest was held and the body of Rube Burrow being thoroughly identified, a verdict of death in the manner described was rendered. After treating the body with preservatives it was taken to Demopolis, Alabama. Here hundreds of people assembled to view the remains of the great bandit.

On arrival at Birmingham, at three o'clock on the morning of the 9th of October, fully a thousand people were in waiting to get a glimpse at the body of the great train robber. Special officers were employed to keep the morbid crowd at bay. Photographs of the body were taken, and at seven o'clock A. M. the train leaving Birmingham for Memphis conveyed the remains to Sulligent. A telegram had been sent to Allen Burrow, stating that Rube's dead body would be delivered to him at noon that day. The father was there to receive it.

A representative of the Southern Express Company said to him: "We are sorry to bring your boy back in this shape, but it was the best we could do."

"I have no doubt," answered Allen Burrows, "that he was mobbed."

This sentiment was diffused among the friends of the outlaw, and finally found culmination in a sensational letter written from Vernon, Alabama, and published in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. The publication asserted that Rube had been mobbed, his neck horribly broken and his body shamefully mutilated. All this, despite the fact that the body had been viewed by newspaper correspondents at Demopolis and Birmingham, and by at least five thousand persons before it reached Sulligent. The body and face bore no marks of mutilation and no wound of any description save the small bullet hole from Carter's pistol.

The remains of the most famous bandit of modern times were buried among the hills of Lamar County in the quiet graveyard of Fellowship Church on the morning of the 10th of October, 1890, on the very spot where a year before he had enlisted Rube Smith as a member of his unlawful band—a strange coincidence, surely.

The train robber's pistols, belt and Marlin rifle were taken to Memphis, Tennessee, and the publication of the chase and capture by a Memphis journal, accompanied by illustrations of the pistols and cartridge belt, and the announcement that the arms would be on exhibition at its office that morning, created a remarkable and unexpected effect.

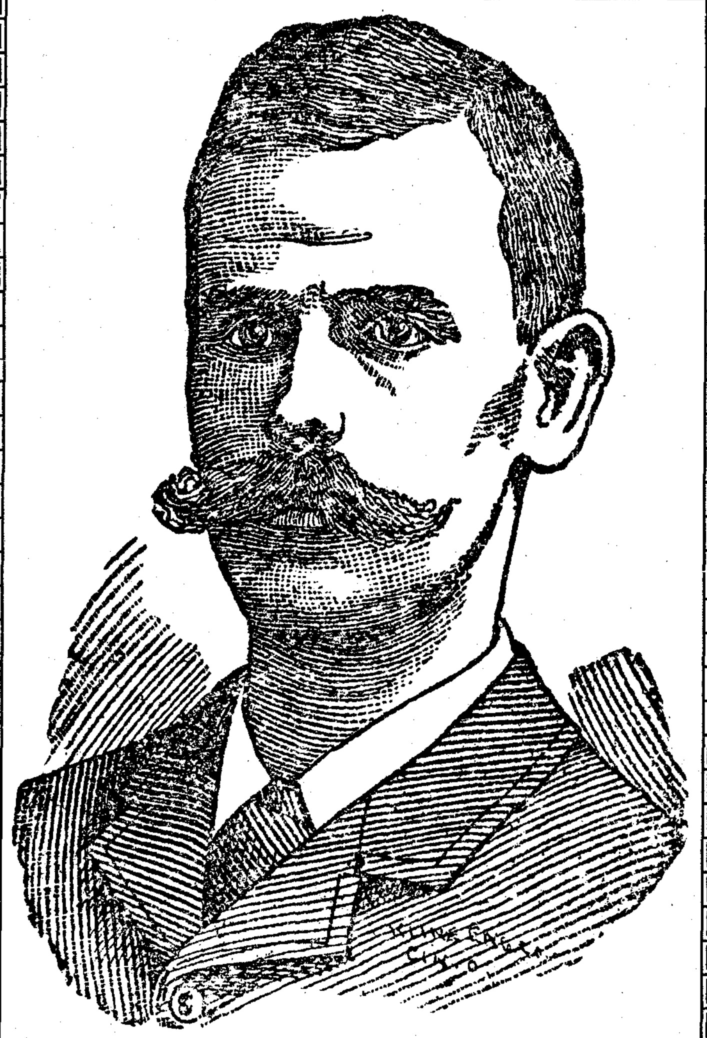
The rush of visitors that ensued was extraordinary and is mentioned here merely to show the wonderful interest with which the career of Rube Burrow imbued all classes of people. Early in the morning the first callers were the newsboys, porters and clerks. All wanted to see and handle the weapons of the great outlaw. Later, merchants, bankers, lawyers, shopkeepers, all alike interested, left their places of business to view the weapons. It became necessary to place the pistols and belt in a glass case and hang the rifle beyond reach, and still the crowd continued to gather.

The weapons were on exhibition for several days, during all of which time the influx of visitors never ceased. Rich and poor, male and female, black and white, all were possessed of the same curiosity, and the deeds of the outlaw were discussed by some with admiration for his courage, by others with an expression of detestation of his crimes—but by all with a feeling of relief that he was dead.

L. C. BROCK, alias Joe Jackson, was placed in the penitentiary at Jackson, Mississippi, for safe keeping on the twenty-first day of July, pending his appearance for trial at the November term of the Federal Court. He had elected to plead guilty and receive a sentence of life imprisonment for the offense of robbing the United States mail at Buckatunna, September 25, 1889, rather than be taken to Duck Hill, because there the penalty of death by hanging he knew would be his fate.

Again, he felt that the outraged friends of Chester Hughes, the heroic passenger who had, in assisting Conductor Wilkinson on that fateful night, been shot in cold blood, would probably mob him if taken there for trial, and fearless and bold as he was, his heart quaked whenever the alternative of being taken to Duck Hill was presented to him. Again and again he had been told by the officials of the Southern Express Company that whenever he repented of the conclusion he had made to plead guilty to the Buckatunna robbery and testify against Smith, that the confession he had made could be withdrawn, and he could elect a trial for murder at Duck Hill.

Meantime Rube Smith, unaware that Brock had made a confession, had notified the officials of the Express Company that he would turn state's evidence against Brock, provided a nolle pros could be entered in his case in the Federal Court. Rube Smith's proposition was rejected, but Brock was told of Smith's offer to testify against him, and thus he found the coils tightening day by day about him. On August 22d Brock, under



L. C. Brock, *alias* Joe Jackson

the assumed name of Winslow, the name he at first gave when captured, wrote the following letter to his uncle at Pleasant Hill, Louisiana.

Jackson, Miss., August 22, 1890
J. T. Harrell, Pleasant Hill, La.

I wrote to you some time ago, but as you neither come nor wrote I will write again. I have some very important business, would like to have you attend to and if you will come I will pay your expences and pay you any price beside, the business I want you to do for me is to sell my land. I do not think it will be any trouble to sell it for the cash. if you can come please come soon. if not write and let me know if you will come. remember I will pay you well besids expences. I am very anxious to see you as I wrote you before if you come come to the penitentiary and call for J. B. Winslow, care M. L. Jenkins, Jackson, Miss. My health is very bad. Guess it will puzzle you to read this, am writing on my knee, not even a book to lay my paper on. I will not put my right name to this. I am sure you will know the writing anyhow. So I will close, hoping to see you soon.

Respectfully &c.
J. B. Winslow.

N. B. Be sure to come and come in a very few days. I want my land sold now rite away and I will pay you a hansome price to go and make the trade for me come as soon as you get this. Goodbye, Your friend.

MR. HARRELL called on his nephew, Brock, about September 1st, succeeding the date of his letter, and for the first time learned that his nephew was charged with murder and train robbery. He had no idea who J. B. Winslow was until he met his nephew face to face within the walls of the state prison. The scene was an affecting one. The conversation between the two occurred in the presence of Sergeant Montgomery of the prison.

Brock made no effort to secure counsel or to summon any witnesses, but merely expressed a desire to have his uncle sell his land, a tract of two hundred acres in Coffee County, Alabama, and turn the proceeds over to his mother.

On the 16th of October, by appointment, the U. S. District Attorney, A. M. Lea, Col. J. H. Neville, Special Counsel employed by the Government to assist in the trial, and the express officials, who were familiar with the facts, all met at Jackson, Mississippi, to arrange for the approaching trial of L. C. Brock and Rube Smith. All of these gentlemen called in company upon Brock, in his cell at the penitentiary. District Attorney Lea told Brock if he had any witnesses he desired summoned he would have subpoenas issued, and that he was free to choose as to whether he would plead guilty or employ counsel. Brock then and there reiterated his determination to plead guilty, so frequently made prior to that time to the author, and had no money and did not intend ploy any counsel.

He said he was willing to against Smith, but remarked: "W people think of me for doing th how the world looks upon Bob Fo

When told that all fair-mind Christian people would applaud standing on the side of honesty an he added: "Well, the Bible does Judas Iscariot a very fair name."

And so it was easily discovered ill-fated criminal was battling opposing ideas. On the one hand confronted with the certainty viction and an ignominious death hands of the hangman, on the ot imprisonment with the added alte of standing as a witness against partner in crime and assisting to guilt upon him.

He had often said: "I prefer d imprisonment for life, for what without liberty?"

On Saturday, the 8th of Novemb days before his suicide, he said to low prisoner, whose hat was wo old: "You need a new hat: you m mine Monday."

Brock had evidently made up hi as indicated by these remarks, his own life. About nine o'clock morning of November 10, 1890, t set for his trial, Detective Thoma son and United States Marshal M went to the penitentiary buildi bring the prisoner to the Federal as he had been notified would b Sergeant Montgomery sent the off the prison charged with the spec veillance of Brock to bring him i office where the detective and m awaited him. At night he was conf one of the cells on the ground fl the prison, but was permitted to during the day one of the guard situated on the third floor of the ing. The prisoner was in this room the keeper went after him to brin to the sergeant's office. Just as the er was in the act of unlocking th Brock walked to the iron-barred of the room, and beckoning to a convict standing in the yard of t son, threw out the window the fol note:

November 10th

To all who may read this, I wri to inform you that my name is Brock; was born and raised in county, southeast Ala. and I a guilty of the crime for which I a prisoned. I am innocent, the G Heaven knows it. I have suffered while for the act of some one else. 29th of September I wrote to L. B. ley, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Jackson To come and get the names of m nesses. he has not come yet. I believe the letter was mailed to h all. through August I had feve nothing to lay on up stairs (da but the floor, fainted 25 to 35 time weakness. I am telling this to sh give you an idea of how I have treated. They entend to force me trial without my witnesses. You this to any and all if you wish.

Respectfully,
L. C. Brock.

THE OFFICER, unlocking the door, announced that he had co take him to the sergeant's office the marshal and Detective Jackson waiting to take him to the court

"All right," said Brock, and imme

wed the officer out.

penitentiary cells are four deep, ve the other, around a large cor- ghty feet long, making an open xty feet deep. When the prisoner the head of the stairway in front door of his room, instead of de- g with the officer he turned down way and commenced to ascend the y leading to the fourth floor. At ne time he drew a murderous knife, which he had secured and l in some unaccountable manner, de the guard stand back or he cut him.

eant Montgomery was at once l of the unusual conduct of the r, and in company with Detective n and Marshal Mathews immedi- repaired to the rotunda of the nd inquired of the prisoner what ant by such conduct. Brock was lmly walking to and fro along the f the fourth story brandishing his and at once declared his intention p to the ground beneath and kill .

itime, the note thrown from the had been handed to the officers prison, and Brock was asked to he party to whom he had given asking that witnesses be sum- This he refused to do, but stated e Southern Express Company in- to "railroad" him either to the s or to life imprisonment without him even the shadow of a show- hereupon Marshal Mathews assured at he should not go to trial without , and further stated that he would at all the witnesses he desired be summoned.

k refused to come down, and des- e assurances and entreaties of the s continued to repeat his intention e the fatal leap. The stern and ined expression upon the desper- n's face, his cool and collected de- r, convinced all who saw and heard at an awful tragedy would soon cted.

is juncture the prisoner placed a near the balcony railing, mounted ared he was alone and friendless in rld, and preferred death to life im- nent. He asked that his uncle, Mr. l—then at Jackson, although the er did not know it—be telegraphed formation of his death, and that ly be sent to his mother.

eant Montgomery, meantime, had ved the idea of climbing the latticed of the court, and while the other s diverted his attention, would he fourth story directly under him, erturn the table. Before the prison- ild regain his footing he would him and prevent his suicide.

sting himself of coat and hat, the nt climbed as far as the third when he was prevailed upon not his life in such a hazardous feat prisoner would undoubtedly knife fore he could carry out his project. n came down.

officers vied with each other in ing to the prisoner's manhood, and ting him to forego the fatal proj- nally Detective Jackson and Mar- Mathews noiselessly went up the ay until they stood on the landing ehind and about six feet from the er, urging him all the while to put his knife and come downstairs.

ective Jackson, approaching within or four feet of the prisoner, said: you are not going to jump, are

s, I am," replied the prisoner, and stepping from the table to the railing, he sprang head foremost into the awful space. Vaulting over and over in his rapid flight to the stone-covered corridor sixty feet below, he fell crushed and bleeding with a sound that reverberated through the long tiers of cells, from which the gaping eyes of his fellow prisoners looked in speechless horror. The unfortunate victim of his own desperation lingered for about one hour, unconscious, his body writhing in horrible contortions until death ensued. He was buried in the prison cemetery at Jackson at five o'clock on the evening of his death.

The author, having repeatedly visited Brock while confined at Jackson, takes pleasure in acquitting the officers of the State penitentiary of any maltreatment of the prisoner.

The prisoner made no attempt to secure witnesses; in fact, repeatedly stated he had none. The statement written and thrown from the window is, therefore, not entitled to credit. A few minutes before his suicide he freely confessed to having received fair treatment at the hands of prison officials.

The following lines were found on his person after death, indicating that the bold outlaw in his hours of retrospection had garnered the bitter fruitage of despair and remorse so aptly depicted:

How wise we are when chance is gone,
And a glance we backward cast.
We know just the thing we should have done
When the time for doing is past.

THE TRAGIC and appalling death of L. C. Brock, alias Joe Jackson, while it spread consternation among his fellow prisoners and disturbed somewhat the serenity of the Court, did not impede the course of justice. The trial of Rube Smith for the Buckatunna mail robbery was proceeded with in the Federal Court, Judge R. A. Hill presiding, as though nothing had occurred. It was of but little importance to the defendant whether he should be tried at that time or later. He had already been convicted in the State Court for the express robbery and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years.

His defense was conducted in a skillful and able manner by Colonel John A. Blair, of Tupelo, Mississippi. The Government was represented by Captain A. M. Lea, United States District Attorney, who made a masterly presentation of the case in behalf of the prosecution. Captain Lea was assisted by Col. J. H. Neville, the brilliant Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District of Mississippi. Col. Neville had successfully conducted the prosecution for the express robbery and had, on account of his familiarity with the facts and his recognized ability, been employed by the Department of Justice to assist in the prosecution.

The corpus delicti was proved by the introduction of the conductor, engineer, express messenger and the railway mail agent. Neil McAllister, a very sensible colored man in whose cabin the robbers spent two days immediately preceding the occurrence, identified Rube Smith as one of the men who had occupied his cabin and disappeared on the morning of the robbery. W. D. Cochran, an intelligent farmer of the vicinity, also identified Smith as being in that locality two days before the train was robbed. McClung's testimony, reciting all the details of the robbery as given him by Smith, was corroborated by the engineer and other train employes.

The letters written by Smith, his proposition to become a witness for the prosecution against Brock, which was declined, all formed links in the chain of testimony against him which the skill and ability of defendant's counsel could not weaken or break. The father of the prisoner testified that his son had slept at his home in Lamar County on the night of the Buckatunna robbery. James Barker and Jasper Smith, the former an uncle by marriage and the latter a first cousin of the defendant, both testified unscrupulously and recklessly in support of the alibi sought to be established.

As a fitting climax to the trial, otherwise famous as it had been rendered by the tragic events that had so closely preceded it, James Barker and Jasper were arrested for perjury immediately on leaving the witness stand. The Grand Jury being in session, they were indicted at once, and finding that any defense would be useless, both entered a plea of guilty. James Barker was sentenced to three years and Jasper Smith to two years imprisonment at hard labor at Detroit.

CONSEQUENT upon the arrest of the defendant's witnesses for perjury originated a good story of Colonel Blair. Jim McClung, Smith's pal, had been confined in default of bond in the jail at Jackson as a witness. When James Barker and Jasper Smith were arrested they sent for Colonel Blair, who went to the jail to visit them. On entering, Colonel Blair found Jim McClung playing a game of solitaire in the hall of the jail. Jim is wholly illiterate, but was possessed of a good deal of droll wit that made him an entertaining witness. The following conversation ensued between Colonel Blair and Jim McClung:

Col. B.—"Good morning, Jim. How are you this morning?"

Jim McC.—"Only tolerbul, Colonel—not feelin' very well. How are you?"

Col. B.—"First rate, Jim, but I am not surprised that you are not feeling very well. I don't see how a man can feel very well who has (alluding to his testimony against Smith) put his friend in prison, as you have done."

Jim McC.—"Well, now, Colonel, look here. Before you come into this case there warn't but one of my friends in prison, and now you have been a foolin' with the case sence last spring and you've got three of 'em in. How is that? Eh?"

The joke was on the gifted and brilliant attorney. He had been powerless to stem the tide which swept his client and witnesses alike into the prisoner's cell.

On the eighteenth day of November, 1890, Rube Smith was brought before the bar of the Court by the marshal, and asked by he venerable Judge presiding if he had anything to say as to why the judgment of the law should not be pronounced upon him for the crime of which he stood convicted. The prisoner replied he had nothing further to say, whereupon Judge Hill addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Reuben Smith, the crime of which you stand convicted, and for which it becomes my duty as presiding Judge of the Court to pronounce against you the penalty of the law, which is confinement at hard labor in the penitentiary for the remainder of your natural life, is that of forcibly and violently robbing the United States mail. This crime is the highest crime known to the law of the United States, save that of murder and treason, and is punished with the severest penalty save that of death. The reason therefor is that the robber usually engages in robbery with the determination to murder his victims if necessary to carry out his purpose.

"It is sad to behold a young man like yourself who, by an upright and virtuous life, might have been an honorable and useful citizen enjoying the blessings of the most refined and elevated society, banished, as it were, from all that renders life desirable. The evil consequences of your crime are not confined to yourself. For to save you from the punishment of your offense no less than five of your family and friends have perjured themselves to establish an alibi in your behalf, for which offense two of them have already pleaded guilty and are condemned to serve terms at hard labor in the penitentiary—a punishment the more serious in its consequences because not confined to themselves alone, but to their helpless families and children as well.

"Sad as these consequences are, you may, and it is your duty, repent of your offense against your Maker, your family, and your own well-being, and commence a new life by obeying strictly all the laws of God and man, and especially the regulations of the prison in which you will be confined. If you do this, in the course of time the President may grant you a pardon; but whether this is granted or not, your best interest is to obey whatever may be required of you, and also to employ all of the means that may be offered you to improve your mind and your morals, and to make preparations for the final judgment.

"I feel assured that if you conduct yourself properly you will be not only treated well, clothed and fed well, but will receive as kind treatment as the circumstances will permit.

"Will you promise me that you will follow this advice?"

The prisoner replied in subdued tone, "I will follow your advice."

"The judgment of the Court and of the law is, that for the offense for which you stand convicted you be delivered to the warden of the penitentiary of the State of Ohio at Columbus, and be there imprisoned at hard labor for and during your natural life."

IF THE READER has been disappointed in the fact that the hero of this narrative has not been vested with the glamour of princely wealth; that he has not been painted a knight-errant of more romantic type; and that a champion in the field of pillage and plunder should not wear golden spurs and a helmet of brass, the fault lies not with the author but rather with the popular error which presupposes these fallacious results.

The sterotyped question of all interested in his career has been, "What did Rube Burrow do with his money?"

The accuracy of the statement is vouched for, that in all of the eight train robberies from Benbrook, Texas, to Flomaton, Alabama, reckoning his share as equal with that of his companions in crime, Rube Burrow secured not exceeding $5,500. He invested in the spring of 1887, about $400 by purchasing a one-half interest, with his brother, in a few acres of land in Texas. Soon after the Genoa robbery he purchased for $1,600 the farm on which his father now resides in Lamar County, paying $400 cash and giving his note for $1,200.

A few weeks after the Buckatunna robbery this note, through his father, was paid, some of the currency used being subsequently identified as part of that stolen at Buckatunna. The residue, the pitiful sum of $3,500, was spent in the vain endeavor to avoid the ceaseless pursuit against him, and which made the latter years of his life an intolerable burden.

In the autumn of 1889 Rube Burrow made, through one of his kinsmen, a proposition to the officers of the Southern Express to surrender upon the condition that he would not be tried for the murder of Hughes or Graves. The proposition was, of course, promptly declined.

L. C. Brock, alias Joe Jackson, stated after his arrest that he had at one time made up his mind to seek an interview with Detective Jackson with a view of making some conditions for his own surrender, but Rube's proposition having been declined he gave up the project.

Although lawless by instinct, training and ambition, these men had drunk the bitter cup of crime to the dregs, and longed, no doubt, to disengage themselves from the toils that beset them, and which, like an avenging Nemesis, pursued them to the end.

The Southern Express Company expended, independently of all rewards, about $20,000 in the hunting down of this band of train robbers. The total rewards offered for Rube Burrow amounted to about $3,500. The rewards of $1,000 by the United States Government and $250 by the State of Mississippi have been, so far, withheld because the language of the statutes, both Federal and State, under which the rewards were offered, required conviction in the courts.

INSPECTOR A. G. Sharp, of the United States Postal Service, who has been very zealous in urging that the rewards
offered by the Government b
writes under date of December 1
as follows:
"While in Washington recentl
the matter of reward for Rube
and Joe Jackson before the Post
General and the Chief Inspect
strongly urged that rewards for
paid, and the question of convi
waived. I believe the claims to
and that good policy suggests
payment. I feel satisfied that th
master-General will accept my a
the matter, and that the rewards
will be paid in full. Of this, how
cannot speak positively; but from
ply made by the Postmaster-Ger
my earnest solicitation, I feel j
in saying that I have strong reas
believing that he will make the
allowing the rewards."

All other rewards for Rube
have been paid to Carter and his
ates. The rewards for Brock and
excepting those offered by the (
ment and the State of Mississipp
also been paid to the parties inte

William Brock of Texas was in
related to L. C. Brock. The tw
never met, and that two of B
clansmen bore the same name wa
ly a coincidence.

The question recurs, "Does tra
bing pay?"

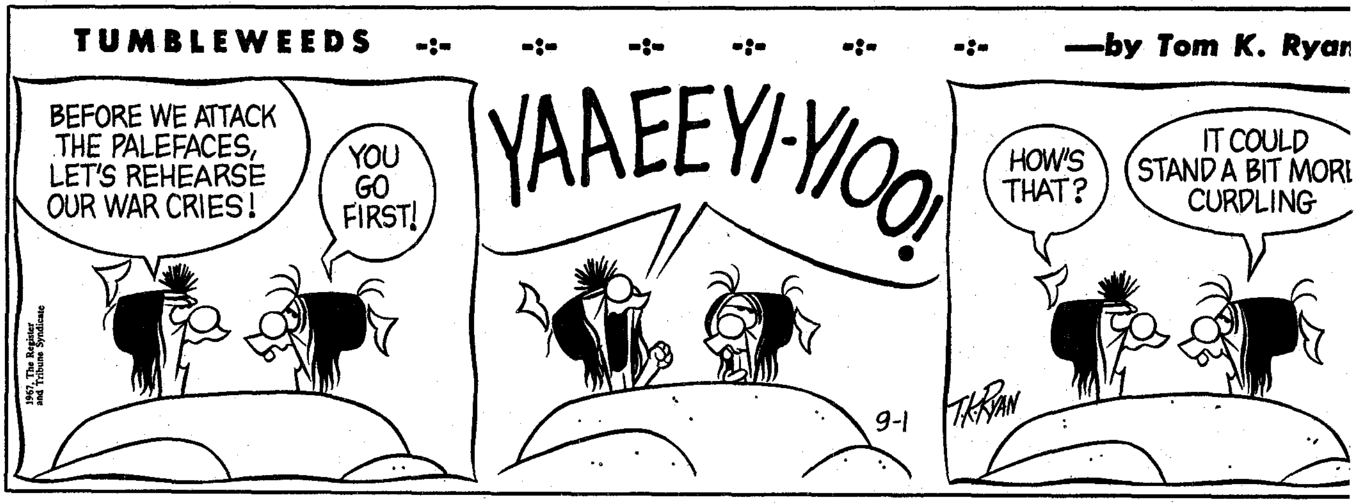
Here were men whose untow
clinings fostered by evil associat
flamed them with a passion for l
ness. Their brawny arms were u
against the laws of God and m
ambition's sake. They loved pilla
booty's sake.

Behold the hapless fate of the fi
who linked their fortunes togethe
mencing with the date of the
robbery in December, 1887. V
Brock, although sentenced to a sho
of imprisonment, will carry to his
the stigma of an ex-convict. Rube
has entered the gloomy portals
prison, in which he is doomed to
the remaining days of his life—
more horrible than death.

Rube Burrow, Jim Burrow, and
Brock lie in unhallowed graves,
memories kept alive only by the
lection of their atrocious deeds, I
their kindred and friends to reali
bitter truth that

The evil that men do lives after t
The good is oft interred with
bones.

Verily, 'the way of the transgre
hard"—"for whatsoever a man s
that shall he also reap."


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
BEFORE WE ATTACK THE PALEFACES, LET'S REHEARSE OUR WAR CRIES!
YOU GO FIRST!
YAAEEYI-YIOO!
HOW'S THAT?
IT COULD STAND A BIT MORI CURDLING
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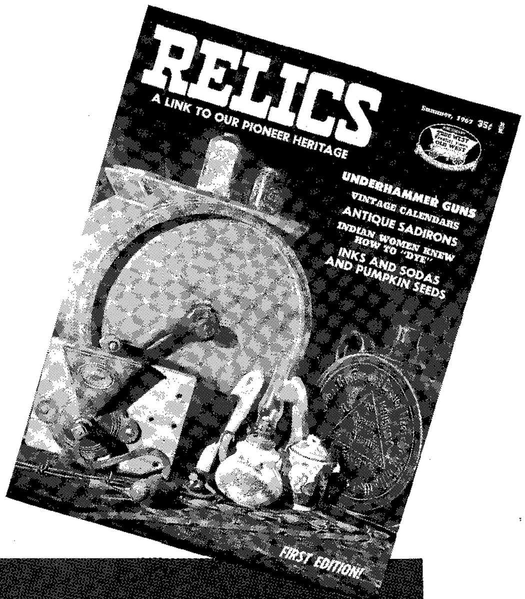
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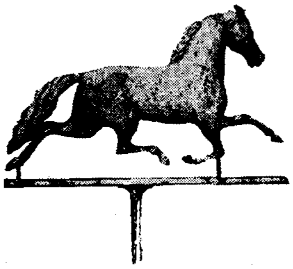

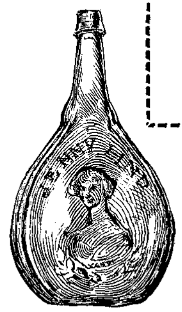

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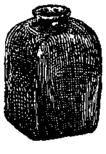

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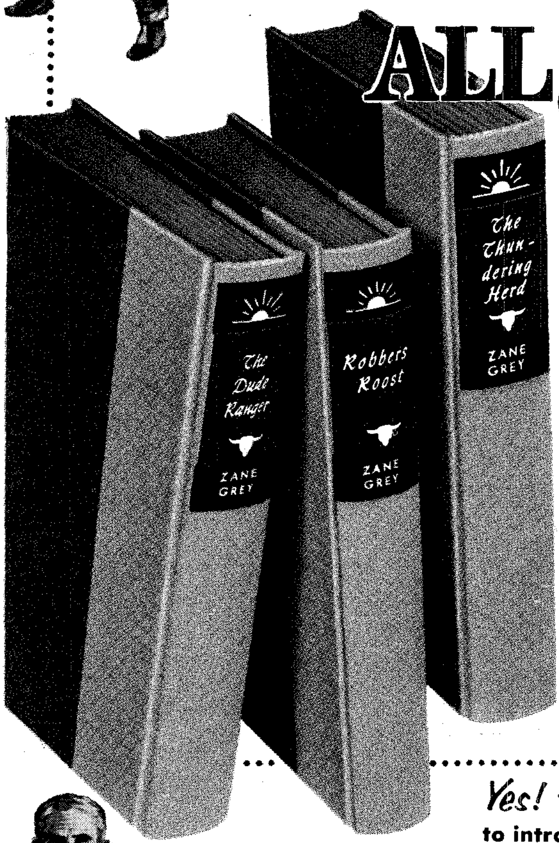

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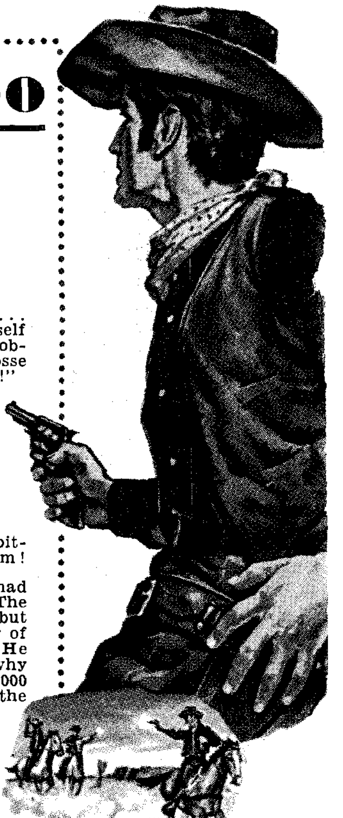

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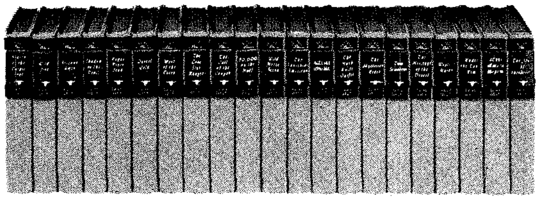

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